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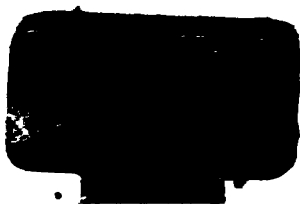
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INTRODUCTION
TO
ENGLISH HISTORY



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ENGLISH HISTORY.

INTRODUCTION
TO
ENGLISH HISTORY.

School Series.



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CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. THE BRITONS AND ROMANS	1
From the landing of Julius Caesar, B.C. 55, to the landing of Hengist and Horsa, A.D. 449.	
II. THE OLD ENGLISH	6
From the landing of Hengist and Horsa, A.D. 449, to the end of the Heptarchy, A.D. 800.	
III. THE OLD ENGLISH AND THE DANES	13
From the end of the Heptarchy, 800, to the Norman Conquest, 1066.	
Note on the Religious History of the Old English Period.	
IV. THE NORMAN CONQUEST	28
From the accession of Harold, 1066, to the death of William the Conqueror, 1087.	
V. THE CONQUEROR'S SONS, 1087-1135	34
VI. KING STEPHEN AND THE EMPRESS MATILDA, 1135-1154	44
VII. THE FIRST PLANTAGENET, 1154-1189	50
VIII. RICHARD CŒUR DE LION, 1189-1199	60
IX. KING JOHN AND MAGNA CHARTA, 1199-1216	64
X. HENRY III. AND THE BARONS' WARS, 1216-1272	70
XI. EDWARD I., 1272-1307	76
XII. EDWARD II., 1307-1327	85
XIII. EDWARD III. AND THE BLACK PRINCE, 1327-1377	89
XIV. RICHARD OF BOURDEAUX, 1377-1399	106
XV. HENRY IV., 1399-1413	114
XVI. HENRY V., 1413-1422	119
XVII. HENRY VI. AND THE WARS OF THE ROSES, 1422-1471	129
XVIII. THE WHITE ROSE TRIUMPHANT, 1471-1485	139
XIX. YORK AND LANCASTER UNITED, 1485-1509	147
XX. HENRY VIII. AND THE ROYAL SUPREMACY, 1509-1547	157

CHAP.	PAGE
XXI. EDWARD VI. AND THE REFORMATION, 1547-1553 .	179
XXII. QUEEN MARY, AND THE FAITH RESTORED, 1553-1558	186
XXIII. ELIZABETH, 1558-1603	197
XXIV. JAMES I., 1603-1625.	218
XXV. CHARLES I. AND THE GREAT REBELLION, 1625-1649	225
XXVI. OLIVER CROMWELL AND THE COMMONWEALTH; 1649-1660	234
XXVII. CHARLES II. AND THE RESTORATION, 1660-1685 .	241
XXVIII. JAMES II. AND THE REVOLUTION, 1685-1689 .	251
XXIX. WILLIAM OF ORANGE, 1689-1702	257
XXX. QUEEN ANNE, 1702-1714	263
XXXI. THE HOUSE OF HANOVER	271
George I., 1714-1727. George II., 1727-1760.	
XXXII. GEORGE III., 1760-1820	280
XXXIII. GEORGE IV., 1820-1830; WILLIAM IV., 1830-1837; VICTORIA, 1837	293
QUESTIONS	305

HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHAP. I. THE BRITONS AND ROMANS.

From the landing of Julius Cæsar, B.C. 55, to the landing of Hengist and Horsa, A.D. 449.

THE History of England may be said to begin about sixty years before the birth of our Blessed Lord. Before that period little or nothing was known of Britain, as the island was then called, beyond the scanty notice of its existence brought by the merchants of Spain and Phœnicia, who were accustomed to visit the Cornish coasts, and to trade with the inhabitants for tin. But about that time the Romans began to extend their conquests north of the Alps; and under Julius Cæsar, the greatest of all the Roman commanders, they became masters of the whole of Gaul, and carried their victorious arms as far as the shores of the British Channel. Here they received more certain accounts of the large island which lay on the opposite side, and whose white cliffs could just be seen in the distance. Cæsar resolved on attempting its conquest; and pleased himself with the thought of adding another province to the dominions of Rome. In fact, so little was Britain known at that time, that the Romans felt as though they were discovering some new world when, on the 26th of August, fifty-five years before the birth of Christ, their eighty galleys touched the flat beach of the Kentish coast, near the spot now occupied by the town of Sandwich. They succeeded in landing, though the Britons defended themselves bravely; but a violent tempest arising, which destroyed many of their galleys, Cæsar thought it wiser to return to Gaul for the winter, and to put off his plans of conquest until the following year. He spent the winter

months in making great preparations ; and in the succeeding spring the Britons beheld a fleet of eight hundred ships, full of armed men, stretching across the narrow strait that divided them from the mainland. This time the Romans made their way into the heart of the country. The Britons, brave as they were, could not resist the trained legions of Cæsar ; and at last they agreed to pay a yearly tribute to Rome, in token of their submission. This was all the Romans gained by their conquest, if such it might be called ; but it made Britain better known ; and the accounts of these two expeditions, written by Cæsar himself, are the first descriptions of our own country which we find in history.

It need scarcely be said that it was, in every respect, very different from what it now is. A thick forest covered the greater part of the provinces in the west and south, broken here and there with wide open downs and moors ; whilst the eastern portion of the island was little more than a dreary marsh, from the many rivers whose waters flowed over the low flat lands through which they made their way to the sea. The people were divided into a number of tribes, some of whom were very rude and savage ; but in the south they were more civilised, and knew how to till the ground, and to make a kind of cloth from the wool of their sheep. They had good horses too, which they trained to draw their war-chariots ; and the defences of some of their towns and fortresses were so skilfully raised as to excite even Cæsar's admiration. They had no temples ; but the dark gloomy forest or a circle of huge stones on some barren moor were the places where they assembled to perform the rites of their religious worship ; and these were barbarous enough, consisting sometimes of the sacrifice of the prisoners they had taken in battle. The oak-tree was held by them as sacred ; and none were suffered to cut its branches but their priests, who were called Druids. These Druids had great power over the people, whom they instructed by means of rude verses, for the Britons were passionately fond of poetry and music ; and whenever they went to battle, or held their great feasts, they always had some of their *bards* (an inferior order of the Druids) to sing their war-songs, or to relate the glorious deeds of the chiefs who had lived before them.

Nearly a hundred years passed after Cæsar's invasion before the Romans attempted the conquest of the island in

good earnest. But at last, in the year of our Lord 43, the emperor Claudius landed in Britain with a large army; the British chiefs were forced to submit, and when the emperor returned to Rome he left troops enough behind him to keep possession of the country. They set to work fortifying camps and making roads, and cutting their way through the wild savage forests, so that in a short time the whole face of the country was changed. One province after another fell into their hands; until at last all the British tribes were obliged to yield, with the exception of those who took refuge in the mountains of the west, which served them instead of castles, and where they were able to hold out against their enemies.

Caradoc, or, as the Romans called him, Caractacus, one of the kings of these western Britons, kept up a stout resistance among his mountain fastnesses for more than nine years. At last he was taken prisoner, and sent in chains to Rome. They brought him into the city with extraordinary marks of triumph, for the gallant defence he had made had excited more than usual interest: Claudius and his empress caused their thrones to be erected in one of the public squares, whence they could view the procession; and every street was crowded with citizens, who flocked together to gaze on the man who had so long successfully defied the armies of Rome. They could not but admire his calm and noble bearing: the upper part of his body was bare, painted after the manner of his nation with the figures of animals; his hair fell over his back and shoulders, and the beard that grew on his upper lip was so long that, being parted on either side, it lay upon his breast: yet his appearance was neither fierce nor savage, it was full of dignity and resignation. He looked about him at the splendid buildings of the imperial city, far surpassing in splendour any thing he had seen before: "How can it be," he exclaimed, "that men who live in palaces like these, should have envied me my poor cottage in Britain?" Whilst some of the other captives wept and bewailed their hard fate, he walked with a free and upright bearing, spite of the iron chains that hung round his neck and ankles; and when he reached the spot where the emperor sat, he went boldly forward till he stood before him. And then he addressed him in terms so true and touching, that Claudius felt his heart moved pity; and, yielding to a sentiment of generous admir-

ation, he gave him his liberty, and is even said to have afterwards sent him back to Britain.

Thus much is matter of history; but the Welsh bards have preserved a tradition about this visit of Caractacus to Rome which greatly increases its interest. They say that on his return to Britain, his father Bran, who had been taken prisoner with him, was kept by the Romans as a hostage; and that during the seven years he lived in Rome he became a Christian, and, going back to his own country, became the first preacher of the faith of Christ among the Britons, who gave him the title of "Bran the blessed." For we must remember, that at the very time when Caractacus and his family were in Rome the great apostle St. Paul was also there, and, as we learn from his own epistles, had made many converts to the Christian faith.* However this may be, it is quite certain that Christianity very soon found its way into Britain after its conquest by the Romans. Wherever their empire extended, the faith of Christ was preached; for though Rome was still a heathen city, it was, at the same time, the centre of the Christian Church, from whence preachers and apostles went forth into every nation: and wherever the faith appeared, persecution was sure to follow; so that for three hundred years the Church might be traced all over the world by the blood of her martyrs. The first martyr of the British Church was put to death in the year 304, during the bloody persecution of Diocletian. He was beheaded on a little hill which overlooked the Roman city of Verulam, the sides of which, covered with a multitude of flowers, sloped down towards a beautiful plain, "worthy from its loveliness," says St. Bede, "to be the scene of a martyr's sufferings." The town and abbey which were afterwards built upon the spot received his name, and to this day preserve the memory of *St. Alban*. Two years after this event, Constantius, the Roman governor of Britain, was proclaimed em

* St. Paul, in his second epistle to St. Timothy, mentions by name certain noble Romans: "Eubulus," he says, "greeteth thee, and Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia." Now it appears certain, from passages in other writings, that this Claudia was a noble British lady, wife to Pudens, in whose house the apostle lived; and it is thought by many that she was also the daughter of Caractacus, who, as we know, accompanied him in his captivity, and who was undoubtedly in Rome at the time the apostle wrote.

peror; and he immediately stopped the persecution. His son Constantine, born on the British soil, and, as some writers affirm, of a British mother,* was the first Christian emperor; and it was from the shores of Britain that he set out on that expedition against the tyrant Maxentius, which ended in the final triumph of the Cross, and the establishment of the Christian Church throughout the Roman empire; so that we may say that glorious event is very closely connected with the history of our own country.

The Romans held possession of Britain for more than four hundred years. During that time they quite changed the condition of the country; they taught the savage Britons all kinds of useful arts, and the land became so fertile that, at the time of a great famine in Germany, the starving people were supplied with corn from the granaries of Britain. Many of the emperors visited the island in person, and it was regarded as an important province of the empire. But as years went on, the power of the Romans grew weaker; they were attacked by the fierce tribes of the north of Europe, and in order to defend themselves they were obliged to call home the great armies they had until then kept up in their distant provinces. Thus the Britons, amongst others, were left without any defence from the barbarians: for during the long years that had passed since the Romans first landed on their shores, they had quite lost the warlike habits of their forefathers, and had become slothful and timid, and quite unable to protect themselves. So when the fierce tribes of Caledonia, known as the Picts and Scots, came down upon the southern provinces of Britain, carrying fire and sword along with them, and dragging off the people into slavery, the Britons were perfectly helpless. Again and again they sent messengers to the Romans, begging them to come back and help them against the Picts and Scots; but the Romans had enough to do to defend themselves, and could give them no assistance. In fact, the Britons were no longer looked on as Roman subjects; and there was no choice for them but either to drive away their

* William of Malmesbury, and some other English historians, represent St. Helen as a British princess; but the earlier writers tell us that she was a native of Bithynia in Asia Minor, whom Constantine married when he was governor of that province. All, however, agree in stating that her son Constantine was born at York.

enemies themselves, or to seek the aid of some other warlike nation.

There were people at that time in the north of Germany called Saxons, Angles, and Jutes, and now spoken of as the Old English, because they were the chief forefathers of the English people. They were a brave and hardy race, who lived as much on sea as on land, and were dreaded on all the northern coasts of Europe, which they visited in their ships and plundered without mercy. They were pagans; of great strength, ready to fight under any chief who would pay them. So when the Britons asked them to come and free the island from the Picts and Scots they consented, and in the year 449 the ships of the two Old English chiefs, Hengist and Horsa, cast anchor off the coast of Kent.

CHAP. II. THE OLD ENGLISH.

From the landing of Hengist and Horsa, A.D. 449, to the end of the Heptarchy, A.D. 800.

FOR six years after their landing in the island, the English did good service to the Britons; they drove away the Picts and Scots, and kept good friends with the Britons, who gave them the isle of Thanet to live in, by way of payment. But they soon began to form plans for conquering the whole of the beautiful and fertile country for themselves; and the Britons, too, became jealous of their allies, who were so much stronger and more powerful than themselves. At last war broke out between the two nations, and the Britons had the worst of it; the time was past when their war-chariots could strike fear even into Cæsar's legions, and in a short time Hengist found himself master of the whole of Kent.

Every year some fresh tribe of English poured into Britain and there settled itself, driving out the Britons or reducing them to slavery. These settlements then grew into separate kingdoms: and so we begin to hear of the kingdom of Sussex, or the South Saxons; of Essex, or the East Saxons; and of East Anglia, so called from the Angles, who are said to have conquered almost all the northern and eastern districts: so that at last the whole country came to be called from them Angle-land, or the land of the Angles. The Britons meanwhile took refuge, as in

the time of the Roman invasions, among the mountains of the west, whither the English could not follow them. For many centuries they maintained their independence; and to this day the Welsh, who are their descendants, speak the ancient British language.

The new-comers took possession of the whole country, now called England. They made it completely their own, as no other invaders have ever done in a conquered land; for they swept the British off the face of the country. In a word, they changed Britain into England. Although the history of our land begins with the landing of the Romans, the history of our people begins with the coming of Hengist. All the peaceful arts taught by the Romans were gone, and the land became almost as wild and savage as when Cæsar first landed on its shores. The Christian churches were destroyed, and temples of the English gods raised in their place. In Wales, indeed, the Britons kept their faith; but in England it all but disappeared, and the idolatry practised by the English was of the most savage and horrible kind. They seemed to delight in every sort of cruelty; the whole country was given up to the flames, and such of the natives as could not escape to the mountains became the slaves of their new masters. England was divided into seven kingdoms, which used to be called in history the kingdoms of the Heptarchy.* These were Kent, Sussex, Wessex, East Anglia, Mercia, Essex, and Northumbria—a name given to all the country north of the river Humber, though it is now borne by only a very small portion of the ancient kingdom. The history of these kingdoms is very obscure. Generally speaking, one of the seven kings was allowed to have some kind of authority over the others, with the title of *Bretwalda*; but this was not always the case, and as often as not the seven kingdoms were at war one against the other.

And so passed another hundred years; when those same shores of Kent, which had already witnessed the landing of Cæsar's legions and of the wild followers of Hengist, beheld the arrival of another company of strangers, very different from those who had come before them, yet destined to do a greater work in England than had been done by either the Roman or the Saxon conquerors.

There was at that time a holy Pope called Gregory: far

* From two Greek words, *hep-ta*, seven, and *ar-cha*, government

away as he lived, in Rome, he had heard of the English ; he had seen some children in the Roman slave-market, and had been touched with the beauty of their fair open countenances, and, like a good and great man as he was, he longed to bring so noble a race to the faith of Christ. "They are not Angles, but angels," he said, when he had inquired their name ; and he went away full of thoughts how these blue-eyed, fair-haired Angles could be made a Christian people. Soon after this he became Pope, and one of his first acts was to send some holy men to England to preach the faith. For this purpose he chose a monk of the monastery in which he had himself lived, named Augustine, and gave him forty companions, some Gauls and some Italians, but all of them famed for learning and sanctity. It was in the year 590 that this little band of Christian missionaries landed on the Isle of Thanet. Ethelbert, the third of the Bretwaldas, then reigned in Kent ; and his queen Bertha was a Christian. So she persuaded Ethelbert to receive Augustine and his companions kindly, and to listen to what they had to say. He gave them leave to come and live in his chief city of Canterbury ; and a few weeks after their landing they entered the city in solemn procession, carrying before them a silver cross and a banner bearing the figure of our Lord, and singing litanies to call down God's mercy on the English land and nation. Then they began to preach to the people ; and very soon Ethelbert and a great number of his subjects received baptism. The faith gradually spread into the neighbouring kingdoms, and wherever it appeared a change came over the land. We do not merely mean that the English became Christians, that they pulled down their pagan temples and built churches ; but the fierce and savage manners which had grown out of paganism gave way before the preaching of the Cross, and this barbarous and cruel people became one of the most just and religious nations in the whole world. Their kings gave them good and Christian laws, and were many of them remarkable for their saintly lives. Indeed, the calendar of the Old English Church is filled with the names of upwards of three hundred canonised saints, more than half of whom were of royal birth : princes and people alike showed a loyal love towards the Holy See, and as well in their lives as in the spirit of their laws there was a prevailing tone of Christian humility.

We shall not follow the history of each separate kingdom of the Heptarchy: Wessex gradually obtained a superiority over the others, and in the year 688 Ceadwalla, the king of Wessex, was converted to the faith by the preaching of St. Wilfrid. It was his great wish that he might be suffered to receive baptism at Rome from the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff; and with this idea he crossed the sea, and travelled through France and Italy till he reached the Holy City. Not a century had passed since St. Augustine had left those same gates of Rome for the barbarous land which now sent back the most powerful of its kings to ask for the grace of baptism. He received it on Easter Eve, in the great church of the Lateran, at the hands of Pope Sergius III., who gave him the name of Peter; and, according to the custom still in use, they clad him in the white robes which the newly baptised were accustomed to wear for a certain number of weeks. Before the time came for him to lay them aside, Ceadwalla was seized with a sudden illness; and dying with his white robes fresh and unstained, was, by the command of Sergius, buried in the Basilica of St. Peter.

The conversion of Ceadwalla made Wessex Christian; and the kings of Wessex were destined before many years were over to become kings of all England. Ina his successor, after a glorious reign of thirty-seven years, grew weary of his own greatness, and before he died, like so many of the Old English kings, determined to retire from the world. So he and his queen Ethelburga set out for Rome, where they spent the short remainder of their lives as poor pilgrims, supporting themselves by the labour of their hands. Before a year had passed Ina and Ethelburga went to their reward, blessing God in their last moments that He had suffered them to lay their dust in the consecrated soil of Rome.

King Egbert, who came to the throne of Wessex in the year 800, had passed his youth at the court of Charlemagne, the famous Emperor of the West. There he had learnt the great art of ruling his people well and wisely; and he did so much to improve the state of his kingdom, that when, after a peaceful reign of nine years, war at last broke out with the Britons and the other English states, he carried everything before him, and in a few years his authority was acknowledged over almost the whole of England. After Egbert's time we hear no more of the Heptarchy,

and his successors are only known in history as the kings of England. The state of England in those early times was of course very different from what it now is; still we must not suppose that it was savage or uncultivated. The towns were but few, and very much smaller than those we now see; but there were farms and villages scattered over the country, surrounded by fields enclosed with hedges, orchards, and even vineyards; for the Romans had brought the vine with them into Britain, and a rude kind of wine was made from the British grapes. The fierce English pirates had become a rural and agricultural people. Monasteries, too, were built in every part of the land, and wherever the monks established themselves they taught the people useful arts. Always choosing the most lonely and desolate spots (the moors of Northumberland, the desolate fens of Lincolnshire, or the thick woods of the west and south of England), a few years had not passed from the time of their coming into these solitudes before the corn stood thick on the newly-cleared lands, the fens were all drained, and green meadows smiled where before there had been nothing but the stagnant and unwholesome marsh. Then they taught the people how to build themselves better houses; for before the coming of St. Augustine the English were accustomed to live in wretched hovels of turf and clay, covered with green branches by way of a roof. Even the palaces of their kings were nothing better than rude barns, with a hole in the roof to let out the smoke. But the monks began to build churches, first of wooden planks, and then of stone; then they washed the walls of these churches with a wonderful preparation of lime which made them whiter than snow, which the English had never seen before, and which they greatly admired; and then they began to beautify the same churches, and learnt to practise other trades and to teach them also; so that before long the altars sparkled with gold and silver vessels and jewelled crucifixes, and the barbarous English became famous all over the world for their goldsmiths' work and rich embroidery, whilst some of their buildings were thought to surpass in grandeur any thing that was to be seen north of the Alps.

No doubt with all this England was still barbarous enough. In some places, it is true, you might have seen the peasants guiding their ploughs, and the shepherds tending their flocks in the pleasant meadows; but elsewhere there

were wide wastes, and many wild beasts roamed through the deep impenetrable forests. January, in the Old English tongue, was called the "Wolf month," because, to use the words of an old writer, "people were more wont to be in danger to be devoured of wolves in that month than at any other season." Wild boars, and even bears, were still common in Henry II.'s time; so we may well suppose there was no want of them in the days of the Heptarchy. The extent of the undrained marshes may be guessed by the quantity of eels then to be found in England, and the value which our forefathers set on them. They formed one of their chief articles of food; people sometimes paid their rent in eels, and eel-dykes or ditches were the common boundaries of estates. They had cheese and milk and plenty of barley-bread; but for flesh-meat they chiefly depended on the vast droves of swine which roamed through their forests, and fed on the acorns and beech-mast. These were no great dainties; and perhaps you would have thought the English but a rude race if you had been a guest at one of their feasts, and seen the huge joints of meat brought in upon the spit, for each man to cut his portion as it was handed to him, disposing of it without the aid of forks. Perhaps, too, you would have thought that the ale flowed somewhat too freely, for the English were always a beer-drinking people; but in those days tea and coffee were unknown, and some excuse may be made for what too soon grew into the national vice of England, in the fact that their food for more than half the year was salted. Hay was, indeed, made in some parts; but it did not supply fodder enough to keep a winter stock alive, and when Martinmas came round, it brought a general slaughter of oxen and hogs, whose flesh was then committed to the salting tubs.

The dress of the Old English was for the most part of homespun wool: every Englishwoman was a "spinster," and even queens and princesses were not ashamed to be seen with a distaff. The peasantry wore rough sheepskins, or the untanned hides of their oxen; but the nobles affected some degree of finery, and the skilful needles of the English ladies supplied them with embroidered tunics, often clasped with gold.

We have said that many of the Old English kings gave good laws to their subjects, and that they had their courts of justice, and great councils of the nobles and bishops, to help

them in ruling their kingdom. For there was a great love of freedom among the Old English, and their kings were as much bound by the laws as the people themselves. It is true that in England, as in every other country in the world at that time, there were bond slaves; but it also seems certain that the slavery which was to be found among the English was much less hard and cruel than that which existed in other countries. The bishops and clergy did all they could to protect the bond slaves; they were not bought and sold, like the negro slaves of America, but were attached to the estate on which they worked, and changed owners only when the soil changed hands. The Old English were, on the whole, good and kind masters; there was nothing about them of that haughtiness which in after years marked the proud Norman nobles; the English earl, or thane, as he was called, ate at the same table with his servants, and treated them with a sort of homely familiarity. His hand was always open to the poor; so that, in the language of the time, the people gave their nobles the names of *Laford* and *Leafdian*, words which mean "the bread-givers," and which are the origin of our modern titles of "lord" and "lady."

Simple as they were, the Old English were great lovers of learning. During the first hundred years after their conversion to the Christian faith, there were more learned men in England than in almost any other country of Europe. There was one holy abbot, St. Bennet Biscop, who took five journeys to foreign countries in order to procure books and pictures for his monastery at Wearmouth, and who collected a large and noble library. Books were not then printed, as they now are; every letter had to be written out with much trouble by the hand; and this was one of the occupations of the monks, and took up a good deal of their time. Of course there were not so many books then as there are now, and they were much more valuable and more difficult to obtain; yet nowhere at this time were there so many books as in the libraries and monasteries of England. Fewer persons could then have books, and learn to read them, than is now the case; and the people had to be taught in other ways. There is a story told of the great St. Aldhelm, Abbot of Malmesbury and Bishop of Sherborne, which gives us an idea of one of these ways of teaching. Aldhelm had built a large church at Malmesbury, but he

was pained at finding that the people knew and cared very little about their faith. They came to Mass, indeed; but so soon as it was over they hurried off without listening to the preacher. Now in those days the instructions given in church were among the chief means of teaching those who could not read: perhaps the teacher at Malmesbury had a dull way of giving his lessons; but, however that may be, Aldhelm saw that he must find out some mode of making the teaching more amusing, or else the people of Malmesbury would remain grossly ignorant. Now the English were all great lovers of music; at their feasts the harp was handed round as well as the wine-cup, and no guest was ever more heartily welcomed to hall and cottage than the wandering minstrel. Aldhelm was well skilled in the art of making verses, and singing them to his harp; so one day, watching his opportunity when the people were all coming out of church, he took his station on a bridge over which they were sure to pass, and there, in the dress of a minstrel, he began to sing. He soon got a crowd about him. Day after day he went on, and he never wanted listeners; until by degrees he began to put into verses such plain and easy instructions as his hearers could understand, and so by degrees he taught them all that they required to know, and won them to a more devout way of life.

In general, however, the English were ready enough to learn when there was any one able to teach them; and if things had gone on as peacefully and happily as they did during the first century after St. Augustine's landing, England would soon have become a civilised and prosperous nation. But fresh trials were at hand. We have seen how, when the Romans had taught the arts of peace to the Britons, the pagan English came and plunged the land again into barbarism; and now that the English themselves were growing peaceful and industrious, a new enemy appeared, to throw every thing once more into ruin and disorder.

CHAP. III. THE OLD ENGLISH AND THE DANES.

From the end of the Heptarchy, 800, to the Norman Conquest, 1066. IT is in the reign of King Egbert that we first hear any thing of the Danes, or Northmen. They were a people who lived on the shores of the Baltic Sea, and were not much un-

like what the Saxons and Angles had been before they came to England. They lived as pirates, going about in their ships and plundering every coast they came to. They called themselves Sea Kings ; and, indeed, they had it all to themselves at sea, for no ships dared appear where the Danish flag had once been seen. Nothing seemed able to stop them in their course. More than once they sailed up the river Seine, and plundered the city of Paris ; they seized and kept possession of a large province in the north of France, which became the great duchy of Normandy ; and they even sailed into the Mediterranean, and founded a powerful kingdom the south of Italy. And now they came down on the coasts of England. Egbert and his successors fought bravely against them, and there were terrible battles ; but nothing seemed to daunt the Danes ; they poured into the east of England, and laid waste the country, burning towns and villages, churches and monasteries, and putting all the inhabitants to the sword. Every year the same dreadful scenes were repeated, till a general fear of the pagan and savage Danes fell on the whole land. The abbeyes, once centres of civilisation to all the country round, were now smoking ruins, and the monks all slain or driven to the woods and deserts ; for the Danes hated the Christian faith, and many were the martyrs whom their cruel fury gave to Holy Church. Amongst these was Edmund king of East Anglia, who, after a brave resistance to the invaders, was taken prisoner and led before the Danish chief. They offered him his liberty on conditions which he deemed contrary to his faith as a Christian, and which he therefore firmly refused. They bound him to a tree and scourged him, but he remained unmoved ; so they made him a mark for their arrows, and at last struck off his head, whilst with his dying breath he called on the name of Jesus. Many years afterwards the great abbey of Edmundsbury was raised over the spot where his body lay, and where it is still said to rest among the abbey ruins.

We can scarcely describe the suffering and misery to which England was reduced when, in the year 871, Ethelred, the grandson of Egbert, died of the wounds he had received in battle, and left the crown to his younger brother Alfred. This great king, "the darling of England," as the Old English writers call him, was then little more than twenty-one : born in the midst of troublous times, he had had small care taken of his education ; and though he possessed

many noble qualities, yet he had not learnt to curb his passions, and so he often did what was wrong. But his heart was deeply touched at the sufferings of his people, and he longed to restore to them the peace and happiness they had enjoyed before the coming of the Danes. It was necessary first to get rid of the invaders ; and this seemed a hopeless task, for the whole land was covered with their roving bands. Alfred saw that his best chance was to meet them at sea, and so prevent the landing of fresh forces ; but he had no ships ; however, he got ready a few crazy vessels, and boldly sailed off in search of his enemies. He succeeded in capturing one Danish ship ; it served him for a model, and he began to build other ships and galleys, till he soon had a good fleet at his command, and in the first battle he fought with his new ships he gained a glorious victory. But in spite of this success he could not drive the Danes out of the country ; and a year after his naval victory they had made themselves masters of his whole kingdom, and driven him from his throne, so that he was forced to disband his army and to hide himself among the woods and marshes of Somersetshire. Here, in the little island of Athelney, he lived some time in the cottage of a poor swineherd, who was quite ignorant of his rank. It was a sad time enough ; but in after years Alfred had reason to thank God for all he then suffered. Suffering softens and humbles a man as nothing else will do, and it taught this great king to overcome what was bad in his own heart. So he bore every thing patiently, and let the swineherd's wife set him to bake the cakes on the hearth, and scold him heartily when he suffered them to burn. One day, as he sat at the cottage-door reading the Psalter, and praying God to help his unhappy country, a poor beggar came up, and asked an alms of him for the love of God. Alfred had but one little loaf, his day's provision ; but his own sufferings had taught him compassion for those of others, and he did not hesitate to divide his only loaf and give half of it to the poor man. That night, as he slept, the great English saint Cuthbert appeared to him in a dream, and bade him be of good heart, for that God would soon re-establish him on his throne ; he woke full of the idea that the unknown beggar was St. Cuthbert himself, and solemnly placed himself and his kingdom under the saint's powerful patronage.

Meanwhile straggling parties of his followers discovered

where he was hiding, and gathered round him in the neighbouring woods. Their numbers increased till he found himself at the head of a sufficient force again to attack the Danes. He gave battle to Gothrun, the Danish king, and entirely defeated him : but instead of putting him and the other prisoners to death, Alfred offered to let them settle in part of his dominions if they would receive Christian baptism and live peaceably ; and these terms they willingly accepted, so that we soon hear of the Christian Danes of East Anglia cultivating the soil, and forgetting all the wild and savage practices of paganism.

Alfred was now able to labour for the good of his people : they were in a miserable state in every way ; half the cities of England were burnt, as well as those noble monasteries which, sixty years before, had been the seats of learning and civilisation. There were no learned men now in England ; for the monks had all been slain, and the clergy who filled their place were careless and ignorant ; society had fallen into disorder, the laws were disregarded, and the morals of all classes were fast becoming degraded. Alfred had to supply every thing with his own head and hand. First of all he provided for the defence of the country, and built castles on the coasts and new squadrons of ships. Then he set to work to put down crime, and to restore the courts of justice. There were so few men left in England capable of enforcing the laws, that the king had to hear most causes himself, and to teach his judges what they had to do. In a few years crime was so rare in England, that it is said golden bracelets were hung up in the highways and none thought of laying hands on them ; whilst a traveller who dropped his purse might safely look for it a month afterwards, and would find it lying untouched on the spot where he had left it. It is wonderful how many laws and customs still in use among us have come down to us from the time of Alfred. It was he who first divided the kingdom into shires and hundreds, and fixed the bounds of the different parishes. He established courts of justice in every county, which were presided over by the bishop and earl ; every man accused of crime was then tried by his equals in rank, and hence the origin of our trials by jury. The sheriff of the county had power to call out all the armed men for its defence ; and this was what is called the *militia*. Then he established schools in different places, particularly at Ox-

ford; for there was nothing he desired more than to restore learning. It was no easy matter; in all Wessex there was not a man who could read a Latin book, and the king was not much more learned than his subjects. But he was at least resolved to become so; and, first inviting all the best scholars of the day to his court, he next set to work to perfect himself in the arts of reading and writing, and at the age of thirty-nine he undertook to learn Latin. His chief motive for doing this was to be able to translate Latin books into English for the use of his people; for he was wont to say that, if he had his will, every freeman's child in England should learn to read and write, and he wished to give them good and useful books to read. He began with making a little book for himself, in which he copied out every thing that he met with which was instructive and devout. Asser, his biographer, tells us that it was full of psalms and prayers, and that he always carried it in his bosom. But besides this, he translated a great many of the best Latin books he could find, though to be able to do this cost him great pains and labour. Meanwhile he was hard at work rebuilding London and the other towns burnt by the Danes; and the workmen, with whom he often conversed, wondered to find that he knew as much of their business as they did themselves. He sent his ships to trade in the Mediterranean; and any one who brought home new manufactures or inventions was sure of a reward. He even sent an embassy to India, a country then almost unheard-of by English ears. It seems that at one time, when the Danes were pillaging London, Alfred made a vow that if God would give him victory over his enemies he would send help to the Christian Churches of the East. The city was delivered; and in fulfilment of his vow, he sent certain valuable offerings to the Christians of India; and it is a certain fact, that his ambassadors did actually reach Hindostan, and came back laden with perfumes and precious stones from that distant country, which centuries afterwards was to form part of the great British empire.

How, it may be asked, did Alfred find time for all his work? Yet, in addition to all this, he had bound himself by a solemn promise to God, which he faithfully kept, to give to His service one half of his days and nights, as well as of all his substance. Eight hours of every day were spent in prayer and study, another eight in public business; and

the remainder was all he devoted to sleep and the necessary refreshment of his body.* "Every morning," says his biographer, "he rose privately at the cock-crowing and visited the churches and the shrines of the saint, where, prostrate on the ground, he besought God to strengthen him with His grace, and to confirm him in His holy love." He found time for frequent pilgrimages to holy places, and daily heard Mass and recited the canonical hours. Truly we may say, in the words of an old English poet of the thirteenth century,

"He was England's darling, both king and clerk;
And full well did he love God's work."

The last seven years of his life were spent in fresh conflicts with the Danes; but the country was now fully armed, and when this great king died, he was lord of the whole land south of the Humber. His will is full of the noble and Christian feelings which guided him through life, and shows the respect which the Old English kings displayed for the liberties of their people. He forbade his heirs to oppress any of those poor bondsmen whom he had made free, because, he says, "For God's love, and the good of my soul, I will that they be masters of their own freedom and their own will." "All power," he writes in the preface to one of his translations, "is naught if it be without wisdom; and therefore have I desired wisdom. And this I can truly say, that whilst I lived I have desired to live worthily, and to leave to those who come after me a remembrance of good works."

Alfred died in the year 901: of all his successors his grandson Athelstan was the greatest. He subdued the Danes settled in Northumbria, as well as the Scots and Britons. In 937, however, all these nations, aided by the Irish and Norwegians, united together, and assembled a force such as had never before been seen in England. But Athelstan did not fear them; hastening northwards, he stopped to pay his devotions at the shrine of St. John of Beverley, and offered his dagger at the altar, vowing if

* It was no easy thing to measure these divisions of time, for there were neither clocks nor watches in Alfred's days; he hit, however, on the plan of marking-off on a wax-candle so much as would burn in an hour, and when it had burnt down he knew that the hour was over. The wind made his candles flare, and burn to waste; and to remedy this he invented horn-lanterns to place them in, and these were the only timepieces of the great Alfred.

God gave him the victory to redeem it on his return at a price worthy of a king. The next day dawned on a battle-field whereon the English had to match their arms against the chosen warriors of five hostile nations. In their own ranks waved the banners of a hundred native chiefs, each at the head of a thousand men. The battle raged till sunset, and ended in the complete rout of the invaders; and Athelstan, returning to Beverley in triumph, redeemed his dagger by a grant of ample privileges to its noble minster.

Athelstan was a good king as well as a great warrior; he cared for his poorer subjects, and made laws obliging his bailiffs to support a certain number of paupers on their farms, each of whom was to have a good allowance of meat and bacon and a yearly suit of clothes.

But though his reign was glorious, and he did his best for his people, the long wars brought many evils on the country; and in the reigns of his successors the land seemed fast falling back into barbarism. Bands of armed robbers roamed over the districts wasted by the Danes, and the manners of the people grew wild and ferocious. Formerly the monks had done much to civilise and teach the people; but though Alfred had used every effort to restore them, he only partially succeeded, and the consequence was that ignorance and vice had become only too common among both priests and people. But at last it pleased God to raise up a great saint, who succeeded in bringing back to his native land much of the piety and learning of her better days. This was St. Dunstan, Abbot of Glastonbury, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. He had boldly reproved the vices of King Edwy, and that tyrant banished him, and laid waste all the abbeys of England. On the accession of Edgar, in 959, he was recalled, and became chief minister of the realm. Edgar's reign was one of unbroken peace and prosperity, but he stained his great name with many crimes; for which Dunstan fearlessly reproved him, and directed him by way of penance to lay aside his royal crown for seven years, to fast twice in the week, to publish a new code of laws for the better administration of justice, and to distribute copies of the Holy Scriptures to every county in England at his own expense. Dunstan was a man of great ability and of holy life; and he constantly laboured to remove the grievous scandals which disgraced the Church. The means he took to effect this was

to bring back the Benedictine monks. He brought some from France ; and under their guidance schools and monasteries sprang up, which produced a perfect crowd of saints and learned men. Glastonbury, Ely, Ramsey, and Malmesbury, became once more centres of civilisation ; an impulse was given to all kinds of good works ; we read of roads being made and bridges repaired, slaves redeemed, parish churches restored or founded, and provision made for the blind and the aged ; and when we ask how all these things were done, we find it was the monks who laid these duties on their penitents. Dunstan was a man of real genius ; there was scarcely any thing he could not do, and do well ; he was a great scholar, a beautiful artist, and an excellent musician ; and perhaps his varied genius helped him not a little in getting Englishmen to care once more for learning, after they had quite lost the taste for it, and had sunk back into ignorance and barbarism. He also revived among them a love of the monastic state, so that numbers crowded to the new Benedictine monasteries, and many great and holy prelates were thus given to the Church.

King Edgar died in 975, and left the crown to weak and unworthy successors. Ethelred the Unready, as he was called, obtained the throne through the cruel murder of his half-brother, the young and holy prince Edward, who was stabbed by order of his stepmother Elfrida. This murder seemed to bring a judgment on the land ; for fresh Danish invasions followed on the death of the "dear king and martyr St. Edward," and another crime committed by Ethelred brought about the final ruin of the country. Unable to meet the Danes in the field, he resolved to get rid of them by treachery. After making a pretended peace with their chiefs, he gave secret orders that on St. Brice's day the English should rise throughout the land and put every Dane to death, sparing neither sex nor age. A horrible massacre followed, long remembered in England as "bloody St. Brice's day ;" but it brought its own punishment. Sweyn, king of Denmark, solemnly vowed revenge, and resolved never to sheathe his sword till he had completed the conquest of England. He did not live to fulfil his vow, dying, as it is said, suddenly after pillaging the abbey of Edmundsbury ; but he left his designs to be carried out by his son Canute. Edmund Ironside, the brave and excellent successor of Ethelred, also died after a brief reign

spent in heroic efforts to defend his country, leaving Canute master of half the kingdom. The claims of his infant sons were easily set aside, and the nobles and prelates were prevailed on without much difficulty to call Canute to the vacant throne.

Canute had been baptised ; but when he landed in England he had little beyond the name of Christian. In his habits he was still a pagan ; and spite of a certain natural nobleness of soul, the first years of his reign were stained with frightful excesses. But after a time the influence of Christianity, which he learnt on the soil of the country he had conquered, changed this fierce sea-king into one of the most just and pious monarchs who ever ruled in England. Many stories are told of him which show the singular power which religion gained over his heart. At one time we read how, as he was sailing on the river near Ely, the sound of the monks chanting came sweetly over the waters ; and how, bidding his men pull closer in to shore, he listened to the music till at last he broke out into some rude English verses of his own composition, which remained a popular national song for many centuries. Another time we find him on the sea-shore near Southampton rebuking the foolish flattery of his courtiers, who assured him that he was so great and powerful that even the waves would obey him, and advance no further at his word. Canute ordered a chair to be set on the sands, and waited till the waters of the rising tide were flowing at his feet ; then, sternly addressing his nobles, he bade them keep their homage for the King of kings, and taking off his golden circlet, from that day would never wear it more, but caused it to be hung over the great crucifix in Winchester Cathedral, where it long remained.

His policy was wise and gentle ; he treated Danes and English as one people, and won the love of his English subjects by his reverence for their customs and traditions. He rebuilt the great abbey of Edmunsbury, which his father had burnt to the ground ; and there was not a holy place in England which he did not visit and enrich. His laws breathe the same true tone of Christian feeling as those of our best English kings. He provided for what would nowadays be called the national education of the poor : " We direct," he says, " that every Christian man be taught rightly to understand his belief, and that he learn the Creed and the Lord's prayer ; for with the one he will rightly pray

to God, and with the other he will express a true belief: for how can a man pray to God aright inwardly, if he have not inwardly a right belief? Never after death will he be in holy rest with Christ, nor be meet during life to receive the holy housel.* Nor can he be called a Christian who will not learn his Creed." He forbids his magistrates to inflict death for trifling offences: "We must," he says, "remember the words *forgive us, even as we forgive*; for God's image in man is not to be wasted and defaced for a small matter." In the year 1031 he made a pilgrimage to Rome, and from the tombs of the apostles he sent his celebrated letter to the English people. It breathed a deep and true contrition, and a noble eagerness to make amends for all past injustice. "Let all men now know," he says, "that I have humbly vowed to God henceforth in all things to amend my life, to govern my people justly and piously, and, with God's help, to correct all that has been done amiss through the intemperance of youth." He then goes on to forbid all extortions or violence, and charges his thanes to show respect for poor as well as rich. Four years after this he died. Two of his sons, Harold and Hardicanute, reigned after him in succession: they were brutal and savage men; and on the death of Hardicanute in 1041, caused by excess of drinking, the people clamoured for the restoration of their native princes. The most powerful noble then in England was Earl Godwin, an Englishman by birth, but allied to the Danish kings by marriage. He was strong enough to place any one he liked on the vacant throne; and he immediately caused Prince Edward, one of the sons of Ethelred the Unready, to be proclaimed king.

Edward was then forty years of age, twenty-seven of which he had spent in exile at the Norman court. In person, as in character, he was very unlike the rude warriors who surrounded him. When an infant, his mother had carried him to Ely, and, laying him on the altar, had there solemnly offered him to God; and when Edward grew up, it might have been plainly seen that the offering had never been withdrawn. Inferior to the great Alfred in mental powers, he equalled, and even surpassed, him in that fatherly care for his people which made him see in them children rather than subjects. His very appearance had a sort of childlike simplicity about it; his brow and cheeks,

* The Old English word for 'Host.'

of almost boyish beauty, were shaded by the fairest flaxen hair, and men, as they saw him standing at his palace-gate speaking kindly to the poor beggars and lepers whom he suffered to crowd about his person, often thought that he looked like an angel rather than a man.

It seemed necessary, in the unsettled state of the nation, that Edward should secure his possession of the crown by an alliance with the great family of Godwin. The earl, who had a number of brave sons, had but one daughter, Editha; and the king's Norman and English councillors all agreed in advising him to choose her for his queen, which he did; and according to contemporary writers, she was worthy to share his throne. "She was well skilled in letters," says the monk Ingulphus, "holy, meek, and modest; she had nothing of the rudeness of her father's race; and it came to be said as a proverb, that Editha, born from the stem of Godwin, was like a fair rose blossoming on a thorny stock." With her the king lived in holy wedlock, and both gave a good example to their subjects while they lived.

When Edward came to the throne the kingdom was in a miserable state. There were constant feuds between the English and the Danes; the nobles were grown fierce and turbulent, and a large class among the secular clergy led slothful and scandalous lives. Of many we read that they quite neglected their sacred duties, and occupied themselves with hunting and hawking, as so many jovial franklins rather than as ministers of the altar. The long wars, and the destruction of so many monasteries, had given a check to agriculture; half the lands of England were uncultivated, and the wide marshes were left undrained; and the consequence was, that scarcely a year passed without bringing the scourge of either pestilence or famine. Edward's kind and gentle heart bled to witness the sufferings of his people; and so soon as he was firmly settled on his throne, he set about to relieve them. Although he was not a man of genius, like Alfred or Charlemagne, his goodness of heart and perfect unselfishness taught him how to do almost as much for his kingdom as either of those great monarchs did for theirs. There was a certain tax called the Danegelt, originally levied on the English by Ethelred the Unready, which the people hated because it went to pay the yearly tribute forced from them by the Danes. When the

tribute ceased to be paid, the Danegelt was still raised, and that in a peculiarly oppressive manner. Edward looked on the money thus obtained with a kind of horror, he seemed to see the demon seated on the heaps of gold ; and his very first act was to abolish the tax altogether. He had ever on his lips and in his heart the words of his Divine Master, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive;" and his treasury belonged quite as much to the poor as to himself. One night, as he lay awake, he saw a poor scullion-boy stealing into the adjoining chamber, where the royal coffer stood, and where shortly before Hugolin, the treasurer, had deposited a large sum of money. The boy opened the coffer, and cautiously took out a handful of gold : Edward let him go, saying to himself that the poor fellow needed it more than he did. But he came back a second and a third time ; and then at last the king called out to him : "Thou hadst best fly," he said ; "for, by our Lady, if Hugolin catch thee, he will not leave thee a single coin." The poor little thief made off as fast as he could ; but when Hugolin came and discovered the theft, he was terribly angry. Edward kept the secret, and bade his treasurer hold his peace. "Perhaps," he said, "he who took the money wanted it more than we do ; and besides, we have enough still left."

King Edward's reign was one of almost unbroken peace, unless when disturbed by occasional hostilities with the Welsh and Scotch, or by the turbulence of Earl Godwin and his sons, who more than once broke out into open rebellion. But these troubles were not of long duration ; and for the greater part of the four-and-twenty years that England was governed by the royal Confessor, she enjoyed a profound tranquillity. The good king took advantage of this to make a new code of laws, which he collected out of all the best of those which had been published by former kings, but which had many of them fallen into disuse. These laws were so welcome to the people, and so full of justice and mercy, that in after ages the English knew no other way of demanding good government from their rulers than by calling on them to give them back "the laws of the good St. Edward." These free English laws were the foundation of many which we now enjoy : they provided for the rights of the poor, even of the slaves and farm-drudges, who were all cared for and protected. The very bondsman could sue his lord in a court of justice if he were wronged by him, and obtain justice at his hands ; and, homely as it seems,

there was a deep Christian kindness in the regulation which provided that every cowherd should keep his own cow on his master's pasturage, and that every woodman should have his share of the wood which the wind should blow down on his master's land. Under the Norman kings these poor bondsmen were scarcely considered to have any rights at all. The Confessor's wise and gentle government rendered England once more rich and prosperous. Trade and commerce began to revive; and "it seemed," says an old English historian, "as though, after the miseries of war, the world were renewed; as though winter had passed, and the summer had arrived in its room." "All men," he adds, "loved and revered the blithe and guileless king; foreign monarchs sought his alliance, and came to his court to see him and to speak with him; and every one who saw him went away more courteous and more wise." Such is the wonderful power which even worldly men feel in the words and presence of one of God's saints. There was but one complaint which his subjects ever made of him; they thought he loved the Normans too well, and showed them more favour than his own countrymen. There was some truth in this; for Edward had spent many years in Normandy, and he could not but see that in many things they had the advantage over the English. They were more polished in manners, and more temperate in their habits; and their clergy were for the most part men of learning and austere piety. Edward longed to see the English Church governed by wise and good prelates, and he used his power to bring over into England several of the Norman ecclesiastics. But we should make a great mistake if we thought he favoured none but Normans. Among all his Bishops, none was more honoured by him than St. Wulstan of Worcester, the last, and perhaps the most popular, of our long line of saintly Old English prelates; and none of his courtiers and nobles held so close a place in his affections as Leofric Earl of Mercia, a genuine English thane both in blood and feeling, whom a writer of his own nation calls "the man wise for God and for the world," and who was admitted to the most familiar confidence of his sovereign.

It would have been well if the English could in some things have been brought to imitate the habits of the Normans. But a grievous change had come over the people since Alfred's days; they had grown brutal in manners, and drunkenness was their prevailing vice: worse than this,

they were losing much of their old religious feeling. For a trifling gain they would sell their own sons and daughters to the pagan Danes; and a public slave-market was held in Bristol until put down by the unwearied labours of the good St. Wulstan, who used to go and preach every Sunday in the market-place till at last he got it abolished.

Earl Godwin was at the head of those who murmured against the king's promotion of Norman churchmen. He was a restless and ambitious man; and though the king treated him as the first noble in the land, it seemed as though he could not be satisfied so long as there were any rivals to dispute his power. Edward owed his own elevation to the throne to Godwin; but he did not love him, for many years before the earl was thought to have cruelly murdered the king's favourite brother Alfred, and, whatever might have been the facts of the case, Edward always believed the story true. One day, as they sat at table together, Edward reproached him with the crime. "May this morsel be my last," replied Godwin, "if I had any part in Alfred's death!" and as he spoke he took a piece of bread and tried to swallow it; but at the same moment fell from his chair struck with apoplexy, and never spoke again. He was succeeded in his vast estates by his son Harold, a gallant and accomplished soldier, and a favourite both with the king and the people. They loved him, in spite of a thousand failings, for his bravery, his handsome person, and, above all, for his English blood. He had beaten the Welsh among their own mountains; and his martial prowess and winning address seemed to mark him out as one fitted to be a nation's ruler. Edward had no heirs of his own; and Edgar Atheling, his nearest of kin, was too feeble in his intellect to be fit to reign. It soon therefore began to be whispered that, on Edward's death, Harold would be chosen to succeed him. It is certain that, if he had no other title, he at least possessed the people's favour. But across the Channel another claimant sprang up in the person of Duke William of Normandy. He possessed no shadow of right to the English crown; but he was related to Queen Emma, the king's mother, and he affirmed that Edward had promised to make him his heir. Whatever may have been Edward's real wishes in the matter, he never made any formal disposition in favour of either party. Perhaps he felt it more just to leave the choice of a successor with the nation; and, it may be, he had a prophetic knowledge of the

everts which were to follow, and judged it best to commit their issue into God's hands. But in 1065 Harold was shipwrecked on the coast of Normandy, and carried prisoner to William's court. The duke restored him to liberty; but obliged him, as a condition of his freedom, to swear on holy relics that he would renounce his own claim, and support his rival's, and that from that day he would serve him in all things as his subject and vassal. Harold took the oath, but without a thought of keeping it; and William suffered him to return to England.

As the life of St. Edward drew to a close, his saintly virtues seemed to grow the brighter: they were attested by a great number of miracles, and many a poor blind beggar, or miserable leper, was healed by the touch of those holy royal hands.* In accomplishment of a vow, he had undertaken to rebuild the abbey church of Westminster; and he just lived to see this work completed. It was consecrated in the December of 1065, and a week later all England was bewailing the loss of her saintly king. Harold attended by his dying bed, and scrupled not to declare that Edward had named him as his successor. Whatever was the truth of this assertion, the English nobles did not hesitate between the rival candidates; and the same day that the remains of the Confessor were laid to rest in his own abbey church they elected Harold to fill the vacant throne. They well knew what would be the consequences of such a step: William of Normandy was not one to give up his claims without a struggle; and Harold's accession was the signal, on both sides of the Channel, for preparation for a fierce and bloody conflict.

* The successors of St. Edward were thought to inherit from him the power of curing certain complaints by their touch. Hence the custom of what was called touching for the king's evil.

Eminent Englishmen.—St. Aldhelm, bishop of Sherburn, first Englishman who cultivated literature, 709. St. Bede, commonly called Venerable Bede, author of *Ecclesiastical History of England*, 735. St. Boniface, archbishop of Mayence, and apostle of Germany, martyred, 753. Alcuin, restorer of learning in France, and tutor to Charlemagne, 804. St. Dunstan, restorer of the Benedictine order in England, and archbishop of Canterbury, 938. St. Elphege, archbishop of Canterbury, martyred by the Danes, 1012.

Inventions, &c.—Organs first used in churches, 660; and introduced into England by St. Aldhelm. Glass windows used in churches by St. Wilfrid, 670. Clocks invented by the Venetians, 872. Paper made of cotton rags; first used in England, 1000. Norman style of architecture introduced about 1040.

RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF THE BRITISH AND ANGLO-SAXON PERIOD.

It is difficult to determine the precise period when Christianity was first preached in Britain; but the constant intercourse kept up with Rome during the time when the Romans were masters of the island opened an easy way for the introduction of the faith. We know that more than one native of Britain, residing at Rome, had become acquainted with the doctrines of Christianity. Of Claudia, the wife of Pudens, we have already spoken. Another British lady, living in Rome at the same period, was Pomponia Græcina, the wife of Aulus Plautius, first governor of Britain under the Emperor Claudius. After his return to Rome, Tacitus tells us that his wife Pomponia was accused of embracing "a foreign superstition," and her trial was committed to her husband, who declared her innocent of all charges affecting her life or reputation. From the expression used, however, it is plain that she was suspected of being a Christian.

In the second century, Tertullian could affirm as a fact not to be disputed, that "parts of Britain, not reached by the Romans, had become subjugated to Christ;" and in the year 156, according to Bede, Lucius, a British king, sent ambassadors to Rome praying the reigning Pope, Eleutherius, that he and his subjects might be instructed in the Christian faith.

We find mention of British Bishops sitting in several of the early councils and synods of the Church. Thus the Bishops of York, London, and Lincoln assisted at the Synod of Arles, held in 314, to condemn the Donatist heretics. Some appear to have been present at the great Council of Nice, held in 325; and in 347 we find them attending the Council of Sardica, when they united with the other members of that council in addressing to Pope Julius the letter wherein is made so special an acknowledgment of the supremacy of the Holy See, declaring that it was "most fitting that the Bishops of all provinces should refer to the *Head*,—that is, to the *See of Peter*." St. Hilary bears witness to the fidelity with which the British Church had, up to his time, adhered to the Catholic faith, preserving herself "undefiled from the detestable contagion of heresy." This was of course before the rise of Pelagianism, from which, in the fifth century, the Church in Britain suffered severely, until delivered by the apostolic zeal of St. Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, who twice visited this island, and succeeded in silencing the heretics.

The history of these early times is necessarily obscure; nevertheless we have sufficient evidence to prove that the faith and practice of the British Church was that of Catholic Christendom. The councils at which her Bishops assisted were councils of Bishops in communion with the Apostolic See. We find, moreover, incidental notices of their churches dedicated to the martyrs, of their frequent pilgrimages to Jerusalem, of the veneration which they paid to relics, and of their invocation of the Saints.* Their churches, we are told, had "many altars" for the offering of the "heavenly sacrifice;" and they had colleges and monasteries, and founders of religious rules.

On the invasion of the English, Christianity was all but swept away. It survived, indeed, among the Welsh mountains; but England once more became a heathen land, and had to be reconverted by new apostles. We have seen in what way St. Augustine effected the conversion of Kent. Twenty-five years later St. Paulinus carried the faith into Northumbria, and baptised its king, Edwin, in the wooden church which he had erected on the site now occupied by the Minster of York. The holy king, St. Oswald, brought from Scotland St. Aidan, who fixed his see at Lindisfarne; and

* Bede tells us, that after the conference, which ended in the defeat of the Pelagian heretics, "the priests repaired to the tomb of St. Alban, and gave thanks to God *through him*;" and the success of the Catholic prelates was attributed to the intercession of that holy martyr.

that holy island soon became the centre of northern Christianity. In 668 Theodore, a monk of Tarsus, in Cilicia, was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury by Pope Vitalian. He corrected certain errors of discipline which had been introduced by the Scottish (or Irish) missionaries, whose labours, however, had at various times conduced greatly to the spread of the faith in England. He was a man of profound learning, and the school which he established at Canterbury, under the Abbot Adrian, an African by birth, soon produced a crowd of illustrious disciples. Amongst those who resorted to it was St. Aldhelm, the most learned scholar of his time, and the great St. John of Beverley. In the north St. Benedict Biscop founded his twin monasteries of Wearmouth and Jarrow, in the last of which the Venerable Bede lived and died. Under such men religion made rapid progress; and in 686, just ninety years after the landing of St. Augustine, all England had embraced the faith. The Old English Church had become renowned among all nations for its learning, its missionary zeal, and its extraordinary devotion to the Holy See. It had given birth to countless glorious saints. Besides St. Boniface, the great apostle of Germany, there were St. Willibald and St. Willibrord, who carried the light of faith to the shores of Friesland. The north of England had its great St. Cuthbert, the Bishop, and apostle, and hermit saint, whose incorrupt body still rests within the walls of Durham. There was St. Wilfrid of York, the vigorous champion of the Church's independence, and St. Chad of Lichfield, whose holy relics now repose in the church dedicated to him at Birmingham. In the midst of the fens of Lincolnshire there was St. Guthlac, the English Anthony: and there were the virgin saints of England,—St. Andry, the foundress of Ely, St. Hilda of Whitby, St. Mildred of Kent, St. Werburga, and many more. The cloisters of Old England were peopled by the members of her royal races, and it would be hard to reckon the names of all those who, like Ina and Ethelburga, abandoned their crowns to embrace a life of poverty and prayer. At York, under the great Archbishop Egbert, there rose a school of learning which had not its equal north of Rome. The Archbishop himself, and his successor Albert, were among its teachers; and it is enough to say that Alcuin was one of their scholars. Extraordinary splendour was at this time to be found in the English churches. That of York contained no fewer than thirty altars; and the shrine, erected on the spot where Edwin was baptised, glittered with gold and jewels, while a great chandelier with nine rows of lights hung from the roof and lighted it by night. This was the brightest period of the Old English Church. A few years later, the Danes brought desolation into her sanctuaries; and Lindisfarne and Ely, and Peterborough and Croyland, were heaps of blackened ruins. Yet there was a period of revival even in the midst of those shocking disorders which followed on the Danish invasions; and the calendar of the English Church was adorned by a new catalogue of saints and martyrs, whose story belongs to the pages of ecclesiastical history.*

* For fuller details of the Church history of this period, the reader is referred to the *Sketches of English Church History*, intended as an accompaniment to the present volume.

CHAP. IV. THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

From the accession of Harold, 1066, to the death of William the Conqueror 1067.

WHEN the news reached Duke William that his rival had been chosen king, and had already been crowned at Oxford, he gave way to such an excess of passion, that for a time he was like one deranged. Recovering himself at last, he instantly set about preparing for an invasion of England: he spent eight months in collecting ships and forces, and even sent an embassy to the Sovereign Pontiff, representing that he was only about to assert his just rights against a perjured usurper. His ambassadors returned with the gift of a consecrated standard; and William persuaded his followers that they were embarking on a holy war.

Meanwhile Harold was threatened with invasion from another quarter. His own brother Tostig had leagued against him, and induced the king of Norway to make a descent on the northern coast. Harold hastened to the spot, and gained a glorious and bloody victory: he returned to York in triumph; but as he sat at his banquet-table the news was brought that the Normans had landed on the shores of Sussex. Without an hour's delay he set out for London; and within a fortnight, by dint of extraordinary exertions, he had traversed the whole length of England, reinforced his army, and brought it within sight of the Norman camp. It was on the 28th of September 1066 that Duke William's ships entered the bay of Pevensey. The first man to leap on shore was the duke himself; and chancing to fall on his face, a cry was raised that it was an evil omen. "Not so," he replied with ready wit, "I have but taken possession of the land with both my hands." Then the men and horses were disembarked; and a camp was formed a little to the east, on the spot where now stands the town of Hastings. About nine miles from Hastings, on ground which rises gradually from the sea, there was then a little hill facing the south and backed by a tangled wood: it bore the name of Senlac; and on its slope Harold had posted his men in one dense mass. They fought on foot, armed mostly with battle-axes; whilst the Norman troops were composed of archers, men-at-arms on foot, and a

powerful body of cavalry. When the two armies came in sight of one another, they raised a great shout, and the battle-cries of both nations rang through the air. "God is our help!" sounded from the Norman ranks; whilst the English answered with the cry of "Christ's Rood! the holy Rood!" Then flew the Norman arrows fast and thick over the English ranks; and the archers retiring, made way for the advance of the cavalry. On came the knights of Normandy at a gallop with banners flying and lances in rest, dashing against the English line with a terrific shock. But never a foot did the English yield: it was as though the horses charged against an iron wall; and many a saddle was emptied, and many a steel helmet cleft in two, by the blows of the battle-axes wielded by those stout English arms. "That day," says a monkish historian, "the English rendered all they owed to their country." Again and again the Normans charged; but they could not pierce the firm, thick English ranks. William's horse was killed under him; and in a moment his followers were thrown into confusion, as the cry was raised that he was slain. But hastily remounting, he unbuckled his helmet and dashed along the lines with head uncovered, exclaiming, "I am not dead; and with God's help I shall yet conquer!" The struggle went on without any decided advantage on either side until evening. Harold had fought with heroic courage; his two brothers had fallen by his side; but still his voice and example animated his men, and none dreamt of yielding so long as he was at their head. But about sunset the English missed their king; an arrow, shot at random, had pierced his eye, and he had fallen dead without a struggle. Disheartened, and without a leader, the English ranks broke at last; and at nightfall William found himself in undisputed possession of the bloody field on which the fate of the English people had been decided.

The great battle of Hastings was fought on the 14th of October 1066; within two months from that time the whole country had submitted to the Conqueror, and William of Normandy had been crowned King of England at Westminster. It may seem strange that one victory should thus have subdued a nation; but the flower of the English nobles had fallen at Hastings, and the people were without a leader. There were, indeed, risings and revolts without number; but the iron will of the Conqueror bore down

every thing before him, and in a few years he riveted such chains on the English nation as they found it impossible to throw off.

In France, and in most other countries of Europe, there had grown up what is called in history the Feudal System. By this system all the lands of the country were supposed to belong to the king, who granted them to different nobles on condition of their doing him military service. When he went to war, they were bound to bring a certain number of men into the field; and the knights and inferior tenants in like manner held their castles and lands from the nobles. This system had many evils, but it had also its good results. It bound all classes together by the tie of common interests; and if it made the nobles the masters of their vassals, it also made them their protectors. But it was now introduced into England in a cruel and unjust way. The lands already belonged to the English nobles when William claimed them as belonging to the crown, and then redistributed them among his Norman followers. Thus the English gentry and nobility were reduced to beggary, and their places filled with foreigners.

The pretext for this act of wholesale robbery was an insurrection which broke out in the north, in which many of the English nobles joined. They made themselves masters of York, and 3000 of the Norman garrison were slain fighting in the streets. When William heard the news, he swore not to leave a man alive in all Northumbria. He retook York by assault; then, sending his soldiers through the country, he gave orders that it should be reduced to a wilderness. The terrible command was obeyed; towns and villages were given to the flames, the fields laid waste, and a hundred thousand of the helpless people put to the sword, or left to die of famine: for years not a patch of cultivated soil was to be seen between York and Durham, and the traveller passed over a wide desert, scattered here and there with blackened ruins. After this there was no more thought of resistance; the strong castles of the Norman nobles rose all over the land, and kept down every attempt at insurrection. To prevent the people from holding any secret meetings by night, a law was passed commanding men to put out every light and fire in their houses at eight o'clock in the evening, when a bell rang to give the signal, which was called the Curfew. No Englishman was suffered to hold

any office, whether in Church or State; and even the English language was forbidden in the courts of law, and the Norman-French was used instead.

No doubt there were some ways in which the nation was a gainer in the long-run. The strong hand of her Norman rulers raised her in dignity and power, and from this time we hear no more of Danish invasions. But the people groaned under grievous oppressions, and they missed the kindly spirit of their English masters and English laws. The proud Norman nobles despised the common people, and valued them less than their hunting-hounds. Nothing was more felt by the English than the new laws regarding the chase. William was passionately fond of hunting; "he loved the tall deer," says the English chronicler, "as though he had been their father; also he made a decree about the hares, that they should go free." And go free they did, till the land was overrun with every kind of game. But no man durst slay the wild animals even on his own lands; the crime of killing a stag or a wild-boar was punished with the loss of the offender's eyes; for this nobler game was reserved for royal sport. To provide the king with yet larger hunting-grounds, the whole country between Winchester and the sea was laid waste, the villages and even the churches were burnt, and the inhabitants pitilessly driven out, while the once rich district was turned into a wilderness for the royal deer to range in. This royal chase received the name of the New Forest, which it retains to this day.

The Conqueror was as fond of money as he was of deer; there was not a hide of land in all England of which he did not know the worth; and the boundaries and value of each estate, with the name of its owner, were all entered in a book called "Doomsday Book," which is still preserved. So long as his bailiffs supplied him with money, "he cared not," says the English chronicler, "how sinfully they got it, nor how many unlawful things they did. The rich men moaned, and the poor men murmured; but he was so hard that he cared not for their hatred, and he was so stark and savage that no man durst do any thing against his will."

He ruled the Church with the same iron hand; and under one pretext or another he removed all the English Bishops from their sees, and placed Normans in their room. St. Wulstan alone was allowed to retain his bishopric; he

was, indeed, summoned before the synod, and called on to resign his ring and pastoral staff, being, as it was pretended, simple, and altogether unfit for business. The venerable old man confessed his unworthiness of such a charge ; but added that it was from St. Edward he had received his crosier, and to none but him would he give it up. Going, therefore, to the king's monument, he struck the staff deep into the solid stone, and then took his place among the lower clergy. In vain did they try to withdraw it ; until at last they bade him come and take back his staff himself ; which he did ; and from that day they suffered him to remain in quiet possession of his see. William, indeed, showed him every sign of respect, and often had him at his court. His old-fashioned English manners and his homely dress excited the ridicule of the courtiers, and, in particular, they took offence at his wearing nothing richer than sheepskin. If he could not afford more costly fur to trim his robes, he might at least use catskin. But the old man liked his sheepskin best, and would not give it up : it reminded him, he said, of the Lamb of God.

It must be acknowledged that there were many grievous scandals among the English clergy, and that many of them had deserved deposition. Stigaud, the Archbishop of Canterbury, lay under sentence of suspension from the Pope ; and such men as Lanfranc, who succeeded him in his see, and St. Osmund of Salisbury, the chancellor of the kingdom, did the Church good service, and reformed many abuses. But from this time there began that system of royal interference in Church matters, which produced unnumbered evils, and ended, many centuries later, in the separation of England from the unity of the Catholic faith. Yet, in spite of all this, William was not without his better qualities : " he was mild to good men who loved God," says the chronicler. Perhaps his most gracious act in the eyes of the English people was his building of a great abbey on that hill of Senlac, which, according to popular tradition, remained ever red with the blood of those who fell in the fight of Hastings. It was called Battle Abbey ; and the monks held their land on condition of singing perpetual Masses for the souls of all who died on that bloody field. For five centuries they discharged their trust, till the day when the abbeys were all swept from the land, and the voice of Catholic worship was put to silence. The ruins of the church still stand, and a

beautiful garden, rich with a thousand blossoms, covers the soil once wet with the best blood of England.

William of Normandy was a man of stately and noble bearing, and of prodigious strength. Thrice a year, at Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost, he kept his royal court; and when he appeared amid his nobles, wearing his royal "king-helmet," men were forced to own that he looked like one fitted to be the master of others. And master he truly was. Little as he cared for law himself, he made it revered by others. In his days none durst slay another, whatever his quarrel; and robbery well-nigh disappeared out of the land. His last days were embittered by the quarrels of his children. Robert, his eldest son, whom he had named his successor in the duchy of Normandy, broke out into open rebellion against him; and in the war which followed the Conqueror and his son fought hand to hand. The king was wounded; and from that day a curse seemed to follow the fortunes of Duke Robert. William, the second son, destined to succeed his father on the English throne, was of so brutal a disposition, that Lanfranc, who knew him well, prayed day and night that the king's life might be prolonged: "Pray God," he wrote to Pope Gregory, "that the king may live; for during his time we have some kind of peace, but when he is gone there will be nothing but evil."

But his days were now drawing to an end. Enraged by an idle jest of the French king, he swore in revenge to set all France in a blaze. He entered the French territory, and set fire to every town and village he came to; amongst others to the city of Mantes. Riding out to view the scene, his horse trod on the burning embers, and plunging violently, so injured his rider that they carried him back to Rouen in a dying state. There he lingered six weeks; and the thought of his many crimes seems to have touched him with a deep contrition. Above all he remembered his cruelty to the northern English. "I rushed on them," he said, "like a raging lion; I slaughtered their flocks and herds. Thousands, young and old, of a race most fair, have I, alas, unhappy man, destroyed!" He ordered some of his Saxon nobles to be set free, and bade his sons keep faith with God and man, and follow after justice, if they would win glory. At last, on the 9th of September, the sound of a church-bell fell on his dying ear. "What bell is that?" he asked. "It toll the prime from our Lady's church,"

was the reply. The Conqueror stretched forth his arms and looked to heaven : "Then to our Lady, the dear Mother of God, do I commend my soul," he said ; "and may she reconcile me to her Son, my Lord Jesus Christ !" and with these words on his lips, he expired.

They buried him at Caen in Normandy : but even as they stood round his open grave, a voice spoke from the crowd : "That man was a robber," it said ; "the very ground on which you stand he took unjustly from my father." Before the ceremony could proceed, the prelates were obliged to do the speaker justice, and to pay him the value of his land ; and thus, at the very moment of his burial in royal pomp, the great Conqueror of England was declared to be a robber. "Alas," says the Old English chronicler, "that any man should so puff himself up, and think himself above all other men ; but may God have mercy on his soul, and grant him the forgiveness of all his sins !"

CHAP. V. THE CONQUEROR'S SONS.

William II. Rufus 1087-1100. Henry I. 1100-1135.

THE Conqueror, as he lay on his death-bed, had divided his dominions between his two eldest sons. To Robert, the eldest, he left the duchy of Normandy ; while he named William, his second and favourite, to succeed him on the throne of England. Henry, the youngest of the three brothers, received nothing from his father but 5000 marks of silver. "Of what use is the money to me," he asked, "when you have not given me so much as a home to live in ?" "Tush, boy," was the reply ; "be but patient, and thou shalt have the inheritance of both thy brothers." In fact, Henry surpassed them both in ability. He was, for the times in which he lived, a learned man ; and the Normans called him *Beauclerc*, or the *Fine Scholar*. Robert was a brave and generous prince, but so imprudent that he threw away every advantage of fortune. Of William, now king of England, we have already spoken ; he was not wanting in talent, but was a heartless tyrant, who treated religion with open contempt, whilst his private life was stained with infamous vices. He had nothing of his father's majestic and princely bearing : he was short and broad-shouldered, his hair and complexion were of a fiery red, whence they gave

him the name of Rufus; and he had a way of rolling his blood-shot eyes in order to strike terror into those who addressed him. He had set his heart on getting possession of his brother Robert's duchy, and engaged in a war with him almost immediately on their father's death. At last, however, they came to terms of peace, and agreed to turn their arms against their younger brother Henry, of whose superior craft they were both of them afraid. They besieged him in the strong castle of St. Michael's Mount, where the want of water at last obliged him to surrender. During the siege William discovered, to his surprise, that Robert was constantly sending him relief in the shape of casks of wine and other necessaries. "Art thou mad?" he said; "dost thou not know it is want must make him yield?" "I would not have him die of thirst," was the noble reply; "for he is our brother, and where shall we find another when he is gone?" In spite of their alliance together, however, William never gave up his design of making himself master of Robert's dominions. Circumstances at last threw his careless brother entirely into his power, and gave him the advantage he had so long desired.

The Holy Land was then in the hands of the Saracens, who were followers of Mahomet, and had conquered Syria, Egypt, and all the northern provinces of Africa, persecuting and destroying the Christian religion in every country which fell into their hands. The Christian pilgrims, who yearly flocked from every part of Europe to visit the Holy Places of Palestine, were cruelly treated by the Saracens; and one of them, called Peter the Hermit, was at last so touched by the sight of his comrades' sufferings, and so shocked at seeing the sacred scenes of our Lord's Life and Passion trodden under the feet of the infidels, that he resolved, when he went back to Europe, to rouse the Christian nations to undertake the deliverance of the Holy Land. He accordingly went to the Pope,* and called on him, as head of the Christian Church on earth, to use his authority in order to unite the warriors of Europe as one man and send them against the infidels. The Pope entered warmly into his views; and whilst his ambassadors were sent to every court to urge the Christian sovereigns to lay aside their private quarrels and unite for the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre of their Lord, Peter travelled from town to town, and from country

* Urban II.

to country, and wherever he came his burning words moved the hearts of thousands to leave all, and venture all, even life itself, for the cause of Christ. "It is the will of God," they exclaimed; and this became a sort of war-cry among them. Those who joined them were accustomed to fasten a cross of linen on their shoulders, as a sign that they had pledged themselves to fight and die for the Cross of Christ; and hence they were called Crusaders, and the long wars which followed between the Christians and the infidels were termed Crusades.

Duke Robert of Normandy was one of those whose heart took fire at the very first hearing of the proposed Crusade. He resolved to take the Cross with the rest, and leave who would to take care of his duchy. But his careless extravagance had left him with an empty purse, and he could not find the means for fitting out his followers as became his rank. In this distress, he offered William to pawn his duchy of Normandy to him for five years, receiving in return the sum of 10,000 marks. William gladly closed with the offer, and Robert set out for the Holy Land. A wiser man than he would have thought twice before trusting his dominions in the hands of the Red King; but prudence for himself and distrust of others formed no part of Duke Robert's character, and before long he was before the walls of Jerusalem, among the bravest of the brave Crusaders.

Meanwhile William's course was a very different one. So long as Lanfranc lived he retained some control over the king who had been his pupil in boyish days, and whom he had obliged to swear, on his coming to the throne, that he would govern according to law and justice. But when the good Archbishop died, William broke through every restraint, and gave himself up to the worst excesses. His court was filled with scenes of unexampled wickedness, and in a few years the rich treasury left him by his father was wasted in riot and profusion. On Lanfranc's death, Ralph Flambard became the king's favourite minister. William was wont to praise him by saying he was the only man alive who, to please a master, would brave the vengeance of the whole world. This monster was now made Bishop of Durham, and his chief business was to supply the king with money by the sale of bishoprics and abbeys. When a see fell vacant, Flambard would seize its revenues in the king's name, and keep it unfilled for years; nor would William suffer any one

to be appointed bishop till he had first paid a good round sum into the royal treasury. The people fared no better than the Church: the foreign soldiers whom William kept constantly in his pay plundered them at their will. The Norman kings had ways of their own, too, for raising the taxes; when they could not get the money, they would have the money's worth. They would visit some unhappy district, accompanied by an immense train of courtiers and armed followers, who, of course, had to be supported by the inhabitants so long as they remained. The soldiers would even enter the houses as the king rode along, take what they liked, and burn or waste the rest, washing their horses' feet in the good ale, whilst William and his companions jested at the misery of the "English hogs."

At last the king fell ill; and at the approach of death his conscience smote him with a terrible fear. There was then in England a holy abbot named Anselm, celebrated all over Europe for his learning and sanctity. William sent for him, confessed his sins, and promised to amend his life, to redress all grievances, and to fill up all the Church benefices, naming Anselm himself to the see of Canterbury, which had been vacant since Lanfranc's death. Gladly did the monks of Canterbury consent to elect such a man; but Anselm heard of his appointment with dread. "What are you about?" he said to them: "you would yoke a wild-bull to a poor timid sheep!" But they did not heed him; they dragged him to the king's bedside, and declared him elected, as indeed he was; then they forced a crosier into his hand, and sang the *Te Deum* in thanksgiving, and Anselm, sorely against his will, found himself Archbishop of Canterbury.

When William recovered from his sickness, he was ashamed of his repentance, such as it had been, and every thing went on as badly as before. One day Anselm fearlessly rebuked him for his crimes, and told him of the horrible scandals caused by his example throughout the land. The king bade him hold his peace; but he persisted, and called on him to give up the bishoprics and abbeys which he had seized, warning him if he refused of the just judgments which he was bringing on his own head. "The abbeys are mine," replied William; "and I will do with them what I like." Anselm withdrew, and the courtiers hastened to inform him, that if he would not have the king for his enemy he must pay him the sum of 1000*l*. He refused, and his

refusal was reported to the king. "I hated him yesterday," he exclaimed, in a violent rage, "but to-day I hate him worse; never will I acknowledge him as Archbishop."

All this time Anselm's election had not been confirmed by the Holy See; and he now asked leave to go to Rome to receive the *pallium*,* as it is called, from the hands of the Pope. "Dares he call any one Pope without my leave?" was William's reply; "he is a traitor, and shall answer for it before his peers." A weary contest ensued, and at length Anselm resolved to withdraw to Rome. He begged permission, therefore, to depart; for it was one of the Conqueror's laws, that no Bishop should visit Rome without the royal leave. He was told that he might do as he pleased, but that if he left the kingdom the king would seize his lands. This did not much move him; but before he left, he went to take leave of the king, and spoke to him in a few touching words: "I am going, sir," he said, "and we shall never meet again; but as your father and Archbishop, I come to offer you my blessing." Something awed the Red King into a momentary feeling of reverence; he bowed his head in silence, and Anselm gave him his blessing and went away.

There was nothing now to check the king in his career of wickedness; but it was of no long duration. One morning, as he was starting to hunt the deer in the New Forest, a monk from Gloucester Abbey was brought to him, desiring to speak with him on urgent business: "My liege," he said, "I this night saw our Lord Jesus Christ seated on His throne, and at His feet a woman who prayed saying, 'Saviour of the world, have pity on the English nation, groaning under the yoke of William.'" The king laughed contemptuously: "Do they take me for a Saxon, to believe such old wives' tales?" he said, and with these words he rode away with his attendants. They separated in search of game; and towards sunset the dead body of the Red King was found lying under a tree pierced to the heart with an arrow. None knew how he had come by his death; but it was said that Walter Tyrrel, his favourite courtier, had shot at a

* The *pallium* consists of two bands of white wool, taken from two white lambs, which are blessed at Rome in the church of St. Agnes, on the feast of that saint. These bands are laid on the tomb of St. Peter, and remain thereon during the night which precedes the feast of that apostle, when they are blessed by the Pope. The *pallium* is a mark that the Pope has conferred on the Bishop who wears it some special jurisdiction. It is the ordinary badge of an Archbishop

deer, and that the arrow, glancing against a tree, had struck the king and slain him in a moment. His body was thrown into a cart and taken to Winchester, where it was laid in the grave; but such had been the impiety of his life, that none dared give it Christian burial. His death took place in the year 1100.

It had been agreed between Rufus and his brother Robert, that whichever survived his brother should succeed to his dominions. But Robert was still in the Holy Land, and Prince Henry took advantage of his absence to seize the crown of England for himself. He knew, however, that a bad title must needs be secured by the people's favour, and so he began his reign by a general redress of grievances. He published a charter, whereby the laws of Edward the Confessor were almost all restored. There was to be no more selling of Church benefices, no more marrying of heiresses against their will, no more fines and unjust taxes; the people, in short, were to have their liberties, or at least they were promised as much. Anselm, too, was recalled from exile; and lastly, Henry determined to win the hearts of his English subjects by choosing for his queen a princess of their ancient royal race.

Edgar Atheling, the Confessor's great-nephew and the heir by right to the English crown, after many changes of fortune, had taken refuge at the court of Scotland, where his sister Margaret became the wife of the Scottish king Malcolm. The life of St. Margaret of Scotland belongs to the history of that country; her daughter Maud, who inherited many of her virtues, was the princess whom King Henry had chosen for his wife. There was, however, a difficulty in the way. Maud, or Matilda, as the Normans called her, was living at the abbey of Wilton, under the protection of the Abbess Christina, her aunt; and the idea got about that she had even taken the veil, and been regularly professed as a nun. The deep religious instinct of the English people took alarm; and when the marriage was about to be celebrated in Westminster Abbey, Anselm was obliged to mount into a pulpit, and explain to the crowds who filled the church that the Lady Matilda was in no sense a nun, and had but retired to Wilton as a safe home in those wild times. He ended by asking them if they were satisfied, and they all cried out that the thing was clear and had been rightly settled; and the marriage then proceeded. On occasion of this marriage a

hundred copies of Henry's charter were made, and sent to all the great English abbeys; after the queen's death Henry destroyed all he could lay hands on, and only *one* was to be found in King John's time, when, as we shall see, it became the model on which the celebrated Magna Charta was framed. The delight of the English at seeing a daughter of Alfred's royal race upon the throne can scarcely be described. She deserved their love, and the title of "the Good Queen Maud," by which she was commonly known. She spent her whole life in doing good. Many were the deeds of mercy and justice she won for the people at her husband's hands; and in her private life she walked in the footsteps of her saintly mother. It was not enough for her to give alms to the poor, she would wash and kiss their feet, and bind up their wounds, and perform the meanest offices for them. One of her courtiers once ventured to suggest that such conduct would displease the king. "Why say you so, sir?" she replied; "our Lord gave us the example." Many wept to see her walking barefoot to Westminster Abbey every day in Lent, clothed in rough haircloth, and thought that the days of the Confessor had come back again. And, as with so many of her ancestors, her deeds of piety and charity always had something practical about them; she founded hospitals, built bridges, and made and repaired a great number of roads; the value of which last good work we may understand by the fact, that the only roads then existing in England were the four great Roman *streets*, as they were called, which ran in different directions across the island, and that the waste and forest lands which covered the face of the country were literally pathless.

A month after the Red King's death, Duke Robert returned from Palestine, to find Henry in possession of all his dominions. It was agreed, however, that he should be restored to the government of Normandy; but it was not for long. Henry's craft soon found a pretext for accusing him of breach of engagements: a war broke out between them; and Robert, falling into his brother's hands, was sent to Cardiff castle, where he spent the remaining eight-and-thirty years of his life in cruel imprisonment. It is even said that Henry, to prevent his escape, caused his eyes to be put out. Henry was now undisputed master of England and Normandy; and he soon began to act as though he were master in Church as well as in State.

St. Anselm had scarcely returned to England when he was told that he would have to receive what is called the *investiture* of his archbishopric from the king; that is to say, he was to be put into the office by the king, and to receive from him power to exercise its episcopal authority. Now this power it did not belong to the king to give. A Bishop, as Bishop, holds his office from God, and discharges its spiritual duties by His authority alone. The Pope, as the Vicar of Christ, gives the Bishops this authority; no king can bestow it, any more than he can give them consecration. The question, however, had become very much confused at the time of which we speak; and in many countries the kings were claiming the right of naming Bishops to the different sees, without any reference to the Pope. Of course they chose for their Bishops those who would do their bidding, and showed as little regard to the Holy See as they found convenient; and we may fancy what the result was sure to be, and what sort of pastors these king's Bishops, as they came to be called, were likely to prove. The difficulty all arose from confusing together two things altogether different. When a man is made a Bishop, he receives two things,—the spiritual powers belonging to his office, and the lands and revenues belonging to the see. Now, as we have said before, according to the feudal system all the lands in the kingdom were supposed to belong to the crown; and those who held them held them from the king, and were bound to do him homage for them and to render him military service. The Bishops' lands, as well as those of the nobles, were made subject to this law; and hence, though they held their *spiritual* authority from the Holy See, they held their lands and revenues, or what were called their *temporalities*, from the king. On being elected to any vacant see, therefore, they had to receive the investiture, not of their spiritual authority but of their *temporalities*, from the king's hands. But the Norman kings claimed a great deal more than this: they wished to secure to themselves the entire appointment of the Bishops, and to establish the idea that they depended on them alone for all the power they exercised; and they maintained that it was their right to bestow, at the ceremony of investiture, the ring and the crosier, which are the signs of episcopal authority.

This was what St. Anselm was now called on to agree

to : and Henry's anger was unbounded when he returned a firm and steady refusal. An appeal was made to Pope Paschal II., who supported the Archbishop ; while Henry swore that neither Pope nor prelate should make him give up the customs of the kings his ancestors. This last expression was a very favourite one with the Norman kings ; it was vague enough to mean any thing, and they took good care to make it mean whatever they liked. Henry sent to St. Anselm, bidding him obey the "customs" or quit the kingdom ; but the reply was as firm as ever : "he would obey the king in all things saving his own honour and obedience to the Holy See." The April of the year 1103 found him again in exile ; perhaps the saddest part of his trial was, to see himself so little supported by the other Bishops, many of whom were but creatures of the king, and ready to cringe to any falsehood to do his pleasure. But one thing comforted him, and we beg our readers to remark it : the great body of the people were with him, and loudly protested that the king's Bishops were no Bishops, but violators of justice. We say this is worthy our notice, because, as we go through the history of England, and find one almost uninterrupted course of oppression of the Church from the Norman conquest to the Protestant reformation, some might naturally be led to ask if this were the way in which Catholics acted in the ages of faith. It ought, therefore, to be understood from the outset, that the acts of the English *kings* were not the acts of the English *nation*, but were loudly protested against by the great body of that generous people, who were always to be found on the side of the Church, and of those who fought her battles.

Whilst St. Anselm was away England was in a miserable state. Henry had engaged in a war with France ; and being in great want of money, used the same means in order to raise it which his father and brother had done before him. "God knows," says the Saxon chronicler, "how this people is dealt with : if a man have any thing, it is taken from him ; if he have nothing, he is left to starve." At last the approach of the royal retinue in any district was the signal for the wretched population to fly ; and wherever the king and his attendants came they found a dreary solitude. This seemed to open the eyes of Henry himself to the enormities practised by his officers, and the necessity of checking them. There was no want of good laws ; and

these were now enforced with a severity which earned for King Henry the title of the "lion of justice." The sufferings of the people were yet further relieved by the return of Anselm, after an exile of four years; the king found all his craft and determination baffled by the quiet gentle resistance of one feeble old man. He consented to give up the Church revenues, and not to insist on his "customs;" and Anselm was once more restored to his archbishopric.

Henry had two children by his good queen Maud; a daughter called after her Maud, or Matilda, who was married to the emperor of Germany, and a son named William. In the November of 1120 he was returning from Normandy in company with this young prince; he had chosen the vessel in which they were to sail, when a Norman mariner named Fitz-Stephen presented himself and begged the honour of conducting him and his son in his own ship. His father had steered the vessel in which the Conqueror had set sail for England; and Henry granted his request so far as to trust him with the care of his son and a number of young nobles who formed his companions, whilst he himself set sail in his own vessel. William and his party went on board the "White Ship," as it was called; and instead of sailing with the king, they ordered barrels of wine to be distributed among the crew, and spent several hours in feasting and dancing. Such a scene of riot and intoxication followed, that the more prudent left the ship, not venturing to trust their lives with the drunken crew. At last, towards sunset, they set all sail, hoping to come up with the other ships; but amid the feasting and dancing, which was still kept up, no one thought of the helm, till every one was roused by a terrible shock: the "White Ship" had struck upon a rock, and was fast sinking. Fitz-Stephen placed the prince in a boat, and conjured him to row to the land; but he heard the shrieks of his favourite half-sister, the Countess de la Perche, and turned back to the wreck to save her. As he drew near the unhappy beings who crowded the deck, all tried to jump into the boat; it sank in an instant, and every soul on board perished. One man alone, a poor butcher of Rouen, saved himself by clinging to the mast, where next morning he was found and rescued by some fishermen. The tidings were brought to Henry at Southampton; and it is said he never smiled again.

All his thoughts were now bent on securing the crown after his death to his daughter the Empress Maud. Her husband being dead, he determined to give her in marriage a second time to Geoffrey Plantagenet, count of Anjou : by him she had one son, who received the name of Henry ; and all the nobles of England and Normandy were called together to swear fealty to the empress and her infant son. Stephen, count of Boulogne, was the first in rank of all the Anglo-Norman nobles. He was son to the Conqueror's youngest daughter Adela, and, next to Matilda, stood nearest to the throne. He showed no jealousy, however, of his little cousin, but was the first to come forward and take the oath. Two years after this ceremony Henry died in Normandy, leaving by his last will all his dominions to his daughter.

CHAP. VI. KING STEPHEN AND THE EMPRESS MATILDA.

1135-1154.

No sooner did Stephen hear of his uncle's death than he hastened over to England and claimed the crown. He had always been popular with the English ; his handsome person and kind courteous manners had won their love, and the citizens of London immediately welcomed him and proclaimed him king. To keep their favour he published a charter, promising justice and liberty to the Church and the people ; the laws of St. Edward were to be restored, the odious Danegelt to be abolished, and, best of all, as the English thought, they were to be suffered to hunt the game once more in their own forests. But the Empress Matilda was not one to abandon her claims without a struggle. She landed in England two years after Stephen's accession ; her half-brother, Robert of Gloucester, raised her standard ; and a civil war broke out which raged with various success for more than twelve years. Stephen was taken prisoner in a battle fought at Lincoln ; and Matilda was acknowledged as the " Lady " of Normandy and England. But her haughty imperious manners won her no love from the English, whom she treated with undisguised contempt. When the Londoners opened their gates to receive the daughter of their " good Queen Molde," the first words they heard from her lips were a brief demand for an enormous sum of money.

The good citizens had the boldness to reply by asking in their turn for King Henry's charter. "You are too saucy," she answered, "to speak to me of charters; have you not borne arms under my enemies?" Even to her friends she harshly refused every favour; and, says one historian, "when they bowed themselves before her she never rose in return." But Robert of Gloucester was soon taken prisoner in his turn; and the empress, who entirely depended on his support, could only get him released by setting Stephen also at liberty. The war, therefore, began again. At one time Matilda was closely besieged in Oxford in the depth of winter; and only escaped by dressing herself in white, and so creeping away unperceived over the country, which was covered with snow. Another time she had herself wrapped in a shroud and placed in a coffin, which was carried through the very midst of her enemies till she was brought safe to Gloucester castle.

At last the brave Earl Robert died; and Matilda was obliged to take refuge in Normandy. She had nothing to expect after her brother's death from the good-will of the people. "Away with her!" they cried; "we will not have the Norman woman to reign over us."

But in 1153 her son, Prince Henry, then eighteen, landed in England, and once more raised her standard. Happily, however, before the country was again plunged into civil war Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, persuaded the rival parties to agree to terms of peace. It was settled that Stephen should keep the crown during his lifetime, and that Henry should succeed him, all the nobles doing homage to him as heir to the throne.

Stephen died in the autumn of the following year, after distracted reign of nineteen years. It would be difficult to give any idea of the state of England during this miserable time. The Conqueror and his sons had been strong enough to keep their lawless barons in some sort of order; but during the long civil wars between Stephen and the Empress Maud there was scarcely any thing to hinder them from doing as they pleased. The land was covered with their castles, where, strongly fortified, they set law and justice at defiance. Sometimes they seized churches and monasteries, and turned them into castles, whence they sallied forth to plunder the wretched inhabitants of the country and carry them off to their dungeons, where

every kind of torture was used to force an enormous ransom from the prisoners. In short, the state of the country is best described in the words of the English chronicler : "The nobles built castles," he says, "and filled them with wicked men, who oppressed the people and tortured them for their money. When they had exhausted a town of every thing it possessed, they set it on fire. You might journey for a whole day, and never see a living man or a spot of cultivated land. If two or three men were seen riding together to a town, the inhabitants would fly, taking them for plunderers ; and this state of things lasted during the whole of Stephen's reign."

But in the midst of all these scenes of misery there was one battle fought in England during the reign of Stephen the story of which deserves to be remembered. It was in the year 1138 that David king of Scotland, who had taken the side of the Empress Maud, led a large army into the north of England, where he began to lay waste the country and put the helpless inhabitants to the sword. The Scots were then more than half savages ; and one scarcely dares repeat all the horrible acts committed by them. They drove before them at the point of their spears hundreds of their unhappy prisoners, bound together with thongs, whom they afterwards kept as slaves or exchanged away for cattle. As they went along they burnt the churches and monasteries ; in short, it seemed as though the days of the pagan Danes had come back upon the land. It was in vain to look for help from Stephen, he had enough to do at that time to make head against Earl Robert of Gloucester ; so Thurstan, the brave old Archbishop of York, resolved to take the defence of the country on his own shoulders. He called all the nobles together, bade them collect and arm their vassals, and promised them the victory in God's name. Then he sent round to every parish, and desired the parish priests to assemble at York on a certain day, and to lead their people with cross and banner, and the relics of the saints, against the common enemy. After three days spent in prayer and fasting, Thurstan collected all his forces, made them swear to stand by one another, and gave them his blessing. Then he erected a standard for them to fight under ; and a wonderful standard it was. It consisted of the mast of a vessel, on the top of which was a large cross, and in the centre of the cross a box of silver containing

the Most Holy Sacrament; whilst below waved the banners of St. Peter and the two patron saints of Yorkshire, St. Wilfrid and St. John of Beverley. A brave old north-country warrior, named Walter Espec, was chosen as leader, —a man whose piety was equal to his courage; and about two miles beyond Northallerton he planted the standard, which was fixed on a kind of carriage, and, standing at its foot, spoke a few words of encouragement to his troops. The old historian tells us how noble he looked as he stood there with his dark hair floating over his ample forehead, and his eyes gleaming with a high trust in God. And he describes how the English formed themselves into a small compact body to receive their enemies; and how, whilst the bright sun flashed back from their armour, and their pennons floated in the air, you might see the white albs of the priests as they went through the ranks, each one animating his own flock to fight bravely for God and their country. The Bishop of the Orkneys stood beneath the standard, and gave them all absolution: they knelt to receive it, and answered with a loud amen; then they rose and stood in their ranks, as the wild men of Galway came rushing forward with savage cries and yells. They dashed against the English, they surrounded them; nay, they even forced the outer ranks to retire before their terrible charge: but they could do no more; rallied round their standard, the men of Yorkshire would not yield a foot of ground, while their deadly arrows fell thick and fast on the crowded masses of the Scottish troops. The fight lasted but two hours; and then the Scots broke into disorder and fled, leaving, as it is said, fourteen thousand men dead upon the field. Thus was the whole of the north of England delivered from this fearful invasion, by a victory which we may with truth call glorious, because it was fought in a just cause, and won by men who trusted in God's power to bless their arms. It is known in history by the name of the *Battle of the Standard*.

During the century which had now passed since the Norman Conquest, many changes had passed over the land. There had been much suffering, much misrule, and much innocent blood had been shed. Still we should be wrong in supposing there was no brighter side to the picture. The disorders of the times were checked, and the half-savage manners of the rude nobles were tamed and softened by the

laws of chivalry. A true knight was bound to do justice to the oppressed, to protect religion, and to be ever ready to defend the helpless: he was to be merciful and courteous even to his enemies, and to keep faith with God and man. At the battle of Brenneville, fought between Henry I. and Louis of France, only three men were killed; "for," says the chronicler, "Christian knights fight not for revenge, but for glory, and seek not the blood of their enemies." Every knight, indeed, did not realise this idea, but something of its spirit existed; and those who, like the barons we have spoken of, oppressed the poor, were deemed to have disgraced their knighthood.* Even in a religious point of view England saw some changes for the better. The monasteries were restored in the north of England, where for two hundred years no man had so much as seen the religious habit. Sixty years later, Walter d'Espece brought the Cistercians, or White monks, into England. They followed the rule of St. Benedict, but they did not care so much about learning as the Black monks had done; they aimed only at leading a life of prayer, poverty, and hard labour, far away from the distractions of the world. So, deep among the thick forests of Yorkshire, or by the side of its beautiful rivers, rose the new Cistercian abbeys, St. Mary's of Rievaulx, and Fountains, and many more. They gave many a saint to England like St. Aelred, the English St. Bernard as he was called, and they were ever ready to raise their voice when the Church was suffering or the people were oppressed. Many noble institutions of piety and charity were also founded, as, for example, the famous Hospital of St. Cross, begun by King Stephen's brother, Henry de Blois, the great Bishop of Winchester.

Learning too was far from being extinguished in England. Such men as Lanfranc and St. Anselm were renowned all over Europe; and poets and scholars always found a

* The Church did her best to check the ferocity of the times. By the celebrated "Truce of God," proclaimed in different parts of Europe by the Popes and Bishops of the Middle Ages, it was forbidden, even in time of war, to attack any person going to or from church, as well as all husbandmen, travellers, women, and children. Moreover, out of veneration for the mysteries of our Lord's Passion and Resurrection, it was forbidden to wage war *at all* from Wednesday night to Monday morning; and such was then the power of the faith over the hearts of men that the prohibition was obeyed. The Truce was published in England in 1142, and its effect was greatly to diminish the horrors of the civil war.

warm welcome at the court of Henry Beauclerc and the good Queen Maud. In 1110 a few monks from Orleans opened schools in some barns at Cottenham. If the school-house were mean and poor, the studies pursued in it were of the highest order, and the barns of Cottenham grew into the University of Cambridge.

Another very important foundation, though of a different kind, was established about the same time. Some Flemish cloth-weavers, driven out of their own country, took refuge in England, and were settled by Henry I. in Pembrokehire, where they set up a manufactory of fine cloth, which soon became the great article of English trade. Commerce of all kinds was greatly encouraged by the Crusades, which occasioned a continual traffic with the countries of the East, and luxuries began to be seen in Europe which had been hitherto almost unknown. It makes us smile to think of days when a handful of spice or pepper, or a few sweetmeats, were presents which even kings did not disdain to accept; but we must remember that the sea-voyage to India was then unknown, America not yet discovered, and that all the produce of Eastern countries was brought overland in small quantities and at vast expense. The Crusades brought European vessels into the seaports of Syria and Asia Minor, and thus many new arts and manufactures were introduced into the countries of the West.

Eminent Men under the Norman kings.—Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, died 1089; St. Osmund, Bishop of Salisbury, died 1099; St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, died 1109; William, a monk of Malmesbury, author of an English Chronicle; St. Aelred, Abbot of Rievaulx and spiritual writer, died 1166.

Events of Importance, Inventions, &c.—The Courts of Chancery and the Exchequer were established by William the Conqueror. The Tower of London was begun by him; and Westminster Hall was built by his successor, William Rufus. The first arched bridge of stone was built in England by Matilda, queen of Henry I., in thanksgiving for having escaped drowning whilst fording the river Lea, on the spot since called "Stratford-le-Bow." The first Crusade was undertaken to recover the holy city of Jerusalem from the infidels, in 1096. Jerusalem was taken by assault in 1099, and Godfrey de Bouillon elected king. Two military and religious orders of knighthood were founded,—that of the Knights-Hospitallers of St. John, 1097, whose duties were to protect the pilgrims to the Holy Land, and to lodge and entertain them at their Great Hospital in Jerusalem; and the Knights-Templars, founded in 1119, who were sworn to defend the Holy Sepulchre. Both these orders possessed priories and churches in England, the Temple church in London being one of those formerly belonging to the Order of Templars. Several other religious orders were likewise founded about this time, as that of the Carthusians, by St. Bruno, in 1084; and the Cistercians, by St. Robert and St. Stephen Harding, in 1098. St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, the great

ornament of the Cistercian order, flourished during the reign of Stephen, and died in 1153.

During the reigns of the Norman kings the constant communication with Normandy encouraged shipping, and gave a considerable impulse to commerce.

Henry I. made a menagerie of wild-beasts at Woodstock, the first of the kind ever seen in England: William of Malmesbury tells us that it contained camels, lynxes, lions, leopards, and one "porcupine." Sugar was first of all introduced into England during the reign of Stephen. It was brought from the East by the Crusaders, honey having been used previously in its place.

Learning was by no means neglected in England during the century which followed the Norman Conquest, but the domestic habits of the people were still very barbarous. The houses in London were all thatched, and the streets remained unpaved until the reign of Henry II.

The castles of the great feudal lords were built simply with the view of military defence; they were surrounded generally by a moat, or wide ditch of water, which could only be crossed by a drawbridge. Each of these feudal lords had those among their retainers who followed certain useful trades; and of these the smith was considered the most important and honourable, as, besides furnishing the husbandmen with their ploughs and the ladies with their needles, it was likewise his business to provide the knights with their swords and armour. Every estate had its own mill, moreover; and the habitations of these various artisans, gathered together in the neighbourhood of some stronghold of the feudal chief, gave rise to many of our villages.

A great many monasteries were built in England during this period, and the monks continued to be the great encouragers both of learning and agriculture. Almost all the early historians were monks of various abbeys, as Ingulphus abbot of Croyland, William of Malmesbury, and Geoffrey of Monmouth. They introduced the art of gardening from France, and many of our most useful vegetables and fruit-trees were first cultivated in the monastery gardens. Churchmen of all ranks were accustomed to assist in agricultural pursuits; even Bishops were to be seen in their fields reaping the corn and helping to carry in the hay, as is particularly mentioned of St. Thomas à Becket, who lived in the succeeding reign.

Distinguished Sovereigns of Europe reigning during the same period.—*Popes:* St. Gregory VII., began to reign, 1073; Urban II., 1088; Paschal II., 1099. *Emperors of Germany:* Henry IV., 1056; Henry V., 1106; and Frederic Barbarossa, 1152. *Kings of France:* Philip I., 1060; and Louis VI., 1108.

CHAP. VII. THE FIRST PLANTAGENET.

1154-1189.

HENRY PLANTAGENET was already a powerful prince when, by the death of Stephen, he succeeded to the English crown. He was in possession of the duchy of Normandy (which had never acknowledged Stephen's rule), his father had left him the earldom of Anjou, and by his marriage with Eleanor, the heiress of Aquitaine,* he became master of that vast

* She was twelve years older than Henry, and previous to her marriage with him had been divorced from Louis VII. king of France. It may, however, be necessary to remind our readers that *divorce*, in the modern sense of the word, is unknown in the Catholic Church

province of France, extending from the banks of the Loire to the foot of the Pyrenees, at that time one of the richest, most fertile, and most commercial countries in the world.

He was beyond comparison the richest sovereign of Europe, and seldom had any European court seen such magnificence as graced his coronation. Queen Eleanor had accompanied her first husband Louis of France to the Crusades, and had visited Constantinople and brought back a taste for silken garments; and robes of silk and velvet now rustled in place of the stout broadcloth which had hitherto been deemed good enough for even royal wear.

The first acts of the new king were most welcome to the people; they were, to level to the ground most of the castles erected during Stephen's reign, and to send away all the foreign soldiers; whilst one by one the fierce and cruel barons were compelled to yield to the royal officers. Nor did Henry leave his orders to be carried out by others, his own eye saw to every thing, and his own right hand executed it. Seldom could you have looked on a man whose bearing expressed more power of command than that of our first Plantagenet king. "His face," says his secretary Peter de Blois, "was very lion-like." "He did not lie at home in his palace like other kings, but was always going about his provinces spying the doings of men. He doomed his judges when they did wrong, and that harder than other men." To this we may add, that he was fond of hunting, and fond of reading too; that he seemed to live in the saddle, and that it was said of him that except when he ate he never sat down, not even at Mass or in the council-chamber. He remembered every thing he had once heard, and recognised at a single glance any one he had once beheld. He was witty and gracious, but so practised in deceit that none ever trusted his word. "Never did I know a man to lie like this man," was the exclamation of Cardinal Vivian after

and when the term occurs in history, it must be understood to mean, not the dissolution of a lawful marriage, but the declaration that, from one cause or another, the marriage never had been lawful. This was the case in the present instance; but though the divorce was obtained on the ground of near relationship, there is no doubt that it would never have been sought for but for the scandals to which Queen Eleanor's conduct had given rise. Her enormous inheritance, however, made up in Henry's eyes for her age and her more than doubtful character; and the result of such a union was a series of domestic miseries well-nigh unexampled.

a long interview with him ; and to this fault of deceit was added a temper so wild and passionate, that it often made him act like a madman ; so that when his will was thwarted, he would roll on the ground, and gnaw sticks and straws in his blind fury.

Since the Norman conquest no one belonging to the despised Saxon race had been raised to any office of trust ; but soon after Henry's accession a young Englishman was introduced to his notice by Archbishop Theobald, whose handsome person and extraordinary talent so won his heart, that he chose him for his favourite minister, and at last made him chancellor of the kingdom. His name was Thomas à Becket ; he had spent his youth in the study of the law, and (as was then the custom) had taken holy orders ; but he was not at that time a *priest*. Learned, witty, and eloquent, there was no courtly accomplishment in which he did not excel ; and very soon Henry seemed as though he could not live without him. Every one loved him ; the English most of all for his Saxon blood, and his generous defence of their rights and liberties. The king's eldest son was given into his charge, and even the knights and nobles of Normandy thought themselves honoured by being admitted into his service. His household was the most splendid in Europe ; and his biographer takes care to tell us of the grand scale of hospitality he kept, of the hundreds who fed daily at his table ; and adds that there was always plenty of clean straw in winter, and fresh rushes in summer, to strew the floors, that the guests, when too numerous to be served at the table, should not soil their rich dresses by sitting on the dirty ground. Such was the best carpeting, however, in the twelfth century. In 1158 he was sent as ambassador to the court of France, and took with him so large a train of knights and chaplains, wagons, horses, and dogs, that the people ran out of their houses, in every town and village through which he passed, to gaze and wonder at the sight. When the embassy failed, and war broke out between the two countries, the chancellor showed that he could also be a good general and a gallant knight. His followers were the bravest and best equipped in the whole army, and gained the most brilliant successes. And at last, when the war was over, Becket returned to England, and, laying aside his knightly armour, began to discharge his chancellor's duties with such vigorous and impartial justice as had not been seen

since Alfred's days. Yet in the midst of all these varied occupations, and surrounded by the temptations of a court the most licentious in Europe, Becket preserved his innocence of heart untarnished, and the seeming courtier and man of the world was in the constant practice of secret mortification, and spent half his nights in prayer.

In 1161 the death of Archbishop Theobald left the see of Canterbury vacant; and Henry, who had formed the design of completely subjecting the Church to the power of the crown, immediately resolved that Becket should be his successor. He wanted an archbishop ready to do his will in every thing; and none, he thought, could be more likely to suit his purpose than the chancellor whom he had honoured with such extraordinary marks of favour. Becket thought otherwise: he knew Henry well enough to feel sure that the liberties of the Church would not be one whit safer in his hands than in those of Rufus or Henry Beauclerc; and he plainly warned the king that should he persist in his design, there would soon be an end to their friendship. But Henry laughed at his words; the monks of Canterbury joyfully gave their votes; and Becket, having been first ordained priest, was next day consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury. People expected an excess of magnificence and splendour in the new primate; what, then, was their surprise when they heard that his first act had been to dismiss his courtly followers, and to give away all his rich plate! And when they saw him, it did not seem the same man they had once known; his sumptuous garments were exchanged for a rough hair-cloth, and on his bended knees he daily washed the feet of thirteen poor men, who afterwards fed at his table. The hours not given to business were spent in penance and prayer; in short, as the courtiers sneeringly said, the king had worked a miracle,—he had changed his gay chancellor into a saint. Henry knew not what to make of it; perhaps he thought it was but a jest; but a message from the Archbishop soon satisfied him on that point. Becket begged leave to resign his chancellorship: "I am not," he wrote, "equal to the duties of *one* office, far less of two; your highness must therefore find another chancellor." Perplexed at the change, and by no means pleased at it, the king began to think he had mistaken his man. Questions of dispute, too, soon arose between them. Henry had resolved to bring all causes, those affecting churchmen

as well as laymen, into the royal courts. Becket as resolutely resisted, and maintained the Church's independence. The Bishops were called together, and haughtily commanded to submit to the "ancient laws and customs of the kingdom." They consented; but what were these "customs"? A council was summoned to meet at Clarendon to settle this knotty point, when a number of articles, known in history as "the Constitutions of Clarendon," were produced, the tenor of which struck dismay into the hearts of the Bishops.

They aimed at nothing less than the utter destruction of the Church's liberties. The king was virtually to dispose of all benefices, to enjoy their revenues whilst they were vacant, and, as a matter of course, to keep them vacant as long as he thought proper. No clergyman was to leave the country without his leave; and appeals from the primate were to be made, not, as heretofore, to *the Holy See*, but to *the crown*. In short, the Church was to be reduced to the same state of dependence on the crown, and independence of the Holy See, as was actually brought about at the Reformation. The Bishops were now called on to fulfil their promise, and accept the "customs." Threats were used in case of their refusal; and the door of an adjoining chamber was thrown open, displaying a body of armed knights with their swords ready drawn. Timid and terrified, they conjured Becket to yield with them to a force they could not resist; and moved by their prayers, he reluctantly consented, and gave his word with the rest to observe the constitutions. Scarcely had he done so when he was seized with remorse for an act by which he had betrayed the liberties of the Church. He wrote an account of what had passed to the Pope, and meanwhile subjected himself to severe penance, and abstained from offering the Holy Sacrifice. But the Pope, to whom the constitutions had been sent for confirmation, returned them with the plain answer that they were utterly unlawful, and that he absolved all parties concerned from the promise they had taken to observe them. Henry, enraged at the failure of his scheme, laid it all to Becket's influence; and from that moment he bent all his thoughts on effecting the Archbishop's ruin. A council was summoned to try him; charge after charge was brought against him, and enormous sums of money were claimed from him, in the hope that he would

either be persecuted into yielding to the king's pleasure or that he would resign his archbishopric. He did neither; but, on the sixth day of the council's sitting, having said Mass and being still clad in the sacred vestments, he went down to the court preceded by his cross-bearer; and taking the cross into his own hands, he entered the chamber where the Bishops and nobles sat. A strange scene followed: the king and the nobles loaded him with insults; they threatened his life, and the lives of every one who should speak in his favour. Some of the Bishops even retired, lest they should see him murdered before their eyes; whilst the Bishop of Exeter threw himself at the feet of the saint, and begged him to have pity upon his order. "Go," he answered calmly, "thou canst not understand the things of God." Some of these prelates were mere creatures of the king. "You are no longer our Archbishop," they said; "you have opposed the royal customs and broken your fealty to the king." "I hear you," was the only answer. Meanwhile the king and some of the nobles had retired to consult on his final sentence: hour after hour passed by, and amid the storm of angry words Becket sat tranquil and unmoved, still holding the cross erect before him, while his grand majestic features struck a secret feeling of awe into his enemies. At last the doors of the inner hall were flung open, and the Earl of Leicester appeared at the head of the barons, and bade him hear his sentence. Then he rose: "Hear *me* first, son and earl," he said: "you all know how faithfully I have served the king; in this quarrel you cannot judge me, for you are my children in God. I refuse your judgment, and appeal to the decision of the Pope; and under the protection of the Catholic Church and the Apostolic See I now depart." As he turned to leave the hall, some of the courtiers caught up the straw from the floor and throw it at him in contempt, calling him "traitor;" but outside the doors he was met by a crowd of the inferior clergy and common people, who shouted that he had done well and bravely, and led him back to his lodgings in triumph.

A little later, and we find him in the Cistercian monastery of Pontigny in France, where he spent seven years in exile. During this time Henry pursued with his vengeance every one who was in any way related to the Archbishop; and a struggle began, in which, with all his craft, the king

was at last defeated. He could, it is true, banish his enemy confiscate his estates, and bring ruin on his friends; nay, he could even steep himself in infamy by offering to acknowledge an anti-pope, if he would but aid him in his revenge. But he could not ward off the censures of the Church; and in the twelfth century, with all their faults, men feared the loss of their spiritual rights by excommunication far more than death itself. So a forced reconciliation took place. The king and Becket met in France; and it was agreed that the Archbishop should be restored to his see: but he saw clearly that the promises made to him would never be fulfilled; and when he departed to return to England, it was with the conviction that his blood alone would secure those liberties for which he contended.

Arrived at Canterbury, the people hailed him with delight; but fresh persecutions and annoyances from his enemies showed how little their designs against him had really changed. New charges were framed and sent to the king, who was still absent in Normandy. The very name of Becket irritated his fury; and in a paroxysm of rage he exclaimed, "Of all the cowards in my service, is there not one that will rid me of this turbulent priest?" The words were not forgotten; and four of his knights set out for England, resolved to settle the quarrel with their daggers. On reaching Canterbury they entered rudely into the Archbishop's presence, and, sitting on the floor before him, commanded him, in the king's name, to absolve certain prelates whom he had excommunicated, and submit himself to the king's pleasure. "I am ready to absolve those who are ready to humble themselves," he replied. "From whom do you hold your archbishopric?" demanded Reginald Fitz-Urse, the leader of the band. "Its spiritual authority from the Pope," he answered calmly; "its temporal revenues from the king." They gnashed their teeth upon him, and one said, "Be the king's altogether." But he added, "It is in vain, my lords, that you threaten me; I fled once from danger, I will never do so again. You will find me ready to stand foot to foot against you in the cause of God." Then they rose, and going out, armed themselves and secured all the doors; whilst the Archbishop, surrounded by his terrified attendants, proceeded to the choir, where vespers were just beginning. Suddenly the cloister-door was burst open, and the knights in full armour, with their

swords drawn, rushed into the church. The monks fled in confusion; and had Becket wished to escape, he might easily have concealed himself in the darkness of the winter's evening now fast closing in. But nothing was farther from his purpose: he advanced to meet his murderers as they came on, crying, "Where is the Archbishop? where is the traitor?" "Here," he replied, "the Archbishop, but no traitor. What is it you seek?" "Your life," they cried with one voice. "And gladly do I give it," was his answer. "I commend my soul to God and our Lady; only in His name I charge you that you lay not your hands on any of my followers." Then one of the knights raised his sword and struck him on the head. He wiped away the blood as it streamed down his face, and said, "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," when a second blow brought him to his knees; he joined his hands in prayer and stretched them towards the altar, as again and again they struck him, so that his skull was completely cleft in two and his brains were scattered on the pavement.

It is impossible to describe the effect which the news of his martyrdom produced, not merely in England, but through all Europe. The moment of his death was the triumph of his cause. Men seemed to feel at once the holiness of those rights for which he had shed his blood; and none now dared raise their voice in defence of the much-talked-of "customs." Crowds flocked to his tomb; and almost innumerable miracles were granted through his intercession. He was canonised three years after his murder. There was no shrine in all England like the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury; and even now, deserted and desecrated as it is, we can see the steps, deeply worn by the knees of countless pilgrims, and gaze on the stones still marked with the traces of his blood.

Meanwhile King Henry stood charged before all Christendom with the guilt of this foul murder. He had incurred the heaviest censures of the Church; nor could he escape them but by unconditional submission to the terms imposed by the Holy See. Every thing which St. Thomas had vainly struggled for was now granted; and, standing before the high altar with his hand on the book of the Gospels, the king, whilst he solemnly disavowed the murder, swore to do penance for his share therein, and to abolish all "customs" contrary to the liberty of the Church. He

was then absolved by the Pope's legate ; and the following year saw him humbly kneeling before the shrine of his victim, where, baring his shoulders, he submitted to be scourged with rods. Such was then the penitential discipline of the Church.

The same day that he rose repentant and reconciled from the shrine of St. Thomas, a glorious success was granted to his arms. The king of Scotland, with whom he was then at war, was taken prisoner, and was forced to purchase his liberty by doing homage to Henry as his liege lord. On the same day also Prince Richard, then in rebellion against him, was defeated at Bury ; and the fleet of his eldest son, who had set sail to invade his father's kingdom, was dispersed by a storm. Thus the country was delivered from imminent danger ; and Henry again visited the shrine at Canterbury, to return thanks for the favour which he gratefully attributed to the intercession of the saint.

A yet more important event in the history of this reign was the conquest of Ireland. Quarrels having broken out between the petty kings of that country, Dermot, king of Leinster, appealed for help to Henry. Strongbow, earl of Pembroke, soon made himself master of the island ; and when, in 1171, Henry himself landed on its shores, the chieftains hastened to do him homage, and to acknowledge themselves his vassals. The country became what it has ever since remained, a dependency of the English crown ; and to his other titles and dignities Henry now added that of the " Lord of Ireland."

But in spite of all this glory, the most powerful monarch of Europe was in his own family the most miserable of men. Queen Eleanor his wife, a woman stained with many crimes, stirred up his own sons to rebellion. They fought against him, and they fought against one another. Henry and Geoffrey, the two eldest, died in their father's lifetime. With Richard, his next heir, whom in many ways he had deeply wronged, he was almost continually at war ; and at last his youngest and best-beloved child, Prince John, joined the ranks of his enemies. This last blow broke his heart : he burst into one of his fits of ungovernable rage ; and being carried to Chinon in Normandy, died after a few days of raging fever ; the fierce passions which tore his breast leaving stamped on his features, even after death,

their wild and resentful expression. As Richard stood by his father's corpse, and gazed on his distorted countenance, he was seized with a pang of remorse. "It is I who have killed him," he exclaimed; and covering his face with his hands, he wept aloud.

King Henry's death took place in 1189, after a reign of thirty-two years. He was a cruel oppressor of the Church; and his private life was stained with the grossest immorality. Nevertheless, it is impossible to deny that he possessed many of the qualities of a great king. He governed his people well and wisely; sending his judges every year on *circuit*, as it is called, to try all causes, and to administer strict justice; whilst at the same time he abolished many of the cruel punishments which until then had been in use. The nation grew in wealth and prosperity under his rule; and the merchants and citizens of the great towns, to which he granted charters, began to be of some importance in the state.

Tournaments began to be first held in England during the reign of Stephen. Henry II. forbade them; but they were an amusement to which the young English princes were passionately attached. They were the most magnificent spectacles of the middle ages. The bravest knights assembled with their brightest armour and their finest steeds; ladies looked on, and gave the reward of valour to him who gained the day, as, with their lances in rest, the knights galloped against one another, each striving to unhorse his adversary. These tournaments were, in fact, sham fights, where there was a splendid display of arms and finery, and that without which they would have been no amusement at all to heroes of chivalry, plenty of hard blows, and the chance of winning what men call honour and glory.

After Henry II.'s time we find the custom of family surnames becoming common. Men were at first known by their Christian names only; but as it was necessary in some way to distinguish one from another, it became usual to call the nobles and landowners sometimes after the estates belonging to them, sometimes by a name chosen in caprice. In those days it was customary for knights and gentlemen to adopt some device or distinguishing mark by which they might be recognised in battle; for when they were clad in armour, and the visors of their helmets were closed, it was not easy to tell friends from foes. Earl Geoffery, Henry's

father, was accustomed to wear in his helmet a sprig of flowering broom called *Planta genista*; hence he received the name *Plantagenet*, which Henry and his descendants retained; and this appears to be the first instance of a surname being fixed in one family.

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*Popes:* Adrian IV. (Nicholas Breakspear, an Englishman), 1154; Alexander III., 1159. *King of Scotland:* William the Lion, 1165. *Kings of France:* Louis VII., 1138; Philip Augustus, 1180. *Emperor of Germany:* Frederic Barbarossa.

CHAP. VIII. RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

1189-1199.

WE fear that the brief mention made in the foregoing pages of Prince Richard will scarcely have won him the good graces of our readers. If they are reluctant to think well of a rebellious son, we can only say in his defence that he had many provocations, and that he claims the same indulgence as a grown-up schoolboy. His faults were a school-boy's faults; and so were his virtues. He had nothing of an Englishman about him; his whole character was Provençal; that is to say, it was made up of passion, courage, and romance. Indeed, it is not a little strange that he should have become so popular a character in English history; for out of the ten years of his reign he seems to have spent but eight months in this country, and to the last could never master its barbarous language. He had spent his youth in one succession of wars and tournaments; he was the handsomest man, the bravest knight, and by no means the worst poet of his age; but he had all the headstrong will and turbulent passions of his race.

He succeeded to the throne of England at a time when all Christendom was convulsed with the news that Jerusalem had once more fallen into the hands of the infidels. The first crusaders had made themselves masters of the holy city, and established a Christian kingdom there; but all their conquests had been swept away before the armies of Saladin, the great Saracen sultan, and a fresh crusade had been proclaimed. Richard had already taken the cross; and so soon as the ceremony of his coronation was over,

and he had collected the necessary funds by means often more ingenious than honest, he joined his forces to those of the French king Philip Augustus, and set sail for Palestine. A gallant host they were, numbering more than a hundred thousand warriors, the flower of Christian chivalry, led on by one whose dauntless courage had earned him the title of the "Lion-heart." On his way he landed at Cyprus to chastise the insolence of the king, who had refused hospitality to some of the Christian vessels and had plundered others wrecked on his coast. After conquering the island, where he celebrated his marriage with the Princess Berengaria of Navarre, Richard proceeded to Acre, then closely besieged by the Christian troops. The siege had already lasted two years; but was quickly brought to a conclusion on the arrival of the English monarch. The glory which he won by this success roused the jealousy of King Philip, and he returned to France in disgust; whilst Richard led his victorious soldiers towards the holy city, rejoicing in the thought of meeting the great Saladin face to face in battle. The great Standard of the Holy War, as it was called, was borne during the march on a car at the head of the army; it was an enormous mast, having on its summit a relic of the true cross; and wherever it appeared it served as a rallying-point for the Christian warriors. At night, when the vast multitude halted, the voices of the heralds might be heard as they went through the camp raising the watch-cry of "Save the Holy Sepulchre!" and each soldier as he caught the words bent his knee to the ground, and answered with a deep "amen." In the morning the car of the Standard was put in motion, and the march recommenced; whilst from the mailed ranks there rose the chant of the well-known crusading hymn, whose chorus echoed from a hundred thousand voices: *Lignum crucis, signum Ducis* ("Wood of the Cross, our Leader's sign").

At Jaffa they came up with the army of Saladin, and a battle ensued, one of the most celebrated in the annals of chivalry. King Richard, battle-axe in hand and mounted on his good steed Flavel, galloped over the field, "carving for himself a path among the foemen," says Vinsauf, "like a reaper with his sickle." Every thing gave way before him as his cry of "Aid us, O God, and the Holy Sepulchre," thundered over the plain. Flavel, the "good Cypriot steed,

that had not its match in Christendom," was killed under him; but he continued to fight on foot, until Saladin, who had all the courtesy of a Christian knight, catching sight of him, sent him the present of a superb Arab charger, which he accepted, and rode during the remainder of the day. The sultan was completely defeated, and but for the jealousy of the Christian princes the re-capture of Jerusalem would probably have followed. But Richard's success and his own imprudence earned him the hatred of Duke Leopold of Austria and of the other crusading chiefs. They would not support him; and after winning glory enough to satisfy even the cravings of his lion's heart, he was forced to make peace with Saladin, and to return to Europe. His gallant deeds had made him as famous among the Saracens as among the Crusaders themselves. "When their horses started at a shadow," says the French historian Joinville, "they would exclaim, 'How now, dost thou see King Richard?' And mothers would rock their babes to sleep saying, 'Hush! or I will give thee to Melech-Ric,' which was the name by which they called him." As he left the shores of Palestine, he stretched out his arms towards it in farewell: "Most holy land," he exclaimed, "I commend thee to God; may He give me life to return and rescue thee from the infidels!"

Richard could do nothing like other men; and must needs travel homewards unattended, and in the disguise, sometimes of a poor pilgrim, sometimes of a Knight-Templar. It is hard not to believe that he did this from pure love of adventure, especially when we find him taking the road through the dominions of his enemy the Duke of Austria. In spite of his disguise, however, he was seized and thrown into a dungeon; and for months no one knew what had become of him. It is said that he was discovered at last by his favourite minstrel Blondel, who, being shipwrecked on the Istrian coast, not far from the castle where his master was confined, sang under the castle-walls some verses of a song which in happier days he and Richard had composed together. The air was immediately taken up within the tower, and Blondel knew that the singer could be no other than the captive king.

Meanwhile Prince John, to whom the care of his brother's dominions had been intrusted, was busily engaged in plotting to seize his throne. But John was as much hated

by the English as Richard was beloved; and when at last the king was produced from his dungeon, and tried before a council of princes of the empire on the charges brought against him by his enemies, his manly defence and the fame of his heroic deeds gained his cause, and Duke Leopold was persuaded to set him free, though at the price of an enormous ransom. Richard cared little for his brother's plots. "My brother John," he said, "is not made for conquering kingdoms." When he returned to England, John threw himself at his feet and begged for pardon. "I forgive you, John," was the reply; "and I would to God I could as soon forget your offence as you will my pardon!"

We grieve to say that, in spite of all this heroism, Richard, on his restoration to liberty, disgraced his fair fame with many unworthy deeds. He laid grievous taxes on his subjects, "so that," says Hovedon, "England was reduced to poverty from one end to another." Moreover the excesses of his private life were a scandal to his people. But the redeeming feature in men of his time, and (let us say) in men of his *faith*, was this, that, whatever their errors, it was not hard to move them to contrition. Thus we find the chronicles which tell us of King Richard's misdeeds full also of stories that make us almost ready to forgive them. At one time a hermit meets him as he is hunting in his Norman forests, and boldly reproaches him for his conduct; and the next day we find the lion-hearted king kneeling before an assembly of monks and making public confession of his sins. The venerable St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, undertakes a long journey to call him to account for oppressing his people, and, fearless of danger, gives him a severe reproof. Richard embraces him: "Would that all my prelates were like Hugh of Lincoln!" he exclaims; and within a few weeks the money raised by the last exactions is distributed in alms to the starving people during a year of scarcity.

Still we can scarcely give our hero of romance the praise of being a good king. In his reign the laws were utterly disregarded, and the land swarmed with robbers. The green alleys of Sherwood forest were filled with the followers of the bold outlaw Robin Hood, whose fame is almost as popular as that of his crusading sovereign. Richard seemed scarcely to care for his English dominions at all except in so far as they supplied him with money, which he spent in

France. And at last he met his death in a quarrel altogether unworthy of his renown. Vidomar, one of his Norman vassals, was supposed to have discovered a rich treasure; and Richard instantly claimed his share. The claim being refused, he proceeded to lay siege to Vidomar's feudal castle of Chaluz; and as he rode to survey it, an arrow from the walls struck him in the shoulder. The wound was badly dressed, and proved mortal. Sending for the archer who had shot him, Richard commanded him to be set at liberty; after which he received the Sacraments of the Church with expressions of piety and contrition, and expired on the 6th of April 1199. He left no children; and his nephew, Arthur of Bretagne, the son of his elder brother Geoffrey, was by right his nearest heir. But in those days the laws of succession were never very strictly observed; and as Richard on his death-bed had named his brother John as his heir, Prince Arthur's claim was set aside, and John succeeded to the crown without opposition.

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*Popes:* Clement III., 1187; Celestine III., 1191. *King of France:* Philip Augustus. *Emperor of Germany:* Henry VI., 1190.

CHAP. IX. KING JOHN AND MAGNA CHARTA.

1199-1216.

THOUGH John had been acknowledged king by the barons and people of England, the claims of his nephew, Arthur of Brittany, were warmly taken up in France; and the young prince, now in his sixteenth year, after receiving knighthood from the hands of King Philip, led an armed force into his uncle's dominions, and boldly attempted to recover his rights. He was taken prisoner, however, with most of the nobles who had joined his standard: twenty-two of these unhappy men were sent to England, and slowly starved to death; whilst Arthur, after a brief captivity at Rouen, was secretly murdered, as it is said, by the king's own hand. The news of this horrible deed raised every arm against John. He was publicly charged with the murder before the court of the French king, and declared to have forfeited all those territories which he held as feudal vassal of that monarchy; and in the war which followed, the provinces of Normandy

and Anjou, the fair inheritance of his Norman ancestors, were torn from his feeble grasp and restored to the crown of France. John fled to England, dishonoured and disgraced, only to begin a fresh career of crime. The next event in his reign was a quarrel with the Holy See. The archbishopric of Canterbury being vacant, some of the monks, at the king's command, elected as primate John de Gray, a man devoted to the royal interests, and utterly unfit for the charge; whilst another party in the monastery chose their sub-prior Reginald, and sent him to Rome for confirmation. The claims of the two rivals were submitted to Pope Innocent III., who decided on rejecting both. Reginald had been unlawfully elected, and De Gray was exactly one of those worldly prelates whom Innocent had resolved never to promote. So he fixed on an English Cardinal of known merit and learning, named Stephen Langton, who being gladly accepted by all the monks, was by them elected Archbishop, and received consecration from the Pope's own hands in the year 1207. When John heard of what had been done, he swore that Langton should never set foot in England; and seizing the lands of the Canterbury monks, he drove them all out of England. The Pope sent letters of remonstrance, but the king's answer was fierce and irreverent. Some of his Bishops besought him on their knees to listen to reason, and were driven from his presence with curses and blasphemy. He would banish every priest from the land; they might go to Rome, if they would, and make complaint, but he would first pluck out their eyes and cut off their noses, that men might know of what country they were. Innocent saw that with a madman like this gentle measures were of little use; and in March 1208 he pronounced the terrible sentence by which the kingdom of England was laid under an interdict. This was one of the severest punishments in the power of the Church to inflict. By it all offices of religion ceased throughout the land; the Holy Sacrifice was no longer offered; no Sacraments were given save to infants and the dying; the dead were buried without funeral rites; the bells were silenced, and all holy images veiled: it was as though England had once more become a heathen land.

For six weary years the faithful were deprived of all those ordinances which they prized more dearly than life itself; whilst John revenged himself by passing sentence of outlawry on the clergy and seizing all their lands, thus re-

ducing them well-nigh to starvation. If they stirred out of their cloisters, they were liable to be murdered, and had no protection from the law. A ruffian being brought before the king, charged with killing a priest, "Let him go," exclaimed John with a hoarse laugh; "he has but rid me of one of my enemies." The clergy were not the only victims of his tyranny: there was scarce a noble family in England to which he did not in one way or another bring ruin or disgrace; nor dared his nobles rise against him, for he kept their young children as hostages, and put them to death on the least sign of resistance to his will. One noble lady refusing to give up her son, and imprudently saying that she would not trust him with a man who had slain his own nephew, the whole family were shortly afterwards seized, and slowly starved to death in Windsor Castle.

At last, after vain efforts to bring him to repentance, Innocent resolved on excommunicating the king himself. According to the existing laws of Christendom, the terrible effects of such a sentence made it dreaded by the most hardened sinner. No one held any intercourse with an excommunicated person; he was shunned like one plague-stricken, and if he died he was denied Christian burial. Moreover, if he were a prince, his subjects were absolved from their oaths of allegiance, and he was virtually deposed: for in those days kings were not supposed to have any right to govern according to their own will; and if they broke the laws of God and man, they were held to have forfeited their crown. The question was not, however, allowed to be settled by the passions of the multitude, but was left to the decision of that authority which every Christian man venerated as the power of Christ on earth, namely the Holy See of Rome. The Pope alone had power to excommunicate princes, and according to the civil law those so excommunicated virtually ceased to reign.

But to carry this sentence into execution, it was necessary to employ the sword of some temporal prince. Innocent did not do this till four years had passed in fruitless remonstrance, and the impiety of the king had reached such a height that he is said to have made proposals to the Moorish infidels to embrace Mahometanism if they would help him against the Pope and the king of France. In 1213, therefore, the final sentence of deposition was pronounced; and Philip of France was charged with its execution. John

had at his command an army and a fleet powerful enough to defend his kingdom against all invasion, but he could not trust the fidelity of his own subjects. He knew that they hated him for his crimes, and that not a man would draw a sword in his defence; so, forced to yield and overwhelmed by a craven fear, he admitted Cardinal Pandulph, the Pope's envoy, to his presence, and in the most abject terms submitted to every demand. He was to receive Langton as Archbishop, to restore the lands to the clergy, to make restitution to all whom he had injured, and finally, to resign his very crown itself into the Pope's hands, swearing fealty to him as a vassal to his liege lord; and in return, the sentences of interdict and excommunication were to be removed from himself and his kingdom.

On the 16th of July 1213, the Archbishop and the exiled clergy landed on the English coast, and set out for Winchester. As they approached the city, the king came out to meet them, and throwing himself at Langton's feet, besought his pardon. The Archbishop raised him from the ground, and side by side they proceeded to the cathedral; whilst the clergy followed them, chanting the *Miserere* amid the sobs of the surrounding multitude. Standing in the open air, outside the great west door, the king was solemnly absolved, and swore on his part to abolish all illegal customs, to restore every man his rights, and to revive the laws of the good St. Edward; then the cathedral-doors were thrown open, and Mass was celebrated—the first that had been said in England for six miserable years.

Nothing, however, was further from John's mind than the keeping of this oath; indeed it had been but vaguely expressed, and few men could exactly have said what those laws of St. Edward were which the king had promised to revive. But, happily for the liberties of England, the same man who had framed the oath knew how to explain it. At a meeting of the barons, who were driven to desperation by fresh acts of tyranny on the part of the king, Langton produced one of those copies of the charter granted by Henry I. which had been laid up in the great abbeys. He read it aloud amid the acclamations of his hearers; and when he had finished, they one and all swore to obtain its confirmation from the king, or to die in the attempt. So, whilst John was engaged in a war with the French king, which ended in the complete triumph of the latter on the

plains of Bouvines, the English barons were holding secret assemblies, in which they prepared the articles of a new charter. On the 20th of November, the Feast of St. Edmund the Martyr, they met in the great abbey of Edmundsbury, and one by one laying their mailed hands on the high altar of the church, they bound themselves by solemn oath to wrest their liberties from the tyrant who had so long trampled them under his feet.

In the following Easter week, Langton, accompanied by the earls of Warenne and Pembroke, presented their demand to the king. "As well might they ask my crown," was his contemptuous reply; and the barons, when they received it, saw well enough that their only appeal was to the sword. They therefore summoned their vassals around them, proclaimed themselves "the army of God and of Holy Church," and chose for their leader Robert Fitz-Walter, a noble deeply injured by the king. John saw himself deserted by all except his foreign soldiers, and, half mad with vexation, was forced to give way to the storm. He consented to meet his barons, and grant them whatever they demanded; for his crown was at stake, and it was no time to be sparing of his promises. A spot was chosen, therefore, between Windsor and London; it was a green and quiet meadow on the south bank of the Thames, and bore the name of Runnymede: and there, in the June of the year 1215, John, surrounded by his nobles and Bishops, affixed his signature to the Great Charter, which secured the liberties of the nation and of the Church.*

* The following is a brief summary of some of its most important articles. The Church was to be free, and to enjoy her liberties of election. The king was no longer to give heiresses in marriage against their will; he was not to levy money without the consent of the great council of the crown tenants. The courts of justice were no longer to follow the king, but to be made stationary. Justice was no longer to be sold; and no freeman was to be "arrested, outlawed, or destroyed in any manner, save by the judgment of his peers." No man was to be tried on mere suspicion, but on the oath of witnesses. Cities and boroughs were to preserve their privileges. The most iniquitous of the forest-laws were to be abolished; and henceforth no man was to be fined to his ruin, but the freeholder was to keep his freehold, and the husbandman his implements of husbandry. Finally, every liberty granted by the king to his vassals was to be equally granted by them to theirs; and thus the benefits of the Charter were extended to every class except that of the bondsmen, who, even under Magna Charta, remained bondsmen still.

So long as he was in the presence of the barons John was lavish of his fair words and expressions of good-will; but no sooner had he returned to Windsor than he gave way to a burst of wild and ferocious passion. He gnashed his teeth and rolled his eyes, gnawing sticks and straws, after the fashion of his father, amid the most horrible imprecations. Quickly recovering himself, however, he bent all his thoughts on revenge. He first despatched envoys to Rome, with messages so cunningly devised that the Pope was completely deceived, and made to believe, by the garbled extracts from the Charter which were presented to him, that the king had been unjustly dealt with, and that the barons had extorted from him the lawful privileges of his crown. Under this impression Innocent annulled the Charter, and excommunicated "all disturbers of the public peace;" and John proceeded to gather to his standard all the foreign troops who could be hired for money and the promise of unbounded plunder. Week after week there landed on the shores of England bands of these ruffians, the very outcasts of society,—assassins, robbers, and excommunicated criminals of all kinds,—who, to use the words of Roger de Wendover, "thirsted but for human blood, and feared neither God nor man." Then, dividing his forces into two portions, he sent them through the length and breadth of the land, with orders to carry fire and sword into every county. He himself marched northwards at the head of one of these divisions; and never since the days of Danish inroads had such scenes been witnessed as those which followed on the track of the royal army as it passed from St. Albans to Durham, burning towns and villages, putting the helpless inhabitants to death, or inflicting on them tortures too horrible to describe. John himself encouraged his men to commit every kind of outrage. "These limbs of Satan," says Wendover, "covered the whole land like locusts, being gathered together to the end that they might destroy both man and beast." The very priests standing at the altar were carried off and tortured; and the king gave the example for these deeds of infamy, every morning with his own hand setting fire to the roof which had sheltered him during the night. The great abbeys of Croyland, Ely, and St. Edmundsbury were sacked by these worse than pagan hordes, who broke into the church of Tytley in Essex during the solemn High

Mass on Christmas Day, and overthrew the very altar whereon the Holy Sacrifice was being offered to search for concealed treasure.

The barons, driven to extremities, determined as a last resource to offer the crown to Louis, the Dauphin of France, who accordingly landed in England in the June of 1216, and proceeding to London, received the homage of the nobles and citizens. But the continuance of the struggle was prevented by the death of John, which took place in the October of the same year. In crossing the arm of the sea near Wisbeach known by the name of the Wash, all his baggage and treasure were swallowed up by the advancing tide; and his vexation at his loss threw him into a raging fever. He continued his march, however, as far as Newark, where being forced to stop, he died three days later, after a reign of seventeen years, the atrocities of which, it may be safely said, have scarcely a parallel in history.

He left three sons, the eldest of whom, Henry of Winchester, succeeded him, being just nine years old at the time of his father's death.

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—King of France: Philip Augustus, 1180-1223. Pope: Innocent III., 1198-1216.

CHAP. X. HENRY III. AND THE BARONS' WARS.

1216-1272.

THE young prince who succeeded to his father's rights, under the title of Henry III., found himself with little more than the name of king. The capital and two-thirds of the country were in the hands of the Dauphin Louis and the barons who had joined his standard; and the little king was hastily crowned at Bristol with one of his mother's golden bracelets, for all the royal crowns and circlets had been either lost in the Wash or had fallen into the Dauphin's keeping. But the barons soon grew disgusted with the preference shown by Louis for his own countrymen; and now that John was dead, they were glad enough to return to their allegiance to his son, whose youth pleaded in his favour, and who was innocent of his father's crimes. More-

over, the warm support of the Holy See and of every Bishop and abbot in the realm gave his cause the sanction of religion; and the followers of King Henry marched against the French intruders wearing on their breast the white cross of Aquitaine, whilst Guallo, the papal legate, encouraged them to fight for God, their king, and their country. One victory by land, and one by sea, decided the whole contest; and within a year from the death of John the Dauphin was forced to return to France. The Earl of Pembroke, a great and good man, was now proclaimed protector of the kingdom; but his power was at least equalled by that of Guallo. Strange as it may sound, the Pope was at this time, in fact as well as in theory, the real sovereign of England. Honorius III., who had succeeded Innocent in the Chair of St. Peter, exercised his powers through his legate; and if the fact be unwelcome to national pride, it must at least be owned that the Roman Pontiffs showed themselves no enemies to national freedom. The Great Charter was solemnly confirmed with the sanction of the legate, and, what is more, its provisions were enforced. For the first time for many a long year, justice was rendered to rich and poor, the castles were demolished, the forest-laws abolished, and the deadly feuds which had sprung up out of the late civil war were healed and pacified. In after years King Henry was wont to acknowledge that he owed the preservation of his kingdom "to the Holy Roman Church and the Lord Cardinal Guallo" as much as to the wise and gentle administration of the earl-protector. But Pembroke died, and Guallo returned to Rome; and for many years the kingdom was torn by the quarrels of rival factions. Henry, as he grew to man's estate, showed signs of a gentle and humane disposition; but his gentleness bordered on weakness, and he committed one fault more dangerous in kings than many an atrocious crime. He was always in the hands of favourites, and even his favourites were badly chosen: they were mostly foreigners, under whose influence charters and promises were alike disregarded; till at last, in 1233, the discontent of the barons broke out into open rebellion.

The see of Canterbury was then filled by St. Edmund Rich, a man of whom it was said, that "in his mouth was never aught save peace, purity, and piety, and that in his heart was naught save Christ alone." Wholly given to

study and the contemplation of divine things, he seemed little fitted to take part in the fierce contests of the day; yet at this crisis he did not shrink from the call of duty, and men wondered to see the gentle-spirited saint as resolute in defending the liberties of his country as Langton himself had been. He waited on the king, and spoke so well and firmly, that the foreigners were dismissed from the royal councils, and the Archbishop was despatched to make terms between Henry and his nobles. But their good understanding did not last long. The king was married in the following year to the Princess Eleanor of Provence; and every office in the state was immediately filled with her Provençal followers. "Then," says an old historian, "were the rights of Holy Church and the good old laws of the Charter all withdrawn; and though St. Edmund piteously besought the king to bethink him better, yet did matters daily grow the worse." At last St. Edmund was forced to abandon the struggle, and retire to Pontigny, that refuge of the exiled primates of England, where he died in 1242, regretted and venerated by none more deeply than by Henry himself.

It was this king's misfortune to lose his people's affections less by ruling ill than by not ruling at all. He was charitable, merciful, and devout; every day he heard three Masses; and St. Edward himself, to whom he bore a tender devotion, was not a greater lover of the poor. He would have done well had he imitated the Saxon king in more than his piety and his alms-deeds; but whilst he rebuilt his shrine, and restored the abbey church of Westminster which he had founded, the Confessor's laws were neglected, and the national liberties violated by Provençal favourites. Another cause of his unpopularity was his bad success in war: his expeditions against France ended in repeated failures, and his steel-clad barons scarcely disguised their contempt for a king who never appeared in the field save to suffer defeat. In a great council held at Westminster in 1258, they made their appearance in full armour; and to the king's alarmed inquiry, "Am I, then, your prisoner?" they answered by a bold demand for the redress of grievances. They were headed by Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester, himself a Frenchman by birth,* who, succeeding

* His father was Simon Count de Montfort, leader of the war against the Albigenes, and victor in the miraculous battle of Muret.

to the earldom of Leicester in right of his mother, had thrown himself heart and soul into the popular cause. Henry was not formed for resistance ; and in another council held at Oxford in the same year, and known in history by the name of "the mad parliament," the whole governing power of the kingdom was taken out of his hands and placed in those of a committee of nobles, at the head of whom was De Montfort. This extraordinary man was the darling of the people, who looked on him as the saviour of his country, and were wont to call him "Sir Simon the Righteous." It is, however, difficult to believe in the perfect purity of his motives, when we find him establishing a new form of government strange alike to English law and English history, which ended by putting the absolute power of a dictator into his own hands. The king after a while recovered sufficient strength to take the field against him ; but was defeated at the battle of Lewes, in which he was taken prisoner together with his gallant son Prince Edward, and De Montfort became the real ruler of the kingdom. To strengthen his power, he took a step the results of which were of vast importance. Hitherto the great councils of the nation had consisted only of the nobles, prelates, and abbots ; but besides these Leicester now summoned representatives from every county, city, and borough ; and this custom, being continued in subsequent parliaments, became the origin of our House of Commons.

Gradually, however, the other barons grew jealous of De Montfort's enormous power ; the king's errors were forgotten in his misfortunes, and all the royalists now needed was an able leader. They soon found one in the person of Prince Edward, whose escape from his prison in Hereford Castle was contrived by Dame Maud Mortimer, the wife of a baron to whom Leicester had offered some affront. She sent the prince a horse of extraordinary swiftness, with secret instructions how to act. Accordingly, one day, as he was riding out on horseback with his guards, he proposed that they should amuse themselves by riding races. When they had fairly tired out their steeds, he rode up to a thicket where Dame Mortimer's horse was concealed, and springing into the saddle, galloped off. They did their best to follow, but the prince soon distanced them ; whilst on the opposite hill a large armed force, under the banner of Mortimer, advanced to receive the fugitive. He soon showed that he

knew how to use his freedom. Leicester had assembled his followers at Gloucester; but the prince succeeded, by a series of well-planned manœuvres, in keeping him on the right bank of the Severn, and preventing his effecting a junction with the forces which his son was rapidly bringing to his aid. Meanwhile the royalists, under their brave young chief, surprised and routed the younger De Montfort at Kenilworth; then, returning rapidly to Worcester, they found that Leicester had passed the river, and had proceeded as far as Evesham on his way to Kenilworth, where, being ignorant of what had passed, he hoped to come up with his son. It was the morning of the 4th of August 1265, when, after hearing Mass in the abbey church, the messengers of the earl brought him the welcome tidings that his son's banners were to be seen glancing over the hills at the head of a powerful army. They were indeed the banners of the young De Montfort; but they were being borne in triumph by his victors; and as the two armies drew nearer they were exchanged for those of the prince and his allies, the Earls of Mortimer and Gloucester. He knew at once that all was lost. "It was from me they learnt the art of war," he exclaimed, struck with admiration at his adversary's skill; then presently added, "May God have our souls, for our bodies are the prince's!" Marshalling his men as best he might, he led them to the attack: he well knew that for him there was no hope of pardon, and both he and his followers fought with all the energy of despair. One touching incident occurred in the midst of the conflict. Leicester had obliged the old king to put on armour, and, mounted on a war-horse, to appear in the ranks against his son. He was wounded in the shoulder by a blow from a javelin, and cried aloud to the soldier who had struck him, "Hold, fellow! I am Harry of Winchester." Edward recognised his father's voice, and, springing to his side, rescued him from his danger, and bore him to a place of safety. It was noon when the fight began; and when the sun set over the Malvern Hills, Leicester, with a few of the bravest of his knights, still kept his ground against his assailants. At last his gallant son Henry fell by his side, and the heroic earl himself was disarmed and struck to the ground. A hundred voices called on him to surrender. "I surrender but to God," was his lofty reply; and the next moment his dead body fell over that

of his son. Edward remained master of the field, having gained a victory as complete as it was bloody. The adherents of Leicester, however, still held out in their castles and strongholds; and it cost the prince two years of hard fighting before he could bring them to submission. To his credit be it said, that during all this time not a drop of blood was shed on the scaffold, and that, together with the royal authority, he restored justice and good government.

In 1270, when tranquillity had at length returned, Edward set out for the Holy Land, to join the army of the French king St. Louis in a seventh crusade against the infidels. His brave and excellent wife, Eleanor of Castile, accompanied him: "The way to heaven," she said to those who sought to dissuade her, "is as short from Syria as from England or as from Spain." In Sicily the tidings reached them that the good knight St. Louis had died on the coast of Africa; and the Sicilian king represented that their further progress was useless. "Now, by our Lady!" exclaimed Edward, striking his mailed breast with his wonted energy, "I will lay siege to Acre if none follow me but my grooms."

His campaign was short but glorious: he prevented Acre from falling into the hands of the infidels, and defeated them in two engagements. In revenge, they resolved to assassinate him; and accordingly, one day, as he lay on his couch during the heat of noonday, a messenger was ushered to his presence, charged, as he said, with letters from the Emir of Joppa. Edward took the letters; but as he did so the ruffian endeavoured to plunge a dagger into his heart. By a quick movement the prince received the blow on his arm; then, hurling the assassin to the ground, struck him dead with his own weapon. Some writers add that the dagger was poisoned, and that the prince's life was saved by the devotion of his wife, who with her own lips sucked the venom from the wound.

On his way back to England he received the news of his father's death. King Henry had expired at Westminster on the 20th of November 1272, after a reign of fifty-six years. They laid him to rest in the old coffin of St. Edward the Confessor; and all the prelates and nobles of the realm, as they gathered round his bier, laid their hands on the cold forehead of the royal corpse and swore fealty to his absent heir. But Edward heard of his accession with a burst of tears. "I do well to weep for a good father," he said to

those who sought to comfort him; "heaven itself can never give me another." He set out immediately on his return homewards; and was crowned in London on the 19th of August 1273, the commencement of a reign from which the real greatness of England may be said to date.

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*King of France:* St. Louis IX., 1226. *Popes:* Honorius III., 1216; Gregory IX., 1227.

Eminent Men under the first four Plantagenets.—Nicholas Breakspear, a monk of St. Albans, elected Pope in 1154, under the title of Adrian IV.,—the only Englishman who has ever attained that dignity; died 1159. Fitz-Stephen, an historian, the friend and biographer of St. Thomas à Becket. Strongbow, earl of Pembroke, the conqueror of Ireland. St. Thomas, Bishop of Hereford; died 1282. St. Richard of Chichester, and Grosteste, Bishop of Lincoln; died 1253. St. Gilbert, founder of the Order of Sempringham, 1190.

Events of Importance, Inventions, &c.—The art of painting glass was first introduced into England in the reign of John, being, as is thought, brought from Acre by the Crusaders. Great improvements were made in architecture and sculpture during this period, many of the monks and abbots of Westminster being mentioned as eminent for their skill in carving stone. Coal began to be dug at Newcastle in 1234, but was used only by dyers and brewers in their trades; and tallow-candles were introduced instead of splinters of wood.

The two orders of friars, viz. those of the Franciscans and the Dominicans, were brought into England during the reign of Henry III., and produced many eminent men; amongst others Alexander Hales, called the Irrefragable Doctor; Nicholas Trivet, an historian; and Roger Bacon, a man of extraordinary learning, who was the first discoverer of gunpowder.

CHAP. XI. EDWARD I.

1272-1307.

SELDOM had England beheld a prince of nobler presence than he who now ascended the throne, surrounded by all the glory of his crusading fame. King Edward I. was then just thirty-five years of age, of such tall and commanding stature that few of his subjects could reach to his shoulders. His broad and noble forehead was shaded by fair hair, to which, however, the eastern sun had now given a darker hue. His strong arm wielded sword and battle-axe as lightly as a feather; and the most fiery horses, when they felt his powerful grasp upon their rein, grew tame beneath their royal rider. "Sire Edward," says the old chronicler Piers Langtoft, "had a horse named Ferraunt, black as a raven, on whose back he could spring armed from head to foot in mail, and leap any chain however high." He had all the virtues and all the failings of his age. Easily moved to anger, and as easily subdued, the passionate emotions

which filled his breast moved him by turns to deeds of heroic generosity or ruthless tyranny. Full of a deep and lively piety, there was not a holy place in England which he had not visited in pilgrim's weeds;* and throughout Europe he was recognised as the champion of the Christian faith. Though his impetuous will as often as not made him act as a tyrant and an oppressor of the Church, yet he was not a tyrant by nature; and let us add that the love for father, wife, and mother reigned without a rival in his noble heart. No king ever ruled in England who did so much by wise legislation to secure those popular liberties, which nevertheless he was often the first to violate.

In the very first parliament which met after his coronation, a new code of laws was granted, which has gained for him the title of "the English Justinian."† By this code the great representative system introduced in the last reign was extended, and the House of Commons may henceforward be said to have a fixed place in the English constitution; the provisions of Magna Charta were confirmed, and the whole criminal law revised and amended. "During the four centuries which followed," says Sir Matthew Hale, "as much was not done for the advancement of law and civilisation as was done by this king in a single reign." The "Statute of Westminster," as it was called, was passed in 1275; and the next six years were spent in profound tranquillity.

The peace was broken by a war with Wales. Llewellyn, the reigning prince of that country, had refused his homage to the English king, and broken treaties and engagements as fast as they were made. At last, encouraged by a prophecy of the wizard Merlin, which predicted that about that time the whole island should be brought under one crown, he madly invaded the English territory; and letting loose his savage mountaineers on the western counties,

* Edward's favourite pilgrimage was to our Lady of Walsingham, the English Loretto, where was a church containing an exact copy of the holy house of Nazareth. The king's devotion to this shrine made it the place of popular resort for rich and poor during the whole of this reign; and according to the poetical superstition of the country-people, the Milky Way was declared to be a starry path of light sent to guide men on the road to Walsingham.

† The Roman emperor Justinian was the author of that celebrated code which bears his name, and which forms the foundation of the Roman, or civil, law

suffered them to commit the most atrocious acts of violence. Edward, who had ever before his mind's eye a gigantic scheme for extending his dominion over the entire island of Britain, watched the movements of the prince with secret satisfaction. He was not a man tamely to submit to invasion; and marching an army into Wales, he soon made himself master of the country. Llewellyn was slain in battle; and his brother David, who by a double treason had been faithless first to his country and then to the conqueror, was sent to London, and there tried and executed as a traitor. The sentence may have been well-deserved; yet it gained for its victim a sympathy which his character little merited, and for Edward the reproach of merciless severity.

Yet the war with Wales can scarcely be said to have been undertaken unjustly; and the conquest brought nothing but good laws and mild treatment to the conquered. Edward spent a year in Wales; and did his best to civilise its half-savage population. In the Eagle Tower of Caernarvon Castle his queen, Eleanor of Castile, gave birth to a son, the heir to the English crown. Three days after this event a great gathering took place of the Welsh chiefs, who came to do homage to Edward; whilst they implored him to grant them a prince of their own nation to rule them, who should talk neither French nor Saxon, both of which languages they declared no British ear could possibly understand. Edward promised them they should have a prince born on their own soil, who could speak neither of the proscribed tongues, if they on their part would pledge him their allegiance. They joyfully gave their consent; when, to their surprise, he ordered the infant prince to be brought in and presented to them, assuring them that he had been born in Wales, and could speak neither French nor English, and was therefore exactly the sort of ruler for whom they had petitioned. They had not a word to say in reply; so they kissed the baby hand of their little prince, and promised him fidelity; and from that day the heir to the English crown has borne the title of "*the Prince of Wales.*"

It seemed as though fortune were resolved to favour the ambition of Edward. In 1285, the year after the conclusion of peace with Wales, King Alexander of Scotland died. His death was followed a few years later by that of his grandchild and heiress the Princess Margaret of Norway; and

thus the royal line of Scotland became extinct. Thirteen claimants appeared for the vacant crown; and Edward was chosen as umpire to decide between them. He claimed the right to do so as feudal superior of Scotland, and before giving his decision made all parties agree to acknowledge him as such. This claim was not altogether an unjust one, for the kings of Scotland had in past times again and again done homage to the English monarchs as their liege lords, though the supericrity thus claimed had never been more than a matter of form. The promise was therefore given by all without much hesitation; and Edward decided in favour of John Baliol, a weak and timid prince, who swore fealty to the English king, well content to purchase his crown at the price of his independence. However, in 1297 he was persuaded by his barons formally to renounce the allegiance he had sworn. "By St. Edward, whose crown I wear," exclaimed the king, when he received the tidings, "he shall know who is lord in Scotland!" and setting out for the frontier, he immediately laid siege to Berwick. The old rhyming chronicler Piers Langtoft tells us how the king bore himself at this celebrated siege :

"What did King Edward?
Peer he had none like,
Upon his horse Bayard
First he won the dyke."

Leaping the ditch, or the "dyke" as it is here styled, he led his troops to the assault: a terrible massacre ensued, and the English banner soon waved from the city-walls. Then followed a victory at Dunbar; and Edward found himself, almost without further resistance, master of the kingdom which Baliol was declared to have forfeited. But one man was still left in Scotland ready to assert her independence. William Wallace, a simple gentleman of Paisley, held out amid the wild mountains of the north, and, unsupported by the nobles, who scorned his lowly birth, defended the liberties of his country well-nigh single-handed. At last, defeated at Falkirk, and betrayed by his own countrymen into the hands of his enemies, he was brought to London, and condemned to the shameful death of a traitor; and for a time Edward remained the undisputed master of the whole island of Britain.

In the midst of these hostilities Edward lost his faithful

wife Queen Eleanor; and the tidings of her death for a time banished from his mind even the thoughts of conquest. He hastened back to Grantham, where she died; and in bitter grief followed her funeral from thence to Westminster. At every stage where the royal bier rested, he vowed to erect a cross in memory of his beloved queen. He kept his word; and thirteen of these beautiful monuments were soon after erected, of which two alone remain, those, namely, at Waltham and Northampton. They were intended not merely to preserve the memory of a princess whom Walsingham describes as "the loving mother of the English nation, godly, modest, and merciful, the pillar of the whole realm," but to remind the faithful as they passed to offer their prayers for her departed soul. For three hundred years the waxen tapers round her tomb were kept continually burning, till the Reformation came, and crosses and tapers were alike swept away. Nine years after her death Edward took for his second wife the Princess Margaret of France.

Meanwhile this great king began to feel the very vulgar pressure of money difficulties. He had succeeded to an exhausted treasury; his Welsh and Scottish wars could not be carried on without funds, and the very liberties he granted to his parliament greatly limited his own power of raising supplies.* Many a man in such distress has been driven to most unworthy shifts, and Edward was of their number. First of all, sixteen thousand Jews, the usual victims in such cases, were seized, cast into prison, and released only on the payment of an enormous ransom. Next, the treasuries of every abbey and cathedral in England were broken open and ransacked; and a little later, in 1294, the clergy were modestly required to surrender half their revenues. The primate was then in France; but the astonished prelates having met to consider over the proposal, their proceedings were interrupted by the entrance of a royal messenger. "Reverend fathers," he said, "if there be a man among you who dares contradict the royal will, let him stand forth that we may notice him, as one who hath

* A little later in this reign, the law was made which decreed that no tax should henceforth be levied without "the good-will and assent of the Bishops, barons, knights, and burgesses of the realm,"—the most important concession ever granted by the crown.

broken the king's peace."* This extraordinary speech seems to have frightened them into submission; but when, three years later, they were subjected to fresh extortions, Robert Winchelsey, then Archbishop of Canterbury, whom Pope Boniface VIII. called "the invincible champion of the English Church," boldly remonstrated with the king, and resisted his demands. In return sentence of *outlawry* was pronounced against all the clergy, secular and regular, and their goods were seized by the crown. Reduced to actual beggary, Winchelsey contentedly retired to a little country parsonage, where he discharged the duties of a simple curate, and lived on the alms of his parishioners. When Edward's passion cooled, he not only restored the lands he had seized, but, sending for the Archbishop, received him with expressions of respect, and promoted him to his council. The busy courtiers suggested that he should thank the king's clemency on his knees; but the successor of St. Thomas stood undaunted before the sovereign who had wronged him. "I bless God, my lord king," he said, "who has opened your eyes, and made you choose those things which are profitable to your salvation." Winchelsey's sanctity is said to have been attested by miracles. Bold as he showed himself in defence of the Church's liberties, there was not in all England so gentle and child-like a disposition; and more than one writer describes in glowing terms the charm of that face, beautiful with the beauty of holiness, whose lips, when not opened to teach the poor and ignorant, were ever softly murmuring the Aves which he counted on fingers clasped in almost continual prayer. When he died, in the succeeding reign, Edward II. petitioned the Holy See to introduce the cause of his canonisation: "If need were," he said, "he would himself be the first to bear witness to his heroic sanctity."

It must be admitted that the king was driven to these acts of violence by the pressure of actual need. He resolved

* Such intimations of "the royal will" were by no means uncommon under our Norman and Plantagenet kings. When John of Peckham assembled his celebrated synod at Lambeth in 1281, the object of which was to publish the decrees of the general council of Lyons, another "king's messenger" made his appearance to bid the Archbishop and prelates "beware of doing aught against the rights of the crown, or their goods would be in peril." Yet these are the days when, as some writers would have us believe, princes and laity were trampled under the feet of the Church.

at last to make a frank appeal to the indulgence of his people; and a little after his reconciliation with Winchelsey, he caused a platform to be erected in the public street outside Westminster Hall, where, supported by his son and the Archbishop, he addressed the multitudes who thronged around him. He owned he had laid grievous burdens on them, but pleaded that it was for them and in their defence that he was engaged in these expensive wars. "Behold," he continued, "I am now again going to expose my life for you. If I return, I will make you amends: if I fall, here is my son; place him on the throne, and he will not be ungrateful for your fidelity." As he spoke these words he burst into tears, and the Archbishop and the people wept with him, whilst shouts of loyalty rose on every side; for, in spite of his exactions, the great Edward reigned in the hearts of his subjects.

Winchelsey was not the only man who at times sturdily resisted the king's imperious will: Bigod, earl of Norfolk, and Bohun, earl of Hereford, by their firm and courageous opposition, won many of the good laws and increased liberties granted during this reign. The independent spirit of these great English nobles never quailed before the crown, even when worn by a king avowedly the wisest and most powerful who had ruled since the Norman Conquest. On occasion of an expedition to France, Bigod declined accompanying the army until certain oppressive taxes had been repealed. Edward's anger knew no bounds: "By Heaven, sir earl," he said, "you shall either go or hang." "By Heaven, sir king," was the cool reply, "I shall neither go nor hang:" and Edward had to set out for Guienne without his marshal.

In 1306 the Scots rose against their English masters, under the heroic Robert Bruce. Edward was then nearly seventy years of age, yet the fire of his soul was still unquenched. At the banquet held in Westminster Hall on the occasion of his conferring the dignity of knighthood on the Prince of Wales, he and his son bound themselves by a vow of chivalry never to sleep two nights in the same place till the Scottish rebels had been brought to their senses. He set out for Scotland, but the exertion proved too much for his failing strength; he was seized with illness, and could advance no further than Burgh-upon-the-Sands, where, on the 7th of July 1307, he expired, in the sixty-ninth year

of his age and the thirty-fifth of his reign; leaving the crown to Edward of Caernarvon, his eldest surviving son, whom he charged with his last breath to carry on the war with Sootland.

It need scarcely be said, that in the period of English history of which we have hitherto spoken many events occurred of a character very different from the warlike struggles which have chiefly engaged our attention. The bold deeds of a few men armed with sword and buckler make a great show in the annals of the world, and we read of such things till we are half tempted to think they are all of which history has to tell. There can scarcely be a greater mistake. All the time another history quite as real is going on in the homes of the people; and far away, in villages and quiet green retreats, or in the cloisters and sanctuaries of the land, good men live and die, saints are formed, and thoughts and principles are developed, destined, it may be, in another age to change the face of the world. So it is in all times, and so it was in the centuries of which we speak. If there were an evil energy at work, the good energy also was not wanting. In the very midst of the turbulent reign of Henry III. a new impulse was given to learning and to religion. The two orders of friars, the children of St. Francis and St. Dominic, appeared in England; and wonderful were the scenes which followed. Bishops and doctors, nay knights and nobles too, were ready in crowds to exchange their dignities for the poor habit of the preaching friar. They became the apostles of the English villages, and the chief support of those noble prelates who strove so manfully against the corruptions of the day. Robert Grosteste, Bishop of Lincoln, chose his council from these two orders, and with their aid visited the whole of his vast and thickly-peopled diocese. Burning was the zeal for souls displayed in every word and act of this truly great man. "I tremble from head to foot," he writes, "when I think of the awful care of souls,—those souls for whom Christ shed, not a part, but the whole of His Blood; for whom He gave, not a part, but the whole of His very life itself."

Not less admirable was the pastoral zeal of John of Peckham, a Franciscan friar, who was raised to the see of Canterbury in 1279 by Pope Nicholas III. He was a man of singular humility, and kept to the last his simple friar's ways; liking, when he said Mass, to light the candles with

his own hand, and to discharge all the lowliest offices in the house of God. The thing he had most at heart was the religious instruction of the poor; and he charged his parish priests often to explain to their flocks the chief articles of the faith, the Ten Commandments, the seven Sacraments, the seven deadly sins, and the love of God and our neighbour.

Nor was secular education by any means neglected in those days. Some of our younger readers might be puzzled to bear a part in those public disputations which Fitz-Stephen tells us were common even in the reign of Henry II. "On holidays," he says, "the London schoolboys assemble in the churches, and engage in logical disputations. Even the younger boys engage against each other in verse about the principles of grammar and the preterites and supines of verbs." In the 13th century there was a positive rage for learning; and teachers were dispersed, as another writer expresses it, "through every city, castle, and village of the kingdom." Let us glance for a moment into a little cell at Oxford, where, in the midst of barons' wars and Scottish conquests, a poor scholar in his patched Franciscan habit was spending a lifetime in quiet patient labours which were to make his name immortal. There was not a learned language which he had not mastered, not a science which he had not sounded to its depth. Strange things he had to tell of, discovered in his forty years of study,—of glasses which would bring the most distant objects within eye-shot, and of a marvellous powder which was to blow whole ranks of mailed horsemen into the air; of ships that were to move without sails, and carriages without wheels; and of other marvels so wild and impossible that wise men shrugged their shoulders in pity at the poor friar whose learning had turned his brain, and others not quite so wise declared him to be nothing else but a most potent wizard. Yet years rolled on; gunpowder, and the telescope, and the steam-engine were all brought into use, and the learned dreams of Friar Bacon became realities.*

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*Kings of France:* Phillip the Hardy, 1270; Phillip the Fair, 1285. *Emperor of Germany:* Rodolph of Hapsburg, 1273. *Popes:* Gregory X., 1271; Nicholas III., 1277; St. Peter Celestine and Boniface VIII., 1294; Blessed Benedict XI., 1303.

* Besides the discoveries above enumerated, Roger Bacon pointed out the errors in the Calendar, and corrected them precisely in the manner adopted three centuries later by Pope Gregory XIII. He also invented magic lanterns.

CHAP. XII. EDWARD II.

1307-1327.

THE young prince, of whose birth in the Eagle Tower of Caernarvon we have already spoken, inherited none of his father's great qualities. He was foolish, and fond of low society and of pleasures by no means suited to his royal birth. A young companion named Piers Gaveston, with whom he had been brought up, had so entirely gained his heart, and had led him into so many silly excesses, that the king, about three months before his death, had banished him from the kingdom, and charged the prince on his oath never to recall him. But Edward's first act on finding himself his own master was to send for Gaveston, and load him with favours. His father, who had never forgotten the Holy Land, had left thirty thousand marks for the support of a hundred and forty knights in Palestine; this money was now given to Gaveston, who received the title of Earl of Cornwall, hitherto borne only by princes of the royal blood.

All this was exceedingly distasteful to the English nobles, and not less so to the young French princess, Isabel the Fair, whose marriage with Edward was celebrated the year following his accession. The little queen was but thirteen years of age, and beheld with no small indignation the very jewels which she had brought from France bestowed upon the favourite. To add to other more weighty grounds of complaint, Gaveston never spared his enemies; and his witty speeches, and the sarcastic nicknames he gave the jealous nobles, won him their most deadly hate. At last they obtained his banishment to Ireland; but the king soon recalled him; then they rose in open rebellion, marched against the king and his favourite, and seizing the latter, after a mock trial beheaded him on a spot near Warwick, which still bears the name of Gaveshead. The king gave way to the most passionate grief, but soon more important affairs claimed his attention.

The Scots had taken advantage of the late king's death, and under the weak rule of his successor prepared to throw off the English yoke. The three heroic chiefs--Bruce,

Douglas, and Randolph—performed feats of the most daring valour, and one by one the strong castles garrisoned by the English fell into their hands. At last the king saw himself in danger of losing the dominions which it had cost his father thirteen years of incessant warfare to acquire. He hastily assembled an army, therefore, and marched into Scotland, hoping to be in time to relieve the strong castle of Stirling, which was well-nigh reduced to extremity. His army encountered that of Bruce at Bannockburn. On the daybreak of the 29th of June 1314, the Scottish leaders assembled on a little eminence, where the Abbot of Inchaffray offered the Holy Sacrifice and afterwards harangued the troops. There was no need to remind them of the sanctity of the cause for which they fought, every Scot knew well enough that the freedom of his country was in the balance of that day's combat. They answered with a tremendous shout, and followed the abbot as, marching barefoot and holding a crucifix above his head, he led them to the field of battle. When they had formed into their ranks, they all knelt in prayer. Some of the English who beheld this movement did not understand its meaning. "See," they exclaimed, "the Scots are kneeling; they beg for mercy!" "Do not deceive yourselves," said Ingelram de Umfraville, "they do indeed beg for mercy, but it is from God, and not from men." The battle did not last long, and it terminated in such a defeat as the English arms had never before sustained. Edward himself was forced to fly from the field, leaving all his treasure and baggage in the hands of the victors. Bruce, who had already been crowned king of Scotland, was not slow in following up his victory, and the English were ere long fairly driven out of the land.

Edward consoled himself for his losses by the choice of a new favourite. This was Hugh de Spencer, a young man whose popularity with the king made him quite as unwelcome to the barons as Gaveston had been. Another rebellion was the consequence, followed by the banishment of De Spencer and his father; but the Earl of Lancaster, who acted as leader of the popular party, having been detected in treasonable intercourse with the Scots, was tried and executed; and the king, being for a time triumphant, immediately recalled his banished friends.

In 1325, disputes broken out with France, Queen Isabella proposed to visit the court of her brother, Charles

le Bel, to bring about a reconciliation. Her real motives were, however, widely different. She had been deeply engaged in every plot raised against the king, and had fixed her guilty affections on Roger Mortimer, one of the barons banished for his share in the late rebellion. Mortimer had taken refuge at the French court, and there the queen now joined him. By her artful representations she won over her brother to join in her designs against the crown of her unfortunate husband, for whom she had conceived the most violent hatred. Her first step was to gain possession of the person of her eldest son Edward, a boy of twelve years of age, who was despatched to Paris at her representation, to do homage to the French king for the province of Guienne. Then she devised new pretexts for delaying her return, and employed the time thus gained in poisoning the young prince's mind against his father, and gathering around her all the banished English lords.

Meanwhile King Edward became alarmed, and again and again wrote ordering her to return to England with the prince, and that without delay. She did indeed return, but at the head of an armed force, composed chiefly of French and Flemish knights, whom she had won over to espouse her cause, and accompanied by her son and her infamous accomplice Mortimer. All who hated the De Spencers flocked to her standard; and the king had to take refuge in the strong castle of Bristol. The elder De Spencer was taken and beheaded; Edward and his younger favourite attempted to escape to Wales, but the boat in which they had embarked was overtaken. Edward was conveyed a prisoner to Kenilworth; and his companion, being carried to the queen at Hereford, was most barbarously put to death,—some even add that Isabella herself was present at his execution.

In company with Mortimer, she now proceeded to London, and caused the young prince to be declared king; but the noble boy refused to accept the title without the consent of his father, and it became necessary, therefore, to extort from the unfortunate monarch a formal resignation of his crown. Articles of accusation were accordingly framed against him, in which, besides the charges of misgovernment and oppression, other complaints were made of his unkingly character. He is declared to have indulged in unseemly amusements, such as proceeding up the Thames in a fagot-*barge*, and buying vegetables from the gardeners on the

river-bank to make his soup, and other similar frolics. He is also said to have played at "chuck farthing;" and the gossiping records of his household expenses tell us of his rewarding a certain courtier for dancing on the table before him and "making him laugh excessively," and of his paying a sum of money to another of his attendants who amused him by often tumbling off his horse,—evidences, no doubt, of a foolish and frivolous disposition, which were now magnified into grievous misdemeanors.

In the January of 1327, the commissioners appointed by the queen, who was rapidly earning for herself the title of "the she-wolf of France," waited on Edward at Kenilworth Castle to renounce their allegiance, and to receive from him his formal abdication. No sooner was the ceremony over than the unhappy monarch swooned away,—“a heavy and piteous sight,” says the historian De la Moor; but recovering himself, he thanked them for choosing his son to be their king, and expressed his joy that the young prince “was so gracious in their sight.”

It has been often said that for a deposed prince there is but one step from the prison to the grave. Whilst the ceremony of the young king's coronation was being conducted with the utmost splendour, and Isabella was holding high festival with her Flemish knights and taking care to secure to herself an enormous dowry, Edward of Caernarvon was taken from the custody of his royal cousin Henry of Lancaster, and conveyed to Berkeley Castle under the charge of two brutal men, Sir John Maltravers and Sir John Gurney, creatures of the queen, and ready to execute any enormity she might command. There was no insult they did not heap on their poor prisoner; they crowned him with hay in mockery, deprived him of his natural sleep, and forced him to shave in the open fields, and to make use of some dirty water for the purpose which they brought from a ditch in an old helmet. The king could not suppress his emotion at their cruelty: “In spite of you, I shall yet be shaved with warm water,” he said, as he pointed to the tears which chased each other down his cheeks. One would have thought that, thus despised and degraded, he might safely have been suffered to live; but the miserable queen well knew that the sympathies of the generous people would soon be roused by the misfortunes of her victim. More than this, the friars had every where boldly taken the part of their dethroned

sovereign; and the friars just then had the villages of England at their command. Edward's death, therefore, was resolved on; and orders were despatched to Berkeley Castle which the ruffians who had the charge of the royal prisoner were not long in executing. On the night of the 22d September 1327, the horrible shrieks that issued from the chamber where the king was confined were heard even beyond the castle-walls; and many a one, as he was roused from slumber by the dreadful sounds, prayed to God for the soul which was that night departing to God in such frightful torments. The next day the king was declared to have died suddenly, and the public were invited to come and behold his remains as they lay in state. No marks of violence were visible externally; the shocking distortion of the features betrayed, indeed, the agonising manner of his death; but none dared examine further, and the body was privately buried the next day in the abbey church of Gloucester.

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*King of Scotland*: Robert Bruce, 1306. *Kings of France*: Philip le Bel, 1316; Charles le Bel, 1322. *Popes*: Clement V., 1305; John XXII., 1316. *Emperor of Germany*: Louis of Bavaria, 1314.

Events of Importance.—The first statute of Mortmain passed in 1275, to prevent lands or revenues being left by will to religious bodies. The first *Jubilee*, or holy year, celebrated at Rome in 1300, under Pope Boniface VIII. The order of Knights Templars abolished by Clement V., 1307. The mariner's compass invented about the year 1302. The festival of Corpus Christi instituted by Pope Urban IV., 1264. St. Simon Stock, Carmelite, 1265.

Eminent Men.—St. Thomas of Hereford; died 1281. Robert Burnel, chancellor of the kingdom under Edward I., and one of his greatest ministers of state; died 1292. Cardinal Robert Kilwarby, a Dominican friar; died 1278: John of Peckham, a Franciscan friar; died 1292: and Robert Winchelsey died 1313:—all Archbishops of Canterbury. Matthew Paris, a Benedictine monk and historian, 1269.

CHAPTER XIII. EDWARD III. AND THE BLACK PRINCE.

1327-1377.

ISABELLA and Mortimer now ruled the kingdom at their will, and in one year committed more crimes than had been charged against their unfortunate victim Edward II. during the whole of his reign. The murder of the Earl of Kent, uncle to the young king, for a pretended crime of high treason, as well as the insolence of Mortimer, who affected even royal state, roused the hatred of all men against the queen and

her accomplice in guilt. At last Edward himself opened his eyes to his mother's real character, and in 1330 resolved on freeing himself from the subjection in which he had hitherto been kept, and assuming the power as well as the title of king. He therefore chose his opportunity; and one night, having forced his way by an underground passage into the Castle of Nottingham, where Isabella and Mortimer were then residing, he caused the latter to be seized and taken to London, where he was shortly after tried and executed. The queen was, at the Pope's entreaties, spared the disgrace of a public trial; but was kept in honourable imprisonment at Castle-Rising in Norfolk, where she spent the remaining twenty-seven years of her life.

Edward was at this time about eighteen years of age. In person he was singularly handsome; he was exactly six feet high, of grand and noble bearing; his face was long and majestic, and his eyes sparkled with the fire of a brilliant genius and a high undaunted will. He had received a learned education from his tutor Richard of Bury, Bishop of Durham; was well versed in law, history, and divinity, and spoke with ease and fluency Latin, French, Spanish, German, and English. He was already married to his excellent queen Philippa of Hainault; and the birth of his eldest son (afterwards so famous under the name of the Black Prince, from the colour of his armour) had taken place about four months before the event of which we have just spoken. His ardent temper and glowing imagination were steeped in the spirit of romantic chivalry. The circumstances under which he had hitherto been placed had prevented the display of his great natural powers; but now he was his own master, and the English soon felt that the sceptre was in the grasp of one who could wield it with a right royal hand. A war with Scotland, in which the English archers gained the day at Halidon Hill, was followed by hostilities with France. Charles IV., king of that country, having died in 1328 without heirs, two claimants appeared for the vacant crown: one was Philip of Valois, grandson to King Philip III., the other was Edward himself. On his mother's side he was grandson to King Philip IV., and undoubtedly nearer in blood; but the laws of France excluding females from the succession, Edward's claims were declared groundless, and Philip of Valois ascended the throne with the title of Philip VI.

But Edward was by no means satisfied with this decision the parliament urged him to pursue his rights, and the war was commenced in the summer of 1338; the great naval victory of Sluys being, however, the only success gained by the English for some years. At last the third campaign found Edward in full retreat towards Ponthieu, hotly pursued by the French king at the head of an army ten times as numerous as his own, with the sea in his rear and beside him the deep and rapid waters of the Somme. The bridges were all cut down; but, plunging into the stream in the name of God and St. George, they crossed the river after a fierce combat with 12,000 of the enemy, and taking up their position on a little eminence just beyond the village of Crecy, awaited the arrival of the French. It was the morning of the 26th of July: the king had spent many hours of the night in prayer, and at daybreak he and most of his followers had confessed, heard Mass, and communicated. He then marshalled his troops, and rode through the ranks, encouraging them with a few brief and stirring words; after which each man lay down on the ground with his weapons beside him and waited the moment of attack. It was Saturday, a day consecrated by Catholic devotion to the ever-blessed Mother of God, whom the English soldiers invoked to their aid, and in whose honour, one writer tells us, they that day went into battle fasting. It was not long before the French appeared in sight; and as their confused masses came on in some disorder, and the word rang through the ranks, "Halt, banners, in the name of God and St. Denis," the English rose to their feet, and stood ready to receive them—ten thousand men matched in battle against a mighty host a hundred thousand strong.* A terrible storm had raged during the early part of the day; but about five in the afternoon the sun broke out in full splendour, and the Genoese archers, who stood in the foremost rank of the French army, advanced leaping and shouting; and having come within range of the English, they shot fiercely with their cross-bows. Their volley was received in profound silence; and then the English bowmen stepped forth one pace, and let fly their arrows in return. Thick as snow-flakes they fell among the ranks of the Genoese, who fell into disorder, and casting away their cross-bows, turned and fled. In vain did the French men-at-arms dash in among them, calling them cowards,

* Froissart.

striking, and even slaying numbers of them in their rage : they could not rally ; and still wherever the press was thickest fell those terrible English arrows, piercing through corselet and headpiece, and bringing horses and riders to the dust. The first division of the English army was that day led on by the young Prince of Wales, then in his sixteenth year, Edward himself being in command of the reserve. As the battle became general, and the conflict waged fierce and desperate, a messenger was despatched to the king, who was stationed by a windmill at a little distance, praying him to despatch succour to his son, who was closely surrounded by the French. "Is my son dead or wounded?" asked the king. "Neither, sire," answered the knight ; "but he is hardly matched, and greatly needs your aid." "Go back, then," replied Edward, "and tell those who are with him that they send not again for aid so long as my son is alive ; and bid them suffer him to win his spurs ; for, please God, the honour of this day shall be his." These words encouraged the prince and his companions to fresh feats of valour, and again and again they drove back the charges of their enemies with immense slaughter. Charles of Luxembourg, king of Bohemia, fought that day in the ranks of the French. He was almost stone-blind ; but he besought those around him to lead him into the thick of the fight, that he might strike one stroke with his sword. Two of his knights, therefore, fastened their horses' bridles to his, and in this manner rode in amongst the foe. They all fell together, and were found next day side by side, with their horses tied together. Three feathers, plucked from the eagle's plume which waved on the royal helmet, were brought to the young prince ; and being chosen by him for his crest, have ever since been known by the name of "the Prince of Wales's feathers."

At last, when the French had lost their bravest leaders, and darkness was fast closing in, a few of King Philip's knights rode up to him, and telling him that all was lost, took his bridle in their hands and forced him to quit the field. That night the castellan of La Broyes was roused by a fierce knocking at the castle-gate ; he hastened to the walls and challenged the untimely visitors. "Open quickly," was the reply ; "it is the fortune of France." So the gates were opened and the bridge let down ; and six knights, with battered arms and jaded horses, rode into the courtyard :

it was Philip of Valois flying with five attendants from the field of Crecy, where in the morning he had led on a hundred thousand men, as it seemed, to certain victory. As soon as the battle was over, King Edward set out to meet his son. Claspings him in his arms, "Fair son," he said, "you have this day done well and nobly; you are worthy of me and of England." The next day they rode over the ground, and received from the heralds the lists of those who had fallen. Thirty thousand Frenchmen, including eleven princes and twelve hundred knights, lay dead upon that bloody field; whilst no fewer than eighty banners were among the trophies of the victory. Three days' truce was proclaimed, to allow the French to bury the dead; and when the solemn requiem was sung in the cemetery of Montenay, Edward and his son assisted at the ceremony clad in funeral habits.

Whilst the news of this great success was spreading through England, and the bells of every village-steeple were ringing merry peals in thanksgiving for the victory, the French king was urging his Scottish allies to invade the northern provinces of their mutual foe, and so, as he trusted, to make a diversion in his favour. King David Bruce lent a willing ear to these proposals; and the October of the same year saw him at the head of forty thousand men pillaging and laying waste the bishopric of Durham. No doubt he reckoned on meeting with small resistance at a time when all the chivalry of England was encamped before the walls of Calais; but the hardy north-countrymen were not men to brook invasion; and Queen Philippa, who acted as regent of the kingdom in her husband's absence, was resolved to defend her trust; and, says Froissart, "to show that she was in earnest" in this resolve, she hastened to the north, gathered together an army of about twelve thousand men of all ranks and conditions; and to King David's contemptuous challenge, that "if her men were willing to come forth, he would give them battle," returned answer that "she accepted his offer, and that her men would gladly risk their lives for the realm of their lord the king." Her little army was mustered in the park at Bishop's Auckland, near Durham, where she slept on the night of the 17th of October. That same night the prior of Durham beheld in a vision the holy patron of the city, St. Cuthbert; who bade him take the corporal-cloth with which he had been wont to cover the

sacred chalice, and which was preserved in the cathedral as a precious relic, and fasten it banner-wise on the point of a spear, and the next morning go with it to a spot called the Red Hills, on the west side of the city, and abide there until the end of the battle. When the morning broke, the prior made known the vision he had seen, and hastened to obey the saint's injunctions. The banner was carried to the Red Hills; and there, during the whole of that eventful day, he and his monks remained prostrate in prayer, holding aloft the sacred relic. Meanwhile Queen Philippa, mounted on a white charger, rode through the ranks of her troops, and bade them that day do manfully for the love of God and their country. The fire of chivalry burnt as brightly in the breasts of those stalwart countrymen as it did beneath the knightly hauberks of the victors of Crecy, and they answered her with shouts of applause: then she recommended them to the keeping of God and St. George, and went back to Durham to spend the hours of suspense in prayer. There was no commander-in-chief to the English army; Lord Ralph Neville, the Archbishop of York, and Lord Henry Percy were the chief leaders: and if the Archbishop's presence on such a field amaze our readers, their astonishment will increase on learning that a very large proportion of Queen Philippa's troops consisted of the northern clergy. The conflict was in defence of hearth and altar; and in such a cause, and at a moment when the country was drained of all her fighting men, it was not deemed unfitting for even priest and Bishop to appear upon the field of battle. We will not weary our readers with the details of the conflict. The Scottish cavalry got entangled among the hedges, and were shot down by the English archers; the king himself was taken prisoner after a fierce resistance, and his followers, losing heart, broke their ranks, and retreated to the Scottish border. Two memorials long remained in England of this celebrated battle: the first was a noble cross of carved stone, which Lord Ralph Neville set up on the field of victory, whence it has derived its name of "the battle of Neville's Cross;" the other was "a goodly and sumptuous banner," which the prior of Durham caused to be made, and in the midst of which was fixed St. Cuthbert's corporal-cloth, "to the intent," says the Durham historian, "that it might in future be carried to battle as occasion should serve; and never was it carried and shown on any field but, by the special grace

of God Almighty and the mediation of St. Cuthbert, it brought home victory.”*

The battle of Neville's Cross was fought on the 17th of October 1346; on the 29th of the same month, Queen Philippa joined her royal husband before the gates of Calais. For months the garrison had held out under their brave governor John de Vienne; nor did they yield till, as they wrote to King Philip, they had eaten their horses and their dogs, and nothing remained but to eat one another or surrender. Edward was so enraged by their long resistance, that his first resolve was to put the whole garrison to death. The brave Flemish knight Sir Walter Manny turned him from his savage purpose; yet the terms granted to the noble fellows were hard enough. All were to be given their lives except six of the principal citizens, who were to present themselves to the king bareheaded and barefooted, to deliver to him the keys of the city-gates, and then to suffer death. The bell was rung, and the garrison and inhabitants gathered together, whilst Vienne briefly declared to them the proposed conditions. There was a burst of grief; and then Eustace de St. Pierre, the wealthiest citizen of Calais, stood up and offered himself as one of the victims. “If I die to save my fellow-townsmen,” he said, “I shall, I trust, find grace before God's tribunal: I name myself, therefore, first of the six.” Five others instantly followed his example; and amid the tears and blessings of their countrymen they left the city, and presented themselves before the pavilion of the English king.

Edward, who had suffered much both by sea and land from the men of Calais, and owed them small kindness, ordered their heads to be immediately struck off. Sir Walter Manny again interposed: “Noble king,” he said, “for God's sake do not a thing which will blemish your renown: it would be great cruelty to put to death these honest men.” But Edward only turned away from him as though he heard him not. “They shall die,” he muttered; “for they have slain many of my men.” Then the queen, who had witnessed the whole scene, came and knelt down before her

* This banner, after the dissolution of the abbey, fell into the hands of Whittingham, the Protestant Dean of Durham, “whose wife Katherine,” says the same historian, “did most injuriously burn the same in her fire, to the open contempt and disgrace of all ancient and goodly reliques.”

nusband, and said, whilst her voice was broken with her tears, "Gentle sir, since, at the peril of my life, I passed the sea to come hither I have asked you no favour; but now, for the love of the ever-blessed Son of the Virgin Mary, and for the love of me, your true wife, I pray you take pity on these six burgesses." Edward could refuse her nothing: "Ah, dame," he said, "I would you had been any where but here: but I cannot deny you; therefore take your prisoners, and do with them what you will." Her will was to show them every kindness that lay in her power; and bringing them with her to her tent, she ordered the halters to be taken from their necks, and new clothes to be given them; and after they had dined at their leisure, she gave each a purse of money, and sent them back free and unharmed to Calais. There are some reasons for believing that Edward's severity on this occasion was feigned, and that he had no real intention of sacrificing the citizens of Calais, but only sought to display the completeness of his power over them. In general, he did full honour to those who offered him a brave resistance. When the French attempted to surprise and retake the city, the king chose in a chivalric whim to fight as a simple knight under the banner of Sir Walter Manny. In this character he maintained a single combat with the French knight Eustace de Ribeaumont, who twice brought him to the ground by a blow on his helmet, but was at last overpowered and taken prisoner by his royal antagonist. When the fight was over, and the French fairly driven out of the town, Edward invited his prisoners to sup with him, whilst he and the Black Prince waited on their guests; and when supper was done, he rose, and taking from his head a rich chaplet of pearls, he placed it on the brows of Sir Eustace. "Sir knight," he said, "the prize of valour is this day yours: wear my chaplet for my sake; and wherever you go, tell the ladies that it was given by the king of England to the bravest of knights." He then released him without ransom.

The hero of Crecy was not less successful by sea than he was by land. The August of 1350 saw him cruising with fifty sail in the Straits of Dover, resolved to punish the insolence of certain Spanish pirates who had plundered some English ships. Seated on the forecastle of his vessel, dressed in a suit of black velvet, the English monarch entertained himself with his minstrels till the Spaniards hove in sight.

A desperate sea-fight followed, in which the two Edwards narrowly escaped drowning; but which ended by their entering the port of Winchelsea in triumph, bringing with them fourteen of the captured Spanish vessels.

In 1348 England was visited by the terrible pestilence of the black death, which spread over every country from China to the Atlantic, and is said to have swept away one third part of the human race. For six years after the taking of Calais a truce was kept between France and England, mainly through the exertions of the Sovereign Pontiff, whose efforts to put an end to these miserable wars had from the first been most unwearied. The terms offered by Edward were not unreasonable, but the pride of the French rejected them; and in 1355 hostilities recommenced. The young prince was despatched to France to begin a fresh campaign; but before he did so, he visited all the holy sanctuaries in England* to invoke a blessing on his arms. Philip of Valois was now dead; and his son John, who had succeeded him on the throne, burnt with the desire of driving the English utterly out of his dominions. At the head of an immense force, he surprised the prince at a little village about eight miles from Poitiers. The English numbered no more than 8000 men; the French forces at the lowest computation exceeded 60,000. "There," says Froissart, "you might have seen plenty of fine armour, with banners and pennons waving in the wind; for the flower of France was there, and none durst have stayed at home without he would have been shamed for ever."

The exclamation of the Black Prince at the moment when he perceived the approach of the enemy shows that he knew the greatness of his danger. "God help us," he said; "it remains only that we fight bravely." Nevertheless his men, though few in number, were strongly posted on ground covered with hedges and vineyards, which could only be reached through a long narrow lane capable of being well defended. Whilst the French were arranging their

* Among her "holy places" England could boast of the shrines of seven saints, whose holy bodies were preserved incorrupt. These were, St. Elphege at Canterbury; St. Edward the Confessor at Westminster; St. Edmund at Bury; SS. Etheldreda and Withburga at Ely; St. Waltheof at Melrose; and the great St. Cuthbert at Durham. The pilgrimage to "the seven incorrupt" was a favourite devotion among the English.

plan of attack, the Cardinal Perigord arrived on the field, —sent by the Pope to make peace between the two armies, and, if possible, to prevent the shedding of blood; and spent the whole day riding between the camps carrying proposals for a truce. The prince was ready to accept any reasonable terms, “saving his own and his people’s honour;” but King John, who never doubted of victory, spurned the very idea of making terms with an enemy whom he looked on as completely in his power. In vain did the Cardinal kneel at his feet, and conjure him “*in the name of God and humility*” to listen to reason; the utmost he could obtain was, that the battle should be deferred till the morrow. When the morrow came, and the prelate renewed his generous efforts, he was roughly told to bring no more words of peace; but to depart, and that quickly, if he loved his life. “God help the right,” said the prince when he received the Cardinal’s message: “for you, gentlemen, I require you this day to do your devoir; and, if it please God and St. George, you shall this day see me a good knight.”

The French cavalry now entered the lane and began the attack; but the archers, who lined the hedges on either side, poured in their arrows on the dense column of horsemen, who were speedily thrown into disorder. The hinder ranks pressed hard on those in front and increased the confusion, and soon those who could escape from the murderous volley of English arrows fell back in retreat. The second division also wavered; and the brave old knight Sir John Chandos, who acted through the day as the faithful guardian of the young prince, saw that one decisive stroke was all that was needed to gain the day. “Sir,” he said, “let us mount and charge the French king, for with him lieth the battle.” “It shall be so,” replied Edward; then, turning to his followers, he gave the word, “Advance, banner, in the name of God and St. George!” and leaping into their saddles, the English galloped into the thick of the combat. The Constable of France, at the head of a chosen body of men-at-arms, met them on their way, and a sharp conflict ensued, whilst the cries of “Montjoy St. Denis!” and “St. George for Guienne!” rang through the air. King John himself fought with conspicuous bravery: by his side was his youngest son Philip, a little hero of sixteen, who kept his eyes fixed on his father, crying from time to time, “Father,

♥ Froissart.

guard yourself to the right, guard yourself to the left." John was struck to the ground, and narrowly escaped being slain ; but at last yielded himself a prisoner, and together with his son was borne to the English camp. His capture completed the rout of his followers. The battle had begun in the morning, and at noon the English were masters of the field, and of a host of prisoners who literally doubled the number of their captors. That day for ever established the fame of the Black Prince; yet its glory to him consisted less in his astonishing victory and his heroic deeds of arms than in the generosity and moderation he displayed in the hour of success. He entertained his prisoners at supper, himself waited on them as they sat at table, and consoled them in their misfortunes with the most generous courtesy ; assuring the king that he had at least won the renown of prowess, for that all would yield to him the prize and chaplet of the day's combat.

The victory of Poitiers was followed by a two-years truce, which enabled the prince to return to England, bringing the captive monarch with him. He entered London in triumph : that city exhibited a spectacle of magnificence such as Rome herself had rarely witnessed ; and in the midst of all the chivalric display of banners and armour, and streets hung with tapestry, was seen John of France, superbly mounted on a cream-coloured charger ; whilst the prince, as though he would yield to his captive the honours of the day, rode by his side on a little pony, with nothing in his dress or accoutrements to distinguish him from the simplest of his knights. King Edward received them at Westminster Hall ; and coming down from his throne, embraced the unfortunate monarch, and led him to a splendid banquet. The Castle of Windsor was assigned for his residence, where, early in the following year, was held the most magnificent chivalric festival which history records,—to inaugurate the foundation of the new order of knighthood instituted by the king under the title of the "Order of the Garter,"—John and David, the two captive kings, tilting together in the lists.

The negotiation for peace which followed the battle of Poitiers having failed, King Edward crossed over to France in the October of 1359 to begin a fresh campaign. Again and again had the papal legates interfered, and striven to put an end to this horrible war ; again and again had the



father of Christendom, with his own hand, written letters to the English king, calling on him to forbear from "the slaughter of souls redeemed by the Blood of Christ," and bewailing "the groans of the poor, of little ones, of orphans, and of widows," the destruction of churches, and the profanation of holy places;* Edward's success had made him relentless, and he would be content with nothing short of the sovereignty of France. But before the gates of Paris famine and tempest combined to overcome his pride, and forced him to commence a retreat, during which his superb army was thinned by want and disease. They had reached Chartres, when a storm broke over their heads, so awful and terrific, that it is said thousands were that night struck dead by the lightning and the enormous hailstones. In the midst of the raging wind and the incessant glare of the lightning Edward's heart smote him with remorse. Springing from his saddle, and stretching out his arms towards the cathedral of Chartres, he vowed to God and our Lady to consent to any terms of peace which should be consistent with his honour; and he kept his word. In the May following, "the great peace," as it was called, was signed at Bretigni, and afterwards solemnly confirmed at Calais. The two kings together knelt before the altar, and placing one hand on the paten (whereon was the consecrated Host) and the other on the Book of the Gospels, swore to observe the articles of the treaty. King John was now released, his three sons remaining as hostages for the payment of his ransom; but a delay occurring on the part of the French in the fulfilment of these articles, and one of the hostages having violated his word and returned to Paris, he deemed himself called upon to go back to England; and to the remonstrance of his council returned the memorable answer, that "if honour were banished from every other spot on earth, it should find a refuge in the breasts of princes." Edward received him with respect and affection; but a few weeks after his arrival in London he expired, on the 8th of April 1364.

* Whilst France and England were using their arms against one another, the Turks were making rapid advances into Europe; the danger was repeatedly pointed out by the Roman pontiffs, who bitterly complained, that while torrents of Christian blood were being shed in a war of selfish ambition, the infidel was suffered to approach the gates of Constantinople without opposition.

Whilst the nation was purchasing her military renown at the price of 60,000 men left dead on the battle-fields of France, the old struggle had been going on at home between the royal and the ecclesiastical powers. The Pope had hitherto exercised the right of what was called "providing" in certain cases to vacant benefices. This power had been a check against unlawful elections, or the nomination of improper subjects by the crown. But there is no doubt that many abuses had arisen from its undue exercise, and the too frequent promotion of foreigners was, in particular, viewed with great jealousy by the state. The long wars with France had fostered and increased the national pride, which now gave utterance to loud complaints against what it considered a foreign influence. The Papal provisions were, however, distasteful to the English kings mainly because they promoted men whose dauntless spirit of independence opposed their own encroachments. They had given to the Church a Stephen Langton, a John of Peckham, and many more, the brave and noble defenders of the liberties of the Church and the people. Papal provisions were therefore intolerable in the eyes of the Anglo-Norman kings, and statutes were now passed by which they were in future forbidden, and sentence of outlawry was pronounced against all who should hinder the rights of the crown by such provisions, or should sue at Rome on matters which were declared to belong to the jurisdiction of the king's courts. These statutes were known as the "Statutes of Provisors and of Præmunire;" their enactments were enlarged in succeeding reigns; and the principle of legislation thus introduced was the chief means by which, two centuries later, the royal supremacy was finally established. This national jealousy of Rome ended in the Reformation; it gained its first great victory during the reign of the conqueror of Crecy. Yet perhaps we are wrong in saying that the feeling was as yet a *national* one, though eventually it became so; the English people were still deeply and heartily religious, and full of all the loyal instincts of the faith. What they thought of these new statutes was sufficiently shown during the insurrections of the following century, when, in very unmistakable language, the popular voice declared them to be "most infamous and wicked;" and spite of all the pains and penalties adjudged by acts of parliament against offenders, papal pro-

visions were still made, nor did the Holy See consent to give up its rights till the king had solemnly sworn never to interfere in the elections to vacant bishoprics. This oath, we need scarcely say, was made only to be broken; and gradually the bodies of electors, deprived of the protection of the Popes, were overawed by the royal authority, and whilst the *form* of election was preserved, the real power of nomination was held by the crown.

One of the greatest prelates of England during this reign was William of Wykeham, who from a poor charity boy of Winchester rose to be the king's favourite minister, and was finally made Bishop of his native city and chancellor of the realm. Such promotions were in those days by no means rare: knighthood and nobility belonged exclusively to men of gentle blood, but the dignities of the Church were open to all alike; and the poorest peasant's son, if he had merit and ability, might chance one day to find himself Archbishop. Of course he had first to be educated; but every abbey and every cathedral had its school for rich and poor, where even the poor bondsman was not shut out; a privilege regarded most jealously by their haughty masters, who, so late as the reign of Richard II., petitioned that "villains" (or slaves) might not be suffered to put their children to school, thereby to advance them in the Church; and this "for the honour of the freemen of the kingdom." Hence the close tie of sympathy which existed between the Church and the people; for, notwithstanding state encroachments, England was Catholic England still. Morning and evening the Angelus bell rang from the towers and steeples of those many sanctuaries which the piety of our forefathers had dedicated to the Mother of God, and whose number and beauty had gained for our country its sweet title of "the Dowry of Mary." Devotion to the ever-blessed Virgin lay deep down in the hearts of the English; you could not pass a village-school (for there were village-schools even in those days) but you might hear the children learning their first lesson in singing over the "Alma Redemptoris" and some other of her antiphons; her image stood in every church and every house, beneath the wayside cross, and at the corners of the public streets; and bold knights like Sir John Chandos would lay aside their armorial bearings, and ride into battle, as he did at Poitiers, with no other emblazonment on their shields and surcoats than the figure of the

Virgin Mother. Not a year passed but saw some fresh institution of Catholic piety, raised for the solace of suffering in every form. Union workhouses, indeed, had as yet no existence; but in their place every town—we had almost said every village—had its hospital for the poor of Christ, founded by the alms of the faithful and administered by holy men. It seems like a dream to open the records of those times, and read of the abbeys and hospitals, the holy shrines and places of pilgrimage, the guilds for the living, the chantries for the dead, the unnumbered inventions of faith and piety which England once possessed, in richer abundance, it would almost seem, than any other land.

Heresy as yet was an unknown crime in England; but the time had come when its first fatal seeds were to be sown. In 1360, people began to hear something of John Wickliffe, of his fierce attacks on the clergy, whether secular or regular, and of the strange and revolutionary doctrines which were spread through the country by his followers, to whom the common people gave the name of *Lollards*.* They heard that he denounced Bishops and priests as “hypocrites and Antichrists,” because they held benefices; and yet, strange enough, that the preacher did not think it necessary to enforce his doctrine by resigning the revenues of his own rich rectory of Lutterworth. He was, however, left to preach and wrangle unmolested for seventeen years; but at last, in 1377, was summoned before the primate and Courtenay Bishop of London to explain his conduct. He appeared in court supported by two of the greatest nobles in England, whom he had made his friends, namely, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and Percy, Lord-Marshal of England. This imposing array was intended to overawe the Bishops, and Lancaster went so far as grossly to insult the Bishop of London in the open court. Then, as in the days of St. Anselm and St. Thomas, the feeling of the people declared itself on the side of the Church. They rose in defence of their Bishop, drove the duke back to his palace, tore down his arms, and loudly denounced him as a “traitor.” Courtenay at last pacified the enraged multitudes; whilst Wickliffe was dismissed with no heavier punishment than a rebuke, and a command to keep silence on the points in dispute.

King Edward was not so busy with his French wars as

* Literally “singers,” a name derived, probably, from their psalm-singing propensities.

to neglect the other affairs of his kingdom. His government was strong and vigorous, and he always preserved the affection and good-will of his subjects. The condition of the feudal bondsmen had been gradually mending during the two previous reigns; in that of Edward III. a vast number of these bondsmen obtained their freedom, and worked as hired labourers instead of slaves. Edward himself freed all the serfs on his royal manors; and the immediate effect of this change was to increase what are called the industrial classes of the kingdom, and thereby to give an immense impulse to trade and manufactures. Queen Philippa, too, did her best to promote the same end by actively encouraging every kind of useful art: this great queen did not think it beneath her to take under her protection the wool-trade and the coal-mines of her adopted country. She sent to Flanders for a company of weavers, and settled them at Norwich, where they introduced many improvements, in all of which the queen interested herself in a lively manner. Then she obtained from her husband a grant of the Tyne-dale coal-mines, which had begun to be worked in Henry III.'s time, but were given up, partly from want of enterprise or want of funds, and partly because the citizens of London made grievous complaints of the nuisance of the *smoke* from this new combustible. But Queen Philippa seems to have despised their prejudice, and the London merchants soon ceased to complain of the "nuisance" which accompanied so profitable a trade.

The English dominions in France, extending from the Loire to the Pyrenees, were, soon after the Peace of Breigny, erected into a principality, which was bestowed on the Black Prince, who ruled it under the title of "the Prince of Aquitaine." His court at Bourdeaux was the most brilliant in Europe. All the bravest knights of Christendom flocked thither to pay their homage to "the flower of Christian chivalry." In 1366 he engaged in a war the object of which was the restoration to his throne of Don Pedro the Cruel, King of Castile, who had been driven from his kingdom by his brother Henry. Pedro was a man stained with the blackest crimes; but the prince, to whose protection he had appealed, felt himself bound, according to the laws of chivalry, to take up his cause; and leading a gallant army into Spain, he gained the brilliant victory of Navaretta over the united forces of Don Henry and his French

ally the celebrated Bertrand de Guesclin, and soon reseatad Pedro on his throne. But glorious as had been the success of his arms, it brought no fruit to the conqueror save an exhausted treasury and a ruined constitution. His health utterly broke down, and the hero of Poitiers was soon unable so much as to mount his horse. Harassed by debt and enfeebled by disease, he was not able to lead his armies into the field when, in 1370, King Charles of France renewed the war; and in a few years England was stripped of almost all her conquests.* The prince returned to England, and spent the remaining years of his life in retirement.

A dark shadow seemed to rest on the close of this reign, the earlier years of which had been so brilliant and glorious. In 1369 the good Queen Philippa died; "and firmly do I believe," says the French chronicler Froissart, who knew her well, "that her spirit was caught up by the holy angels and carried to heaven, for she had never done any thing by thought or deed to endanger her soul." The king after her death sank into a state of dotage; and his second son, the Duke of Lancaster, governed the kingdom in his name. The exactions and corruption of his government won him the hatred of the nation; and in 1376 a parliament, long known by the name of the Good Parliament, supported by King Edward's excellent minister Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, and other men of honour and integrity, drove him and his friends from power, and set about the task of reforming abuses. Spite of disease and suffering, the Black Prince once more appeared in public to give his cordial support to the "good parliament." This, however, was his last act: in the June following he died, being assisted in his last moments by Wykeham; and was laid to rest in the cathedral of Canterbury, where his tomb may still be seen. His death was followed by that of the king, who expired abandoned and uncared for by the miserable favourites into whose hands he had given himself since the loss of his excellent queen. A poor Franciscan friar found him lying on his death-couch alone and in his agony. He had no time to administer to him the Sacraments of the Church; but, holding a crucifix before his eyes, called on him to prepare to appear before his

* It was in the course of this campaign that the Black Prince stained his great name by the massacre of Limoges, when 3000 helpless inhabitants were slaughtered without mercy, by his cor-
venge for the city having opened its gates to the French.

Judge. Edward's failing senses revived; and taking the friar's hand in his, he pressed the crucifix to his lips and expired, on the 21st of June 1377.

He left three sons,—John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster, Edmond Duke of York, and Thomas Duke of Gloucester; but neither of these succeeded him. Richard of Bourdeaux, the son of the Black Prince, a boy of eleven years of age, had already been acknowledged by the parliament as heir to his grandfather's throne, and was immediately proclaimed king with the title of Richard II.

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*Kings of France:* Philip VI., John II., and Charles V. *King of Scotland:* David Bruce. *Popes:* John XXII., Clement VI., Innocent VI., and Urban V. *Emperor of Germany:* Louis of Bavaria.

CHAP. XIV. RICHARD OF BOURDEAUX.

1377-1399.

THE last years of the great Edward had been shrouded in so much that was melancholy and inglorious, that the accession of his grandson was hailed by the people with transports of loyal enthusiasm. It was the age of shows and pageants, but never had London witnessed such pageants as those which welcomed the entrance into his capital of Richard of Bourdeaux and his subsequent coronation. He was then a beautiful fair-haired boy, just old enough to have shown tokens of the warm imagination and passionate disposition of the sunny southern land which had given him birth, and not too old to take delight in the mimic castles which flowed with good Burgundy wine at every street-corner, and the little children dressed as angels who blew gold-leaf in his face and showered paper florins over him, whilst the multitudes shouted a noisy welcome to the son of their favourite prince.

The government of the kingdom was meanwhile intrusted to Richard's three uncles, and it soon became evident that more serious events than city pageants were to mark the young king's reign. We have said that vast numbers of the bondsmen had obtained their freedom under the late king; and this most just and beneficial change had some effects which at first were any thing but beneficial. Those who still remained in bondage grew discontented with their

condition, and those who had gained their freedom did not know how to use it. The Lollards too made matters worse by the new ideas which they spread among their ignorant followers. These worthies, besides teaching most of the heresies afterwards revived by the Protestants of the sixteenth century, preached in favour of community of goods, and declared that every man living in sin might justly be deprived of his property. All men were alike descended from Adam, and had an equal right to the goods of nature ;—this was the grand theory on which they started, and which they embodied in the well-known couplet,

“When Adam dived and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?”

John Ball, a half-crazy Lollard priest, roamed over the country preaching these strange doctrines in the churchyards on Sundays, and attracting the country people round him as they came out of church. It needed but a spark to set fire to the train, and this was soon provided by the government. In 1380, a tax called the poll-tax was imposed, odious in its very nature, and yet more so by the manner in which it was levied. Wat Tyler, an Essex blacksmith, enraged at the brutality of one of the collectors, struck him dead with his hammer ; his neighbours took his part, and the commotion spread so rapidly, that before long the whole labouring population from Kent to the Humber were in arms. Under the leadership of Wat Tyler and a few audacious men, some of them apostate priests, they marched to London, and encamped on Blackheath, to the number of 100,000 men. After committing all kinds of excesses, they at last entered the capital, whose streets soon became the scene of mingled massacre and plunder. They broke into the Tower, and murdered the noble old primate Simon of Sudbury. There was but one man who preserved his presence of mind, and that was the young king himself. He sent word to the insurgents that he would himself meet them and hear their demands ; and in spite of the prayers of his mother and his courtiers, he resolved to keep his promise. Stow in his chronicles tells us, that before he rode out on that memorable 15th of June, when a beardless boy of sixteen was with a few brave words to quell a revolution, he went to Westminster Abbey, and prayed long and earnestly before the high altar. He then sought out a holy man who lived as an anchorite in the abbey-church, and humbly made his

confession ; and thus prepared, if need be, for death, he mounted his horse and, followed by only sixty attendants, rode to Smithfield. Tyler immediately spurred forward to meet him, and addressing him with insolent familiarity, laid his hand on the king's bridle. Walworth, Mayor of London, who suspected some treachery, immediately drew his sword, and stabbed the rebel chieftain to the heart. A cry was raised from the armed multitudes ; but ere they could bend their cross-bows Richard galloped up, and fearlessly addressed them. "What are you doing, my men ?" he said ; "Tyler was but a traitor ; follow me, and I will be your leader." His boldness succeeded, and without resistance they followed him as far as Islington. He then commanded them to return to their homes ; and though many of his nobles and councillors would have taken vengeance on them for their excesses, he would not suffer a single man of them to be harmed. Nor was this all : when the parliament met the king declared his own sentiments to be in favour of the total abolition of the state of serfdom, or slavery, throughout the country. Such a proposal, however, was far too enlightened and generous for the times. Lords and Commons were seized with indignation : "Rather die all in one day," they said ; and the king, against his better feelings, was forced to yield. The great English landowners never forgave him this most revolutionary proposal ; "and from that hour," says a French historian, "Richard was a doomed man."* The insurrections did not entirely cease till 1382, when, on occasion of the king's marriage with Anne of Bohemia, long loved and remembered in England by the name of the "good Queen Anne," a general pardon was published, and the disturbances subsided. During Richard's minority the country was torn by miserable factions : kept in a state of galling restraint by his uncles, he saw his most faithful servants put to death, and had no power to save them ; and many an injury and humiliation was laid up in his heart to be afterwards most bitterly avenged. At length, in his twenty-second year, he succeeded by a bold stroke in throwing off the yoke, and took the reins of government into his own hands.

His ministers, among whom was his father's faithful friend William of Wykeham, were wisely chosen, and for many years the country was tranquil and happy. The Eng-

* Michélet.

lish court was the most splendid in Europe ; and marvellous are the tales we read of the jousts and tournaments, the "gowns of gold garnished with pearls and precious stones," as well as of the messes of meat served out daily to 10,000 followers and 6,000 indigent poor, and the 300 cooks and servitors of the royal establishment. The enormous expenses of Richard's household were often the subject of inquiry in parliament. "What is it to them," Richard would contemptuously reply, "how I pay my household, if I do not ask them for the money ?" So long as his good queen lived, this lavish expenditure was the only fault which could be charged against him. She was the universal peace-maker. and on one occasion flung herself at her husband's feet to plead for mercy on behalf of the London citizens, who had incurred his anger by a dangerous riot : "My king," she said, "govern your citizens as a gracious lord ; all men are liable to err." Richard could refuse her nothing, and restored the citizens to favour ; by the speech he addressed to them it would seem that, as usual, the Lollards had been the chief movers of the tumult. "Henceforth," he said, "avoid offence to your sovereign, and preserve the ancient faith. Despise those new doctrines which your fathers never knew, and defend the Catholic Church ; for there is no order of men in her which is not dedicated to the worship of God."

Among Richard's redeeming qualities must be reckoned a love of learning and the arts. The two poets Gower and Chaucer found in him a noble patron, and he himself was no mean poet and musician. But the military successes of the preceding reign had so dazzled the imagination of the people, that no king had now a chance of securing their admiration who did not lead his armies across the Channel and beat the French. As for Richard's courtly accomplishments, his warlike nobles viewed them with contempt : "the king," they said, "was little better than a minstrel."

In 1394 Queen Anne died, and the happiness of England seemed to have departed with her. From that time Richard sought to convert his government into a royal despotism ; he succeeded in almost destroying the existence of the parliament, and for some years reigned with absolute power. One act alone belonging to this period deserves our praise ; it was his reconquest, as we may almost term it, of Ireland, and his efforts to give that ill-used country the benefit of English law. In this attempt he was foiled, as in the mat-

ter of the bondsmen, by the clamours of the Anglo-Irish lords, who "would hear of no such thing;" yet Ireland owes a kindly feeling to the memory of this king, who would fain have broken down the barrier that separated the two nations, and granted equal privileges to both.

But the old jealousies now revived. Gloucester, who during his nephew's minority had incurred his enmity by the merciless execution of Richard's favourite followers, was now charged with treason, and thrown into prison. In vain did he plead in most eloquent terms, "by the passion of the Son of God and His compassion for His dear Mother on the cross," for pity and compassion towards himself. He had shown none to others, and he received none. He was sent to Calais, where a few days later he was reported to have *died in prison*, being, as most men believed, secretly murdered by the king's command; though of this there is no certain proof.

There was still, however, one man in England whom Richard feared; it was Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Hereford, the son of John of Gaunt, and the most gallant and popular of all the English nobles. Together with the Duke of Norfolk, he had been engaged in some treasonable conspiracy; but a quarrel breaking out between them, Bolingbroke publicly charged the duke with his treason, and offered to prove his words by trial of combat. A court of chivalry was held at Windsor, attended by all the knights and barons of England, and the combat was appointed to be fought at Coventry, on the 16th of September 1398. The two dukes entered the lists in presence of the king and an immense assemblage; the word had already been given for the onset, when suddenly the king threw down his warder, and commanded the combatants to desist. He then gave his decision of the cause, which was that, to preserve the peace of the kingdom, both parties should quit the land. Hereford was banished for ten years, and Norfolk for life. The sentence was obeyed, and the dreaded Bolingbroke left England; carrying with him, however, the pity and sympathy of his countrymen, who deemed him hardly used. Ere three months had passed, his father, the old Duke of Lancaster, died; and his vast estates were immediately seized by the king, who asserted that his son, being outlawed, had forfeited his inheritance. This act of gross injustice sealed the fate of Richard. Whilst he was absent in Ireland, avenging

the murder of his cousin the Earl of March,* whom he had acknowledged heir to the throne, Bolingbroke returned to England, resolved to claim his rights. He was immediately joined by some of the great northern nobles, and in their presence solemnly swore on the Gospels that his only object was to recover his father's dukedom. He had landed on the Yorkshire coast with twenty followers; but by the time he reached London he found himself at the head of 60,000 armed men. Richard hastened from Ireland, to find himself dethroned. Betrayed by the traitor Earl of Northumberland, who swore on the Blessed Sacrament to bring Duke Henry to Flint Castle, and persuade him to agree to terms of peace, Richard consented to meet his rival. As he was descending the steep declivity which led to the sea-shore where the castle stands, he caught a glimpse of banners and pennons in the valley below. "God of paradise!" he exclaimed, "I am betrayed:" then, as Northumberland rode up and seized his bridle, he turned to his followers and repeated, "I am betrayed; but our Lord also was sold and delivered to His enemies."

He reached Flint Castle a prisoner; and the following day Henry appeared at the head of an immense army, and, clad in complete armour, entered the presence of the unhappy monarch. "My lord," he said, "I am come before my time; but your people complain that you rule them badly; with God's help, I will help you to govern better." A few weeks later and Richard had been carried to the Tower, where an act was forced from him by which he was made to resign his crown, and choose his cousin Lancaster as his successor. The next day lords and commons assembled in Westminster Hall to witness an extraordinary spectacle. Near the empty throne, which was covered with cloth-of-gold, stood Henry of Lancaster. The king's pretended act of resignation was read, and then a document which charged him with having violated his coronation oath by numberless deeds of oppression, and thereby forfeited his crown. One man alone had the courage and fidelity to rise and speak in his behalf; it was Thomas Merks, Bishop of Carlisle, who offered a bold and manly defence of his injured sovereign: but the moment he sat down he was taken into custody and

* Mortimer Earl of March, son of Philippa, the daughter and heiress of Lionel Duke of Clarence, the fourth son of Edward III, and the elder brother of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster.

committed to prison. Arguments of this kind are generally convincing, and Richard was accordingly deposed and degraded by the votes of all present. Then Lancaster rose, and solemnly making the sign of the cross, pronounced these words: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, I, Henry of Lancaster, challenge this realm of England, being descended by blood from the good lord King Henry III., and through that right have been sent by God to recover it, the which realm being in point to be undone for default of governance and the undoing of good laws." The Archbishop then led him to the throne, and the multitudes by their shouts and acclamations proclaimed him king.

Richard meanwhile was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment; but he was far from having forfeited the affections of his people, as Lancaster and his followers pretended. Three months from his deposition, the West of England rose in his favour: the insurrection was soon put down, and its brave and noble leaders perished by the hangman's hands as traitors; and before another month was out, Richard was declared to have starved himself to death in prison. But the popular belief was, that his starvation had been the result of Henry's orders; whilst, according to other accounts, he met his death at the hands of seven armed ruffians, and after a lion-like resistance was felled to the ground by the blow of a pole-axe. Though the exact manner of his death is undetermined, it has long ceased to be a matter of doubt that Henry of Lancaster stands charged with the guilt of his murder.

King Richard was twice married: first to Anne of Bohemia, and then to the Princess Isabel of France; but he left no children by either marriage. The right of succession therefore descended to Edward, the infant son of the Earl of March, who was kept a close prisoner during the lifetime of Henry of Lancaster.

Before entering on the history of the succeeding reign, we must add a few words on the fate of Wickliffe. Being again summoned to explain his opinions, he published a kind of apology, wherein he took refuge in a series of quibbles and evasions. Black was made to seem white with the most astonishing ingenuity, and once more Wickliffe was dismissed with no severer sentence than a charge in future to use a plainer style of language. But in 1382, Courtenay

being then primate, a synod was called, in which a censure was formally pronounced against his opinions as dangerous and heretical; his works were seized and condemned; and finding that he could no longer reckon on the support of the Duke of Lancaster, who began to be heartily ashamed of him, he appealed to the protection of parliament. This act seems to have scandalised his best friends, who now advised him to submit. He accordingly read a profession of orthodox faith in the presence of the Bishops, after which he was suffered to retire to his rectory. Two years later, whilst assisting at Mass, he was struck with apoplexy, and died within a few days. Our readers must allow that in this first trial for heresy the English prelates cannot certainly be charged with erring on the side of severity, nor were harsher measures resorted to for the suppression of Lollardism till the wild fanaticism of the sect threatened the destruction of all social rights.

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*King of France:* Charles VI., 1380. *Kings of Scotland:* Robert II., Robert III. *Popes:* Urban VI., 1378; Boniface IX., 1389.

Institutions, Inventions, Discoveries, &c.—Cannon are said to have been first used at the battle of Crecy and the siege of Calais. The art of oil-painting was discovered about the same time. The English language was allowed to be used in the courts of law for the first time since the Conquest; a benefit for which the people were indebted to the hatred for every thing French which rose out of the French wars. Many domestic improvements were introduced in this century; among others, the use of *chimneys*, hitherto unknown in England. Windsor Castle was rebuilt on a magnificent scale by King Edward III., who employed William of Wykeham as his architect. This great man was the founder of the two colleges of Winchester and New College, Oxford, which began a new era in the history of education. The colleges were built from his designs; and their statutes, drawn up by his own hand, formed the model on which those of Eton and King's College were afterwards framed. Several of the other colleges of Oxford and Cambridge were likewise founded; amongst others, Queen's College, Oxford, by Queen Philippa and her chaplain Robert d'Eglesfield. Among other eminent men in the reign of Edward III. were John de Stratford, the bold defender of the Church's rights, and Bradwardine, "the profound doctor," the most learned man of his time; both Archbishops of Canterbury.

Commerce and shipping made rapid advances during the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. The English traders being greatly annoyed during the latter reign by the foreign privateers, Philpot, a London citizen, hired at his own cost 1000 armed men, fitted out a flotilla of ships, and despatched them to sea, where they captured upwards of fifteen Spanish vessels. It was in the same reign that the first navigation laws were passed, with the object of encouraging English shipping. There were few or no shops in the country towns and villages of England during the fourteenth century; and people had to supply themselves with all that they required at the great fairs held in various parts of the country. St. Giles's fair, near Winchester, lasted sixteen days, and supplied the country round within 100 miles.

The costume of the time was fanciful and costly in the extreme. At the splendid tournaments and spectacles, which formed the favourite amuse-

ment, the nobles carried a fortune on their backs. Suits of cloth-of-gold, embroidered with pearls, or trimmed with valuable furs, took the place of the plain homespun cloth of the days of the first Edward. But the perfection of finery was thought to consist in a man's coat being half of one colour and half of another: one leg was red perhaps, and another blue; one clothed in a boot, the other in a shoe and stocking. The shoes terminated in points so long that they had to be fastened to the knee by a chain. Whilst the gentlemen delighted in their peaked and pointed shoes, the ladies adorned themselves with a head-dress of drapery arranged over two enormous horns. These extravagances at last reached such a height as to be made the subject of ecclesiastical censure, and acts of parliament were passed to regulate the expenses of dress.

Literature.—Gower and Chaucer, the two earliest English poets; the latter of whom, called "the father of English poetry," died in the year 1400. Sir John Mandeville published in 1350 a book of travels in the East; the first English prose-writing which had yet appeared, whence he is sometimes called "the father of English prose." Froissart, the admirable chronicler of the age, though not an Englishman, resided many years at the English court. In Italy, the great poets Dante and Petrarch flourished about the same time.

Important Events.—The great schism, as it is called, broke out in 1378, when Urban VI. being elected Pope, a certain number of the Cardinals chose another Pope, who took the title of Clement VI. Whilst Urban and his successors, who were the lawful pontiffs, resided at Rome, Clement took up his residence at Avignon. The states of Christendom were divided in their allegiance; France took the side of Clement the Antipope: but during the whole thirty-eight years that this most grievous schism lasted, England remained faithful to the true successor of St. Peter.

The Turks, under their sultan Amurath I., made their first settlement in Europe in the year 1360, when they took possession of the city of Adrianople. Greenland was discovered by the Venetians; and Madeira, and the Canary, or Fortunate Islands, by the Spaniards. A story is told, that the English ambassador at Rome, hearing that the Pope had granted possession of the Fortunate Islands to the King of Spain, hurried home in great alarm, no other western islands being then known but those of Great Britain and Ireland.

CHAP. XV. HENRY IV.

1399-1413.

Up to the period of his accession, Henry Bolingbroke had been the most popular man in England; but the crime by which he had seized the throne seemed to weigh against him, and from that hour he did nothing great or glorious. The fourteen years of his reign were spent for the most part in quelling insurrections; for in spite of the misgovernment of his later years, King Richard was beloved by many of the people, who refused to believe in his death, and rose again and again to effect his restoration. In hopes of diverting men's minds from the subject of his questionable title, and of winning something of that military renown which in the fourteenth century was sure to gain the favour of the English nation, Henry began a war with Scotland. His own campaign was completely without success; but in 1402 the Scots were defeated at Homildon Hill by the Earl

of Northumberland and his gallant son Henry, surnamed Hotspur; the victory being gained, as usual, by the English archers. Douglas, the Scottish chief, with many other nobles, were taken prisoners; but the pride of the Percies took fire at the demand made by the king for the surrender of their captives; and when, in the next year, a new rebellion broke out, the earl and his son were at the head of it. At the same time, the Welsh, under their brave chieftain Owen Glendower, made a desperate effort to recover their independence; but Henry, in company with his eldest son, Harry of Monmouth, by a rapid march prevented the two bodies of insurgents from joining their forces, and on the 21st of July gave battle to Hotspur and his followers before the walls of Shrewsbury. Hotspur and Douglas, once rivals in glory, now fought side by side; together they pierced the enemy's ranks, carrying every thing before them, whilst the war-cry of "Espérance, Percy!" rang through the field. The day seemed well-nigh theirs, when an arrow shot at random pierced the brain of the English chieftain; and his followers losing heart, the victory declared itself for the king.

In 1405, the north of England was again in arms. There was a general feeling of discontent with Henry's government, and loud cries were raised for the redress of grievances. On the great doors of York Minster a paper was fixed containing a list of accusations against the king.*

* After charging Henry with his treason to the late king, this document complains that he has ratified "that most wicked statute (of *præmunire*) directed against the power and principality of the Holy Roman See, as delivered by our Lord Jesus Christ to the Blessed Peter and his successors." It then goes on to point out with singular clearness the abuses springing from royal patronage of benefices, such as the promotion of illiterate and unworthy persons from motives of family interest; and concludes by saying, "that the same most wicked statute is not only opposed to the rights of St. Peter, but that it is destructive to the clergy and to the knighthood and republic of the realm, because from one thing another always follows." The statute here alluded to was an extension of that passed in the reign of Edward III., and forbade, under severe penalties, the bringing into England of any bulls or sentences of excommunication from the court of Rome, besides confirming all the provisions of previous statutes. There is no doubt that the sentiments expressed in the protest were those entertained by the whole northern population of England, always eminent for their deep Catholic feeling; and that the encroachments of the royal power upon the Church were among the chief of those "grievances" of which they now complained.

Scroop, Archbishop of York, a holy and learned prelate, beloved and venerated by all his flock, supported the demands of the people, and presented himself before the leaders of the royal forces to explain the evils of which they complained. He was seized and carried to London; and on the courageous refusal of Chief-Justice Gascoigne to condemn him to death, was beheaded by the king's command, without so much as the form of a trial. On the very day of his execution Henry was seized with a leprosy, which he bore to the hour of his death, and which frightfully marred that singular personal beauty, in which, as he afterwards acknowledged in one of his moments of profound repentance, he was wont in younger days to take a vain delight. The people looked on it as a judgment from heaven, and preserved the memory of Scroop as that of a martyr.

Meanwhile Glendower proved a more difficult enemy to deal with than the northern earls. In his mountain fastnesses he succeeded in repulsing every army sent against him, proclaimed himself Prince of Wales, and set at defiance the whole power of the king and his gallant son. According to popular belief, he owed his success to his skill in magic; and marvellous were the tales of enchantment brought back from the Welsh mountains by the beaten English soldiers. We will not pause to tell our readers the tales, scarcely less marvellous, which the Welsh bards have left us of the prince-magician's castle,—of "its golden cloisters," its "fair towers of carved timber-work," its chimneys, corn-mills, fish-ponds, rabbit-warrens, and other wonders. He remained in undisturbed possession of them all to the day of his death; and when, fifteen years later, Harry of Monmouth was fighting on the plains of Agincourt, Owen Glendower was still reigning as Prince of Wales.

But there was yet another danger which threatened the country from a very different quarter. During the troubles of the last reign the Lollards had been gradually gaining ground, and their audacity had at last reached a height which threatened the overthrow alike of Church and State. Their political opinions were what would be styled in the present day *Chartist* or *Red Republican*. Equality of rank and community of goods were their two grand doctrines. In religious matters, they published the most frightful blasphemies against the Holy Mysteries of the altar; their priests took on them to ordain other pretended priests, who pre-

sumed to administer the Sacraments; they railed at the saints, destroyed and defaced their images,* and taught other doctrines grossly offensive to morality. However little sympathy these excesses excited among the general body of the people, some of their views soon became popular in parliament: they were those which were directed against the property of the clergy. The people were every where encouraged not to pay tithes, and the confiscation of the Church revenues was a plan openly avowed by many. But soon even the parliament began to see that if the Lollards succeeded in stripping the Church of her lands and revenues, it would not be long before they attacked the barons also; and so, when Henry, in his very first speech from the throne, declared his intention of protecting the Church, the Commons thought fit to thank him for his zeal, and seconded it by passing the famous statute "*de Hæretico comburendo*" (of the Burning of Heretics). We are not about to justify the provisions of this act; they were as impolitic as they were cruel; for by giving the Lollards the dignity of martyrs, at least in the eyes of their own sect, they obtained for them a sympathy which they would never otherwise have claimed. The cruelty, excessive as it appears in our times, was not, indeed, equally so in the judgment of the fourteenth century, when the whole criminal code was barbarously severe. The *excess* hitherto had been all on the side of mercy; and, as the statute itself declares, these harsher measures had not been resorted to until, after many years of toleration, the pestilent heresies of the Lollards had well-nigh plunged the kingdom into the horrors of revolution, and the religious sense of the people had been shocked by "*enormities too fearful to be mentioned.*"

All we wish our readers to observe is, that the statute was not a canon of the Church, but *an act of parliament*,—a

* * Their hatred was specially directed against our Blessed Lady,—cutting her pictures out of all the illuminated books which fell into their hands, and scratching her name, and those of the saints, out of the Litany. In some of these books they inserted most blasphemous passages of their own against the most holy Virgin. Yet it may be observed that many of them died penitent, and with their last breath invoked the pardon and intercession of her whom they had thus insulted: as Sir Thomas Latimer, who called himself "a false knight to God," and prayed Him "meekly of His grace to take his soul into His mercy, through the beseeching of His holy Mother and His blessed saints."

law passed by King, Lords, and Commons, at a time when their alarm had been sensibly excited for the safety of their own property; that whatever the merit or demerit of the measure, it must be borne *by the state which enacted it*. Its severity checked for a time the violence of the heretics; and when the danger to their own lands and revenues became less imminent, the zeal of the parliament for the defence of those of the Church immediately cooled. The next time Henry applied to the Commons for a subsidy, he was advised to get his supplies from the Church, whose superfluous endowments, they said, would maintain 15 earls, 1500 knights, and 62,000 esquires, besides founding 100 hospitals for the poor. When the king desired them to explain what they meant by "superfluous endowments," they had nothing to say; and he dismissed them with a stern rebuke.

The latter days of Henry's life were embittered by the pangs of remorse, and by the conduct of his eldest son. Prince Henry had given proof of ability and courage in the wars with the Percies and Glendower; but he had a mad-cap love of frolic, and, surrounded by a set of worthless companions, indulged in excesses little becoming his high station. On one occasion it happened that one of his associates had been taken before the Chief-Justice Gascoigne on a charge of felony. The prince came to the court, and demanded the instant release of the prisoner; and on Gascoigne's refusal to interrupt the course of justice, Prince Henry drew his sword. Gascoigne was a man who deemed the dignity of the law superior to the dignity of a prince who forgot what was due to his station, and calmly committed him to the King's Bench. Henry had the good sense and good feeling to submit; and when his father heard what had passed, he exclaimed, "I am a happy king to have a judge so true to his duty, and a happy father to have a son who knows how to submit to the law!"

In his forty-sixth year King Henry was already an old man. Suffering of mind and body had worn him to a shadow, and in his hours of anguish he broke out in frequent expressions of deep and bitter repentance. He was seized with long and deadly swoons; during one of which, it is said, the prince, entering his apartment, and believing him actually dead, commanded the crown which lay by his pillow to be removed to another chamber. When Henry revived, and understood what had been done, he sent for the prince:

"Alas, fair son," he said, "what right have you to the crown, when you know your father had none?" "My liege," replied Henry, "with the sword you won it, and with the sword I will keep it." "Well," answered the king, "do as you will; I leave the issue to God; and may He have mercy on my soul." He was seized with his last mortal sickness while praying before the shrine of St. Edward in Westminster Abbey. Borne insensible to the abbot's lodgings, he revived, and asked where he was. He was answered, "In the Jerusalem Chamber." "Then shall I die," he replied; "for long since was I told I should die in Jerusalem;" and, in fact, he had, under this belief, received the Cross, intending to undertake a crusade for the remission of those sins which weighed so heavily on his soul. He then commanded that they should recite the *Miserere*; called his son, and gave him his farewell instructions; and expired, on the 20th of March 1413. His will, couched in terms of profound self-abasement, is full, says Hardyng the chronicler, "of words of high complaint, but naught of restoration of the right heirs of the crown." He had been twice married: first to Mary de Bohun, descendant of the great Bohun, the patriot Earl of Hereford in the reign of Edward I., by whom he had four sons; the second time to Joanna Duchess of Brittany, who in the succeeding reign obtained an evil reputation for supposed crimes of witchcraft.

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*King of France:* Charles VI. *Kings of Scotland:* Robert III., James I., 1406. *Popes:* Boniface IX., 1389; Innocent VII., 1404.

CHAP. XVI. HENRY V

1418-1422.

It would have been no great wonder if the excesses of young Henry's earlier years had made men look forward with some apprehension to the prospect of his accession. Yet they seem to have felt, what was in fact the truth, that his errors were not those of the heart; they lay on the surface only, concealing from view many great and noble qualities. All his better feelings woke within him in the hour when he found himself a king. Leaving his father's deathbed, he shut himself up in his own chamber, and spent the remainder of the day in prayer; and when evening came, it

found him on his knees before the holy recluse who dwelt (as in the days of King Richard) in the abbey-church of Westminster, to whom he made a humble confession of his life. The confession was a good one, for it was followed by reparation of past scandals and resolutions of future amendment ; his worthless companions were all dismissed, and the best and wisest men of the realm were called to his councils.

His first acts bespoke a generous nature : he set free the young Earl of March, restored the exiled son of Hotspur to his dignities and estates, and celebrated with royal splendour the funeral of King Richard, whose body he laid at Westminster by the side of the good Queen Anne, following it to the grave in the character of chief mourner. He then applied himself heart and soul to the affairs of his kingdom ; and every day after dinner, for the space of an hour, his custom was to lean on a cushion set by his table, and there to receive the petitions of the oppressed, which he equitably redressed.

The first event of the new reign was a Lollard insurrection. Henry was no intolerant bigot, but the Lollards knew well enough that he was devoted heart and soul to the Catholic faith ; and during the sitting of his first parliament they had the impudence to affix papers to the church-doors in London, threatening that if any measures were taken against their sect 100,000 men would rise in its defence. At their head was one of Henry's former associates in pleasure, Sir John Oldcastle, Lord of Cobham. Being seized and examined before the primate, he treated that venerable prelate to a long sermon, wherein he informed him that the Pope was the head, the Bishops the limbs, and the religious orders the tail of the great beast. A few days later he escaped from prison ; and at the head of 20,000 armed followers, raised a revolt, whose object was to establish a commonwealth, and to confiscate the Church-revenues. The insurrection was, however, soon put down, and Oldcastle was forced to seek safety in concealment. Meanwhile Henry was cherishing a great design, which soon gave the country something more weighty to think of. Charles VI., king of France, had fallen into a hopeless state of insanity, and whilst in this state his kingdom was torn by miserable factions. Henry resolved to take advantage of the disorders which reigned in the state to revive the old claim of his ancestor Edward III. to the crown of France ; a claim which had

been groundless from the very first, but which, proceeding, as now, from a prince who had no legitimate right to his own throne, was a positive absurdity. However, it did not seem to strike either the king or his subjects in that light; and nobles and prelates joined in urging him to claim his "lawful inheritance," and quarter the golden lilies of France with the royal English leopards. The king pawned his jewels, the nobles sold their plate, to furnish supplies, and every knight and gentleman in England was ready to draw his sword in so popular a cause. We will not fatigue our readers with the introductory negotiations for peace, which failed of course, and were intended to fail; but ask them to suppose King Henry and his 30,000 warriors safe across the Channel and before the walls of Harfleur. A five-weeks siege sufficed to take the city; it opened its gates to the conquerors, and Henry and his barons proceeded barefoot to the great church of St. Martin to give thanks for this first success. When the garrison had been provided for, and sickness had done its work among the troops, their numbers were reduced by about one-half. The council of war suggested the prudence of a return to England. "By your leave, no," said Henry; "we will first see a little more of this good land of France." So with these slender forces he pressed on towards Calais: the march lay through a hostile country, and when they came up with the whole army of France on the plains of Artois the English numbered no more than 12,000 men. These were to be matched against six, or, some writers say, ten times the number of nobles and gentlemen, the best blood in France; for they had scorned to admit a single burgher or peasant among their ranks, saying that none but those of gentle birth were worthy to draw sword in defence of France. Splendidly armed and mounted, they looked with contempt on the handful of men—the "poor and starved" band of English, worn down by sickness and the fatigue of weary marches—who on the night of the 24th of October lay encamped before them. The French spent the night gathered round their watchfires, drinking merrily, and settling beforehand the ransom of their expected captives. Some of the nobles remained on horseback dressed in their armour, to keep it bright from the mud, for the ground had been soaked with the heavy autumn rain. The English were better employed: they mended their armour and examined their bowstrings, while the

priests passed through the ranks and heard their confessions. From time to time Henry commanded the trumpets to sound a martial music; he desired to keep up the spirits of his men, and to inspire them with a confidence of victory. His Welsh esquire, David Gam, was despatched to reconnoitre the enemy. When he was asked their numbers, he replied bluntly, "that there were enough to be killed, enough to be made prisoners, and enough to run away." Sir Walter Hungerford was heard to wish that some of the stout men-at-arms then idle in England were on the field to aid them. "No," said Henry, who overheard the remark, "I would not, by our Lord, that another man were here. If God give the victory to the few, theirs will be the greater honour." Thus passed the night of the 24th of October 1415.

At sunrise the next morning the English warriors, after hearing Mass, marshalled their little army in three divisions. The archers were in advance; and, by the king's orders, each man had provided himself with a stout stake sharpened at both ends, which he planted obliquely in the ground before him to keep off the charges of the cavalry. They had thrown away their armour that they might move with greater freedom, and their bare arms and savage appearance struck terror into the beholder. As the king rode through the ranks, they welcomed him with a tremendous shout. In truth, he was a gallant knight to look at; on his helmet of polished steel was set a crown of gold sparkling with jewels, and over his armour he wore a surcoat emblazoned with the golden lilies and leopards. His clear blue eye shone with a calm serenity as he reined his gray charger before each banner, and spoke a few spirited words of encouragement to his followers. Then they sat down and quietly ate their breakfasts, waiting for the attack; but it soon became evident that they were expected to begin the battle. So with a brief ejaculation for help to "God, our Lady, and her true knight St. George," the king advanced in front of his men and gave the well-known word, "Banners,* forward!" Sir Thomas

* Of the five banners borne by the English into the battle, one bore the royal arms, the other four were the banners of the Holy Trinity, of Our Lady, St. Edward, and St. George. Henry himself fought under the banner of the Blessed Virgin. Thus Lydgate declares, in his poem on the battle of Agincourt:

"Our Lady," he said, "that is Heaven's Queen;
Mine own banner with her shall abide."

Some writers tell us that the English, at the signal to advance, knelt

Erpingham threw his baton into the air, and at the signal each man in the English ranks knelt for a moment and kissed the ground; then, signing themselves with the cross, they sprang to their feet again and rushed to the conflict. At about twenty paces from the enemy the archers fixed their stakes into the soft muddy ground, and let fly their arrows. The English fought on foot; but all the French were on horseback, and the horses, blinded with the arrows, and mad with pain, becoming restive, their ranks fell into confusion, and their heavily armed riders sank deep into the yielding soil. In vain they tried to charge their enemies, they could not pierce through the rampart of sharp stakes; and the English archers, flinging their bows behind them, rushed into the midst of the crowded masses, and slaughtered them with sword and battle-axe.

The second division of the French was now brought up; and Henry quickly reformed his men-at-arms and archers, and led them to a second charge. Then followed a tremendous conflict, which lasted for two hours. The king's brother, the Duke of Clarence, was struck to the ground; but Henry strode over his body, and beat off all assailants. He was then attacked by eighteen French knights, who had bound themselves by oath to take the English king dead or alive: one of them brought him to his knees by a blow with his mace; but at that moment three of his Welsh esquires rushed to his rescue, and the eighteen knights perished to a man. His faithful chaplain, who watched him in the fight, tells us how he saw the king striking right and left in the *mêlée*, while the exclamations of "Ha, St. Edward! ha, St. George!" accompanied every blow. At last D'Alençon, the French commander, fought his way to the royal standard, beat down the Duke of York, and, aiming a stroke at the king's helmet, struck off a jewel from his crown. The English drew around him; he saw his danger, and cried aloud, "I yield, I am D'Alençon." Henry held out his hand to save him; but he was too late, the duke was already slain.

and *bit* the ground; a ceremony often alluded to in the old chroniclers of the times, and which in reality had a religious meaning. It was first introduced by the Flemish peasants at the battle of Courtray: a priest stood in front of their ranks, holding the Blessed Sacrament before them; and each man, kneeling down, took a few grains of earth in his mouth, to signify at once his desire and his unworthiness to receive the Holy Communion.

His fall decided the day; the third division of the French fled without striking a blow, and the brave Duke of Brabant arrived on the field only to find it covered with a flying multitude. He had not time to put on his surcoat, but tearing a hole in his banner, threw it over his head; and thus accoutred charged at the English, and was instantly slain. Sixteen hundred English lay dead on the field; whilst the loss of the French is said to have exceeded 10,000 men, most of whom were of noble blood. As Henry rode over the ground, he came to a spot where the three Welshmen who had saved his life lay just expiring. With his own sword he conferred on each of them before they died the rank of knight-banneret, the highest dignity in his power to bestow; and, as historians tell us, he did so not without tears. Then, whilst his heralds were busy examining the arms of the slain, and reckoning their numbers, he called to him the French herald Montjoy, and asked him to whom he judged the honour of the victory. "To you, sire," was the reply. "And what," continued Henry, "is the name of yonder castle?" He was answered that it was the castle of Agincourt. "Then," he replied, "let this battle henceforth and for ever bear the name of *the battle of Agincourt*." He then sent for his chaplains; and believing that his victory was specially due to the divine protection, and to the intercession of St. Crispin and St. John of Beverley, on whose double festival it had been gained, he ordered public thanksgivings to be offered on the bloody field. Aloud they chanted the psalm "In exitu Israel;" and at the verse, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to Thy name give the glory," each man of the English host reverently knelt and kissed the earth, and a triumphant *Te Deum* closed the ceremony. "If God has given me this victory," said the king afterwards, in speaking to his prisoner the Duke of Orleans, "it is not for any merits of mine: for I do firmly believe that He willed the French to be punished; for they tell me that never hath there been known such wickedness and license as now doth reign in France."

It would be difficult to describe the panic which the victory of Agincourt struck into the French, or the mad enthusiasm of delight with which the news was hailed in England. When Henry landed at Dover with a crowd of noble captives,* the people rushed into the sea to meet him, and car-

* The French nobles suffered considerably on the voyage; for,

ried him ashore upon their shoulders. London gave him a triumphal entry, after the fashion of the times ; there were castles and towers without number, with lions and antelopes, angels and giants, on their ramparts, whilst the twelve apostles appeared and sang their welcomes, throwing down live birds which fluttered round the helmets of the soldiers. Little children sat perched upon innumerable turrets and stages, "singing lauds to God ;" for Henry would have no ditties sung in honour of him or of his victory, but willed that all the praise should be rendered to the God of armies. Even the parliament caught the general enthusiasm, and voted ample supplies for a fresh campaign ; and the festival of St. John of Beverley was raised to the rank of a holiday of obligation.

One memorial of the great victory yet remains among us, though sadly perverted from its original design : it is the College of All Souls, Oxford, founded by Archbishop Chicheley in the next reign for the souls of all who fell at Agincourt and for all the faithful departed.

Terms of peace were now proposed by the French ; but Henry's demands were too extravagant to be accepted even by beaten men. He required that the French should invest him with the regency of the kingdom during the lifetime of the king, that he should receive the hand of the Princess Catherine, and should be declared successor to the crown. Such proposals were of course rejected, and the war began anew. We shall not follow the details of his conquests, which in a brief space extended over almost the whole of the north of France from the frontier to the Loire. In Normandy, the city of Rouen maintained a gallant resistance against the descendant of its ancient dukes until, worn out

says Stow, "the sea was marvellously rough and boisterous, and they were so encumbered and vexed that the day of their passage seemed no less bitter to them than the day wherein they had been taken at Agincourt ; nor could they sufficiently marvel that the king had strength wherewithal to resist the rage and boisterousness of the sea." Many of the prisoners were unhappily put to death after the battle was over, under the mistaken impression that the attack was about to be renewed,—as a measure of self-defence, lest during the expected conflict they should rush on the rear of the English, in which case the escape of the latter would have been impossible, as the prisoners far outnumbered their captors. So soon, however, as the mistake was discovered, Henry countermanded his orders, and caused all those who survived to be saved.

with disease and famine, the inhabitants were forced to surrender at discretion, and to assume the red cross, the badge of the English nation. A terrible event in the history of France contributed to the final triumph of the English king. Two factions had hitherto striven for the mastery in the French councils; the one was headed by the Duke of Burgundy, and the other by the Dauphin. In the September of 1419, the duke was treacherously murdered at Monteram, in the very presence and at the instigation of his rival; and the Burgundian party, burning for revenge, immediately avowed themselves the allies of the king of England. The queen and the new Duke of Burgundy now agreed to the terms previously offered; and in the May of 1420 King Henry entered the city of Troyes, then the residence of the French court, where he was espoused to the Princess Catherine and acknowledged by the French parliament as "heir and regent of the kingdom of France." But not for this did hostilities cease; for the Dauphin Charles formed no party to this transaction, and battles and sieges went on as vigorously as ever, in some of which the French, with the powerful aid of their Scottish allies, inflicted heavy losses on the conquerors of Agincourt,—as at the battle of Beaujé, where the English were completely defeated, and Henry's brother, the Duke of Clarence, was among the slain. We can have but little sympathy with a war of conquest, however much it may be gilded by the prowess and the magnanimity of the victor; nor must the glory of Henry's military successes blind us to the fact that they were gained in an unjust cause. But it is fair to add that he ruled his conquered subjects justly and mercifully, and that under the hated English yoke the Norman provinces obtained many liberties and privileges denied them by their native princes. As to his government of England, it is the universal testimony of historians that, during the whole eleven years of his reign, no single complaint was brought against him by his people; and when, in 1416, Oldcastle endeavoured to raise a second insurrection, having called in the Scots to his aid, not a man in all England was to be found to join him. He was taken in the Welsh marches, and brought to London for his trial. He had contrived to mingle treason and heresy in such just proportions, that it was hard to say which crime prevailed. His judges felt the difficulty, and condemned him, therefore, to be hung as a traitor, and afterwards burnt as a heretic;

which sentence was executed at St. Giles's, where, standing under the gallows, he blasphemously declared that on the third day he should rise from his grave. The non-accomplishment of this prophecy seems to have opened the eyes of many whom he had so long deluded, and from that time we hear of no more Lollard insurrections.

The royal navy of England may be said to date its existence from the reign of Henry V. Hitherto the only vessels used in war had been merchant-vessels, which were seized as occasion required ; but Henry caused ships to be built for the exclusive service of the crown, and there is still to be seen in the Tower records a letter in his handwriting, desiring his chancellor to make out patents under the Great Seal for the masters of "our own great ships and barges." These patents were the first commissions of the royal English navy ; a list of the ships, twenty-seven in number, accompanies the letter, and as we glance over its contents the contrast forcibly suggests itself between the titles of these ships and the *Spitfires*, *Phlegethons*, *Vulcons*, and *Revenues* of modern days. Every one bears the name of some saint or holy mystery of the faith ; and it was in the *Royal Trinity*, the *Ave*, the *Gabriel*, the *Agnus*, the *St. Mary*, and the *St. Peter*, that the mariners of the fifth Henry, under the command of the Duke of Bedford, gained that great naval victory over the French and Genoese fleet off Harfleur, wherein, we are told, the masts of the English ships did not so much as reach the upper-decks of the Genoese by a spear's length ; nevertheless the English sailors managed to climb the sides of the enemy's vessels, and to board and take them with the facility which they usually display on such occasions.

Before concluding our notice of this reign, we must add a few words on the affairs of the Church. The statute of provisions had now been in force for more than half a century : its effects may be gathered from the fact that, so early as 1299, the Universities had presented a petition, in which they stated that whilst the Popes were permitted to confer benefices by provision, the preference had always been given to men of merit ; but that since the passing of the statute the state of things had so changed, that there was no encouragement to learning, and consequently the Universities were well-nigh deserted. In 1416 the evil became so glaring that even the parliament allowed itself to be convinced,

and *formally petitioned the king that these statutes might be repealed*. Henry referred the matter to the Bishops; but, unhappily, the evil was already done; the English hierarchy had ceased to be what it was, and a race of courtly Bishops had risen up, who by no means relished the idea of giving up the increased patronage which these statutes placed in their hands. The very next year, however, the great schism ended by the election to the chair of St. Peter of a pontiff every way worthy of the dignity. This was Martin V., who immediately endeavoured to remedy a disorder which he plainly saw endangered the very supremacy of the Holy See in England. He addressed a letter to Henry, who was then in France, urging him by every motive of religion to repeal the obnoxious statutes. Nor did the king receive his admonitions in an unfriendly spirit; he promised to bring the whole matter before parliament on his return to England. But to England, as we shall see, he was destined never to return.

He and his queen kept their court at Paris during the *Twelve Months* of 1422. Just five months previously a heir had been born to the double crown of France and England, and the glory of the English monarch seemed to have reached its height. But a fatal disorder, which baffled all medical skill, showed itself at this very time; and in a few weeks brought him to the grave. On the last day of August he lay on his deathbed at the Castle of Vincennes; not a murmur nor expression of regret escaped him as he arranged for the long minority of his son, and then gave all his thoughts to the affairs of his soul. As his chaplains stood around him reciting the penitential psalms, the ears of the dying hero caught the words of the *Miserere*, "Build Thou the walls of Jerusalem." "Had I lived, I had meant," he said faintly, "to have visited Palestine, and delivered it from the yoke of the infidel." In a few hours he expired, after receiving the Sacraments of the Church. "He died in God," wrote Pope Martin; "and laying aside all worldly cares, directed his soul to Him, and humbled the haughtiness of his heart."

In person Henry inherited all the beauty of his race; he was tall and powerfully made, and so swift and nimble, that, it is said, he could follow the deer on foot, and capture them without the aid of his hounds. He had received a learned education,* and was moreover an excellent musician, com-

* At St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford.

posing both for the harp and organ, and delighting in the plain-song of the Church. "He was a man," says Walsingham, "resolute in deeds and modest in countenance, a great alms-giver, and very devout towards God." No king was ever so beloved by the English, and the tidings of his death were received with a kind of dismay. The body was brought to England, and carried to London, lying on a golden bier, with its face uncovered and looking to heaven; whilst the banners of the saints floated over it, borne by the chier nobles of the realm. It was laid near the shrine of the Confessor; and for many years his tomb was visited by his loving subjects, "with as much reverence," says Monstrellet, "as though he had been a saint in heaven."

Some years after his death, his widow, Katherine of Valois, married a Welsh esquire named Owen Tudor, whose son, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, became the husband of Margaret Beaufort, and the ancestor of the royal house of Tudor.

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*King of France:* Charles VI. *King of Scotland:* James I. *Pope:* Martin V. *Emperor of Germany:* Sigismund.

CHAP. XVII. HENRY VI. AND THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

1422-1471.

It was a new thing for the English to find themselves the subjects of an infant of eight months old, whose baby-hand now held the sceptre which had been grasped for 400 years by a race of warriors. The Duke of Bedford, brother to the late monarch, was appointed regent; while the guardianship of the little king was committed to Richard Beauchamp, surnamed "the good Earl of Warwick," a hero of Agincourt, a descendant of the redoubtable Guy of Warwick, and, like him, a pilgrim to the Holy Land. All the orders of council were at once made out in the king's name; and in that addressed to Warwick, on occasion of his receiving his important charge, he is directed "to teach us good manners, literature, and languages, and from time to time reasonably to chastise us, as occasion may require." Warwick was a wise and gallant man, and did not spoil his royal pupil; and when, at the mature age of fourteen, he showed a considerable wish to govern himself, he was most respectfully informed that,

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tho "God had endowed him with as great feeling and understanding as was ever seen in a prince of his age," yet that his "feeling and understanding" were not altogether sufficient for the weighty task of ruling himself and his people.

The death of the late monarch had been followed very rapidly by that of the French king; and the dauphin immediately assumed the royal title, and caused himself to be crowned at Chartres. Hostilities of course recommenced, and Bedford, who had no intention of resigning his nephew's claims without a struggle, caused him also to be crowned as well at Paris as at London. For some years the English continued to hold their ground; but in 1429 an extraordinary circumstance changed the whole features of the war, and, reviving the hopes of the French, ended by bringing about the deliverance of their country. This was the appearance of a simple peasant girl at the court of Charles VII., who declared herself inspired by God to free her country from the yoke of the English. Her name was Joan of Arc. Mounted on horseback and dressed in complete armour, she led the troops to battle, and succeeded in kindling in them an enthusiasm which nothing could resist. Orleans was then closely besieged by the English: she succeeded in entering the city, and defended it so skilfully, that the Earl of Suffolk was forced to raise the siege. One success followed upon another; the spirits of the French revived under her guidance; and at her words, "Forward, countrymen, and fear nothing; for God has given them into our hands," they would charge with desperate courage among the ranks of their enemies; and wherever the banner of the Maid of Orleans was seen to float, there victory was sure to follow. On the 17th of July, King Charles was solemnly crowned at Rheims; whilst Joan stood by his side during the ceremony, and at its close declared her mission was fulfilled. The tide had turned against the enemies of her country, and she entreated to be suffered to return to her former obscurity. This, however, was not allowed, and at the king's request she consented to remain with the army. But her good fortune seemed now to have forsaken her. Early in the next year she was taken prisoner by the English, and carried to Rouen, where, to the eternal disgrace of her captors, and yet more of her own countryman the Bishop of Beauvais, who presided at her trial, she was declared guilty of sorcery

and heresy, and condemned to be publicly burnt. The cruel sentence was executed, on the 30th of May, in the great market-place of the city. "O Rouen, Rouen!" she exclaimed, as she arrived at the place of execution, "is it here that I am to die?" She expired embracing the crucifix; and a few years later her sentence of condemnation was solemnly reversed by the authority of Pope Calixtus III. In 1435 the excellent Duke of Bedford died, and his death gave the finishing blow to the English dominion in France; the government fell into weaker hands, and fifteen years later not a foot of French territory remained in the possession of the English, except the town of Calais. Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, who succeeded his brother as protector of the kingdom, was opposed by Cardinal Beaufort, the king's great uncle; and the rivalries of their two parties brought endless distraction into the state.

While these things were going on the king himself was growing up into manhood; but it was not the manhood of his great father, nor of any of the mailed heroes of his race. Gentle and childlike in his disposition, nature had done more kindly had she set him in a cloister than on a throne. "In all the world," says an old historian,* "there was not a more pure, more honest, or more holy creature;" but, it might have been added, there could scarcely be imagined one less fitted to cope with the men of iron wills and fierce passions who strove around him for the mastery. Yet it is remarkable that Henry's weakness was not of that kind which renders a man contemptible; and throughout his long and melancholy reign his subjects constantly showed their veneration for the guileless monarch, whose heart seemed ever busy with the thoughts of a better world. Simple and gentle as he was, he did not shrink from rebuking the licentious manners of his courtiers, and their habit of profane swearing,† or from expressing his horror of the barbarities then assigned by the law as the punishment for treason. Seeing one day the quarters of a person executed as a traitor set up on the Tower, he indignantly ordered

* Polydore Vergil.

† Swearing had become a national vice with the English during the period of the French wars. Thus we find the Maid of Orleans telling her English gaolers at Rouen that if there were 100,000 of their swearing countrymen in France, they would never succeed in conquering it.

them to be removed. "Take them away," he said; "it is a shame and disgrace thus to use a Christian man." In 1447 he was married to a wife whose qualities were exactly the opposite of his own. This was Margaret, daughter to King René of Anjou, a princess of masculine understanding, of whom it has been said, that in beauty she surpassed every woman, whilst in courage she was equal to most men of her age. But the marriage was an unpopular one; for René was a king without a kingdom, and his fair daughter brought no dowry to England. Margaret was soon deeply engaged in the political factions of the times; whilst Henry gladly left the reins of government in the hands of his wife and his minister, and occupied himself with affairs much more suited to his taste—the establishment, namely, of his two noble foundations of Eton, and King's College, Cambridge. The design of these institutions had existed in his mind, as he says in his charter, "from the very beginning of his riper years;" the buildings of Eton were commenced in 1441, and from that time Henry's happiest moments were spent in perfecting the work. Eton soon became the favourite place of education for the sons of the gentry. King Henry would often have the scholars with him at Windsor, speaking kindly to them and giving them good advice: "Be good boys," he would say, "gentle and docile, and servants of the Lord;" and these admonitions were accompanied by welcome presents of pocket-money.

We do not profess to present our readers in these pages with a complete history of England, and they will therefore pardon us if we pass briefly over some of the earlier events of this reign. The arrest and supposed murder of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, the death of Beaufort, and the fall of Suffolk, the unpopular minister, to whose account the people charged all the ill success of the English arms in France, make up the history of the first five years which succeeded Henry's marriage. Then followed the insurrection of Jack Cade; and in 1454 we find the king seized with his first attack of that terrible malady which he inherited from his grandfather Charles of France, and reduced for many months to a state of complete insanity. Meanwhile two great nobles were contending together which should hold the chief power in the realm: one was the king's cousin, Beaufort Duke of Somerset, the other was Richard Plantagenet Duke of York. This latter prince was descended on the father's side from

Edmund Duke of York, the youngest son of Edward III.; but through his mother, Anne Mortimer, he also represented the *elder* line of Clarence, and was consequently, according to the strict law of descent, the legitimate heir to the crown of England. The other nobles joined in the feuds of these leaders, and England soon became divided into two great parties. A dispute in the Temple gardens between Somerset and the Earl of Warwick, who had espoused the cause of the Duke of York, led to an appeal to the courtiers who stood around them. Somerset plucked a red rose from a bush hard by, and bade those do the same who held with him; whilst Warwick and his partisans immediately gathered white roses: and thenceforth the red and white roses became badges of the contending parties. Henry did his best to mediate between them, and in the disputes of the twenty years that followed showed himself the only impartial man in the kingdom. Yet he grew heartily weary of the contest; and his only comfort at these times was in the society of his favourite chancellor William of Waynflete. As often as he could he would escape from his stormy council-chamber to his studies and devotions. "Do you, my lords," he would say to the fiery nobles who formed his councillors,—“do you remain and consider these matters; I and my chancellor will meanwhile go and offer our prayers for the welfare of the state.”

During the king's illness the Duke of York had been declared protector, and forthwith committed his rival to the Tower; but by Christmas Henry recovered, and Somerset being immediately set free, the duke (who on a previous occasion had appeared at the head of an armed force) again summoned his followers, and advanced to St. Alban's, where the king then was, with banners displayed, at the head of 3000 men. The battle, if so it may be called, lasted but an hour; Somerset was slain, and the duke entering Henry's presence, bent his knee, and bade him rejoice in the death of the "traitor." He then conducted the king to London with every external show of respect, and immediately assumed the title of protector of the kingdom. If Henry meekly bent to the storm, well content to be ruled instead of ruling, the queen at least cherished very different feelings. Her spirited exertions succeeded at last in so strengthening the party of the Lancastrian nobles, that York was

obliged to resign his office of protector, the king was restored to power, and used his utmost efforts to make peace between the two factions. The sham reconciliation was followed by another Yorkist insurrection, which ended in the flight of the Duke to Ireland, and the passing of an act of attainder against him and his adherents.

But the followers of the white rose were not so easily crushed. Among them was one who owed his power less to his vast possessions than to his daring courage and commanding genius. Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, was perhaps the greatest of all the great feudal barons; frank in his manners, and eminently popular with the people, who loved him for his bold courage in the field and his princely hospitality. "When he came to London," says Stow, "he held such a house that six oxen were eaten at a breakfast, and every tavern was full of his meat; for all that had any acquaintance at his house he should have as much both sodden and roast as he could carry upon a long dagger." Wherever he abode he kept open house, and is calculated to have entertained every day no fewer than 30,000 persons. He was nearly related by marriage to the Duke of York, and had cast himself heart and soul into his cause. When, therefore, the news reached him at Calais of the attainder of his chief, he did not hesitate a moment what course to take, but landed in England at the head of a few followers, who by the time he reached London had swelled their ranks to the number of 40,000 men. In a few weeks Henry was the prisoner of his great subject, and the queen and her infant son had fled the kingdom. York returned to England, and entered the capital in triumph; the mask was now thrown off, and when the Archbishop of Canterbury timidly invited him to visit the king, he returned the haughty answer, that "he knew of no man in the realm who was not rather bound to visit him." His legitimate claim to the crown by right of descent could not be denied; but the nation was not yet quite ready to set aside a monarch who had never forfeited their regard by a single act of tyranny. The matter was debated by the lords in Parliament, and settled by a compromise. Henry was to wear the crown during his life, and to be succeeded by the duke and his heirs, to the exclusion of the young Prince of Wales, who had been born a few years previously, on St. Edward's Day, and had received the name of his patron saint.

Queen Margaret, however, was little disposed to agree in this sacrifice of her son's claims. With the martial ardour of her character, she again succeeded in collecting the scattered forces of the Lancastrian lords, and in the December of 1460 gave battle to her enemies near the town of Wakefield. The Duke of York was slain; Salisbury, the father of Warwick, was taken and beheaded; and the Earl of Rutland, the duke's youngest son, a mere boy, was barbarously murdered in cold blood by the cruel Clifford. The head of York was brought to the queen, and by her order set on the walls of his own capital, surmounted in mockery with a paper crown. But his death was far from putting an end to the contest, which now assumed a most frightful and vindictive character. His son Edward inherited his rights, and surpassed him in talents and resolution. Two months after his father's death, he entered London at the head of a victorious army. His beauty and captivating address won the hearts of the citizens; and on the 4th of March 1416 the heralds were proclaiming him in every quarter of the city, whilst the people threw up their caps and joined in the cry, "Long live King Edward!" The terrible slaughter of the Lancastrian host at Towton, where 40,000 men were left dead on the field, broke the last hopes of their party. Edward was crowned king of England; and Henry, his queen, and every lord and gentleman who had borne arms in his cause, were solemnly attainted as traitors.*

But not even this blow could daunt the spirit of Margaret of Anjou. Whilst her unfortunate husband took refuge among the Welsh mountains, she still strained every nerve to raise the red Rose from the bloody ground, and to engage the interest of foreign princes in her cause. Shipwrecked on the rocks of Lindisfarne, or wandering as a fugitive among the Yorkshire forests with her little son, hope never abandoned her; and though at thirty-two sorrow and fatigue had somewhat dimmed the beauty of "the peerless daisy-flower of Anjou," it had not deprived her of all those charms of grace and eloquence which constrained men, as it were against their wills, to rally round her standard. In 1464 the battle of Hexham was fought and lost; Henry fled

* By an act of *attainder*, as it was called, a person incurred all the punishments of high treason,—was outlawed, deprived of all his dignities and possessions, and, if seized, was liable to suffer a traitor's death.

from the field, and concealed himself among his faithful followers in Lancashire; while his brave queen, after a series of romantic adventures, took refuge with the young prince at the court of Burgundy. Sufferings and insults were now to shed an additional lustre on the virtues of the meek and holy Henry: he was seized and carried to London by the Earl of Warwick, who had the brutality to issue a proclamation forbidding any man to show him respect, and led him thrice round the pillory before he committed him to the Tower. One ruffian went so far as to strike his venerable head. "Forsooth, you do foully to smite the Lord's anointed," was his only reply; and in his narrow prison-cell, with a tame bird and his breviary for his only companions, he showed himself as resigned and contented as he had ever been when the diadems of France and England glittered on his brow.

The Nevilles now ruled the kingdom; for when Edward had once possessed himself of the throne, he abandoned himself without restraint to a course of lawless pleasures, in the pursuit of which honour and life itself at last were sacrificed. In 1464, he contracted a private marriage with Elizabeth Woodville, the widow of a Lancastrian knight, with whose beauty he had become captivated. The next year he publicly acknowledged her as his queen; and her father and brothers speedily threatened to rival the Nevilles in their influence in the state.

Warwick soon found himself out of favour, and his counsels set aside; he whose strong arm had placed the king on his throne was now neglected for an upstart family, on whom he vowed revenge. By the marriage of his daughter to Edward's younger brother, the Duke of Clarence, he had won that prince to his interests; and in 1469 an insurrection broke out, at the head of which Clarence and Warwick hastened to place themselves. Forced to fly from the kingdom, they took refuge at the French court; and there, in the presence of King Louis XI., the exiled Queen Margaret of Anjou met face to face one she had long looked upon as the deadliest enemy of her house. But mutual interest made both parties willing to forget the past; and a strange alliance was agreed on between them, and cemented by the marriage of the young Prince Edward to Warwick's second daughter, the Lady Anne.

Warwick the King-maker, as he was truly called soon

returned to England, and whilst King Edward was absent in the North entered London in triumph, and proclaimed the restoration of Henry VI. The fickle citizens tossed the white rose from their bonnets, and raised the cry, "A Harry! a Harry! a Warwick!" Many even of Edward's own followers hastened to assume the red rose; and whilst the captive of the Tower, wearing the regal crown, was conducted in solemn procession to St. Paul's, once more to receive the homage of his subjects, Edward fled from the kingdom without striking a single blow. With the aid of the Duke of Burgundy, however, he soon collected a few forces, and returned, protesting as he marched through Yorkshire that he came but to claim his father's dukedom, and that he was ready to swear allegiance to King Henry and to defend his cause to the very death. He affected to display the Lancastrian badge, whilst his followers shouted, "Long live King Henry!" in every town and village they passed through. Perjury cost nothing to the Yorkist prince, and before the gates of York, as well as at the high altar of the Minster, he swore on the Most Holy Sacrament to renounce all his pretensions to the crown, if only his inheritance were restored to him. Soon the tide turned in his favour; as he marched towards the capital thousands flocked to his standard, and hailed him as king. Clarence, a traitor to every cause he had espoused, now deserted the side of Henry and joined his brother's army. A few months before, he and Warwick had bound themselves by solemn oath upon a relic of the true cross "to remain true and faithful to King Henry, *without change*, as to their sovereign lord." He now sent to the earl to offer to act as mediator between him and Edward. But Warwick refused to break his plighted oath. "Go back and tell your master," he said to the messenger, "that Warwick, true to his word, is a better man than the false and perjured Clarence." On Easter eve 1471 his forces met those of Edward on Barnet field; the great King-maker was slain, and a few days sufficed to restore Henry to his prison and Edward to his throne. When the fierce storms ceased, which for weeks had beaten on the southern coasts, and prevented Margaret and the prince from bringing succours to their partisans, and they were at last able to effect a landing, it was only to hear the tidings that their cause was hopelessly and irretrievably lost. So at least it would have seemed to all but Margaret of Anjou;

but she would not despair, and collecting the shattered remains of the Lancastrian army, she persuaded them once more to face their enemies on the field of Tewkesbury. The slaughter of that day can scarcely be called a battle. The young prince was taken prisoner, and brought into the presence of Edward. "What brought you to England," asked the king, "that you durst thus display your banners against me?" "I came," replied the youth with fearless courage, "to recover my father's crown and mine own inheritance." Enraged at his reply, Edward had the unmanly ruffianism to strike his noble captive in the face with his steel gauntlet; while his brothers Clarence and Gloucester dragged him from the tent and despatched him with their daggers. Nor was this the only murder by which the conquerors disgraced their victory. Somerset and the other Lancastrian leaders had taken refuge in the abbey church: they had always respected the rights of sanctuary, and during their late short-lived triumph had shown singular mercy to their enemies, not one of whom, except the "butcher Earl of Worcester," had been put to death. This was probably due to the tender-heartedness of King Henry, whose abhorrence of bloodshed is well known. But men like Edward and his brother Gloucester were strangers to all such feelings; sword in hand, they would now have rushed into the church and slaughtered their victims, had not a priest hastily taken the Blessed Sacrament from the tabernacle, and standing with it at the door, refused to move from thence till the king had given his word to spare the fugitives. The promise was kept for two days; at the end of that time an armed force broke into the abbey, and every Lancastrian within its walls was butchered in cold blood. But one more crime remained to be perpetrated to complete the triumph of the House of York. On the 22d of May 1471, Edward entered London, and on the evening of the same day the meek and suffering Henry was murdered in the Tower, as it is said, by the dagger of the Duke of Gloucester. His body was borne to St. Paul's that every man might see him, and it was given out that he had died of grief; but "the silent witness of the blood which oozed from his fresh wounds on to the pavement," says an old historian, "gave token of the manner of his death." They carried his remains by night to Chertsey Abbey; and among the multitudes who flocked to the spot it was soon whispered that miracles were wrought at the

tomb of one who during life had been believed by all men to possess the gift of prophecy.*

On the very night of his murder his unhappy queen was consigned to the Tower; but four years later her old father King René ransomed her for the sum of 50,000 crowns, to procure which he sold the last acre of his inheritance to the King of France. She died in 1490.

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*King of France:* Charles VII., 1461; Louis XI. *King of Scotland:* James III. *Duke of Burgundy:* Charles the Bold. *Popes:* Martin V.; Eugenius IV.; Nicholas V.; Calixtus III.; Pius II.

CHAPTER XVIII. THE WHITE ROSE TRIUMPHANT.

1471-1485.

It is scarcely possible to describe the miserable state to which England was reduced during the Wars of the Roses. For twenty years the horrible strife had raged with such fury that the noble blood of the realm was well-nigh exhausted. Brother had armed against brother, father against son; it seemed as though all the innocent blood poured forth like water during a century of unjust wars was now being visited on the land. Grievous were the changes which had meanwhile passed over the nation; it had lost all sense of humanity and justice, and if the name of chivalry yet existed, the reality had departed for ever. The three brothers who stood at the head of the realm were stained with every vice which could disgrace the Christian name; and men had grown so used to crimes and deeds of treachery that they scarcely raised a shudder. As to the royal princes themselves, they could not trust each other. The king, once restored to his crown, abandoned himself as before to

* On one occasion, as he was washing his hands at some state ceremony, he happened to cast his eyes on a young boy who stood among the attendants. "This lad," he said, "will one day enjoy what we are now fighting for." The boy was Henry Tudor, who a few years later ascended the throne of England. It may be observed, that the murder of King Henry had the additional guilt of a *premeditated crime*. Before leaving London, on his march to Tewkesbury, Edward had left the significant order, that he should be "*kept out of sanctuary*:" even he had not yet learned to violate what was deemed among the holiest of the Church's privileges, her right of protecting the unfortunate from the pursuer of blood.

his unworthy pleasures, and Gloucester and Clarence soon became open rivals. Clarence, as we have already seen, had married the eldest daughter of the Earl of Warwick, and claimed in her right the inheritance of his vast estates. Gloucester was resolved that he would at least share them, and having discovered the unhappy widow of Prince Edward, the Lady Anne Neville, who was living concealed in London disguised as a cookmaid, he compelled her to accept the hand which but a few months before had been dyed in her husband's blood, and succeeded in obtaining her portion of the inheritance. From that day a deadly enmity arose between the two brothers; but Clarence was no match for Duke Richard of Gloucester, who surpassed every member of his family in genius as in the blackness of his crimes. Edward too grew jealous of a brother who had already once betrayed him; and when once his ruin was resolved on, there was little difficulty in effecting it. A charge of high treason was immediately got up, and in 1478 the "false and perjured Clarence" was committed to the Tower, where, ten days later, he was found dead, drowned, according to the popular tradition, in a butt of Malmsey wine.

During the remainder of his reign King Edward did nothing great or worthy to make amends for the cruelty with which he destroyed every Lancastrian noble who fell into his hands. To his other vices he added that of grasping avarice, and was the first English king who extorted gifts and loans from his subjects under the title of "benevolences." He led an expedition into France, only to be outwitted by Louis XI., to whom he resigned his claims on the disgraceful condition of receiving an annual pension. A treaty of marriage had been concluded at the same time between the French dauphin and his eldest daughter Elizabeth; but in 1483 the news reached him that King Louis had broken his engagements and married his son to the heiress of Burgundy. On hearing this he burst into a storm of passion, which brought on a dangerous fever. His constitution had already been ruined by a life of unbridled excess, and he expired, after a few days' illness, on the 9th of April 1483, expressing in his last moments a sorrow for the extortions he had practised on his subjects, and giving orders for restitution to be made out of his treasure to any whom he had wronged. He died at the early age of forty-one, leaving five daughters and two sons, the eldest of

whom, a boy of thirteen, was immediately proclaimed his successor under the title of Edward V.

The young king had been born in the sanctuary of Westminster, whither the queen had taken refuge with her children during the brief restoration of King Henry in 1470. At the moment of his father's death he was residing at Ludlow Castle, whither he now set out for London, under the charge of the Earl of Rivers; but at Stony Stratford he was met by his uncle Gloucester, at the head of an armed force, who immediately took possession of his person, and conducted him safely guarded to Pontefract Castle. When the queen heard the tidings, her mother's heart told her that her son's fate was sealed, and she hastened once more to take refuge in the sanctuary of Westminster with her remaining children.

Nothing, however, could be smother or more plausible than the protestations of the Duke of Gloucester. The 4th of May was fixed for the coronation of the young king, whom his uncle now brought with him to the capital, riding bare-headed before him, and pointing him out for the acclamations of the citizens. And truly they must have gazed with a feeling of relief on the fair boyish face, in which a look of intelligence mingled with the childlike simplicity which gave assurance that his innocent heart was yet unstained by crime. Great preparations were made for his coronation, and meanwhile Duke Richard of Gloucester was declared lord protector of the kingdom.

But protector he did not long purpose to remain; in fancy and in resolve he had already grasped the crown, and spite of his bland professions of devotion to his little nephew he was already laying plans for his destruction. A few other lives had to be first sacrificed in order to clear the way for his master crime. The first victim was Lord Hastings, the favourite minister of Edward IV., of whose fidelity he was naturally suspicious; and on the 13th of June he was arrested in the council chamber at the Tower, charged with a conspiracy against the protector's life, and instantly led out into the courtyard and beheaded on the horse-block. Three of the queen's relatives were then beheaded without the form of a trial; and the next step was to get possession of the king's younger brother, Richard Duke of York, who was still in sanctuary with his mother, and whose death was quite as necessary to the success of his uncle's schemes as

that of Edward. It was decided that there was no sanctuary for children, who, the protector argued, having committed no crime, had no need of the Church's protection; and since the young king needed the society of his brother and playfellow, if Elizabeth would not give him up, he was to be taken by force. In vain did the queen eloquently plead for the safety of her child; he was taken from her arms and brought to the duke, who, with that hypocrisy of which he was a consummate master, embraced him lovingly, saying, "Welcome, my lord, and that with all my heart!" and immediately conducted him to the Tower, whence neither he nor his brother were ever to come forth again.

On the 22d of June, the good people of London were entertained by a sermon, preached at St. Paul's Cross by the noted Dr. Shaw, in which they were informed that, in consequence of a previous marriage of King Edward IV., both his sons were illegitimate, and that it was extremely doubtful whether that prince himself had been really the son of the late Duke of York. "But," he continued, as Gloucester by a *happy accident* at that moment showed himself at a neighbouring balcony, "here in the noble Duke of Gloucester we have the very picture of his heroic father; every line and lineament of his face reflects that of Richard of York." At this point of the discourse the citizens were expected to have burst out into acclamations of "Long live King Richard!" but unhappily they only gazed at one another in surprise, and the protector had to retire from the scene vexed and disappointed. The Duke of Buckingham was next made to try his eloquence with the people, but scarcely with more success; a few creatures of the duke's, however, hired for the purpose, threw up their caps and proclaimed King Richard; whereupon Buckingham thanked his hearers for their unanimous election of that worthy prince, and the next day waited on the protector and pressed his acceptance of the crown, to which, he said, he was called by the will of the people. Richard affected to be overwhelmed with astonishment: royalty, he replied, had no charms for him; he desired only to defend the rights of his brother's children. After a while, however, he suffered himself to be persuaded, and proceeded to Westminster Hall, where he was enthroned in the marble chair (the official seat of the chancellor of the realm), observing to the assembled multitude that he chose to commence his reign in

that seat of justice, inasmuch as the administration of justice was the first duty of a Christian king. A week later he was crowned at Westminster; and an abundance of pardons and favours were most lavishly poured forth on the occasion, to win for the new king a reputation for liberality and clemency. He set out on a progress through his kingdom; but before leaving London, Tyrrel, his master of the horse, was despatched to the Tower, with orders to take the command of that fortress for four-and-twenty hours. When night came, Tyrrel, with two of his grooms, entered the chamber where the two princes slept, and smothered them in their bed-clothes; the bodies were then brought out and buried at the foot of the stairs, where, two centuries later, they were discovered, and, by order of King Charles II., were removed to Westminster Abbey.

As soon as the English people had recovered from the surprise of these events, which followed so rapidly one upon another, they rose in insurrection, and, strange as it may seem, at their head was the Duke of Buckingham—the very man who had been the chief means of placing Richard on the throne. When the conspirators learnt the death of the two princes, their thoughts turned to the last representative of the house of Lancaster. This was Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, whose mother, Margaret Beaufort, was a descendant of John of Gaunt, and who was then an exile in the court of Brittany. But the insurrection failed, and was followed by the usual attainders and executions, Buckingham himself being the first to perish on the scaffold. Those of his party who escaped fled to Brittany, to offer their homage to Henry on condition of his binding himself by oath, in case of his obtaining the crown, to take in marriage the Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Edward IV., and thus to unite the interests of the rival houses. This he did, and 500 exiled English nobles immediately swore fealty to him as to their rightful king.

Three months had sufficed to raise Richard to the throne, which he was not suffered to retain for as many years. His dauntless courage and his astonishing genius might have rendered him one of the greatest kings who ever ruled in England, had he not been borne down by the weight of his own iniquities. In vain did he execute justice with a rigorous hand, in vain did he make wise laws, and show a marvellous zeal for the putting down of crime, and the en-

couragement of commerce and industry ; every day brought him tidings of the preparations which his rival was making for a descent on England, and gave him proofs that there was scarcely a man in the whole kingdom on whose fidelity he could reckon. His mind became torn with suspicion, and the prey of imaginary terrors. By night or by day he had not a moment's ease, and when he went abroad his agitation was plainly evinced by his wandering eyes and haggard looks, and that hand which ever clutched his dagger, "like one always ready to strike again."* These terrible emotions increased the natural repulsiveness of his aspect ; and as men gazed at his darkened brow, his glittering eye, and his bent and stooping figure, it is no wonder that they shuddered at the thought of all that weighed upon his soul, and that they have handed down an exaggerated portrait of the deformities of Crook-back Richard.

On the 14th of August 1485, he received the decisive news that Richmond had sailed from Harfleur, and had landed on the coast of Wales with about 3000 followers. Instantly issuing a proclamation, conceived in the most masterly terms, he called on all true and good Englishmen to arm themselves against the invader ; and promptly collecting his forces, hastened down to Leicester to place himself at their head. It was the 22d of August when the two armies met face to face on Redmore Plain, about two miles from the town of Bosworth. When in the morning he rode out with the royal diadem on his head to marshal his troops, it was observed, says the chronicler Hall, that he looked "piteously ;" and it was whispered that his tent had that night been visited by awful spectres, which had not suffered him to rest. The battle began ; but it was soon evident that the king could not rely on the men gathered under his standard : the Stanleys had already deserted him, Northumberland remained inactive at his post, and never struck a blow ; and many of those who fought, "fought but faintly and, as it were, against their wills." Then the spirit of King Richard rose within him, and he resolved to retrieve the fortunes of the day with the might of his single arm. Loaded with a thousand crimes, one thing yet remained to him, and that was the dauntless heroism of his race. So, seeking out the person of his rival, he set spear in rest, and putting spurs to his horse, dashed out of his own ranks alone and

* Sir T. More

unsupported, and bore down upon his enemy like a hungry lion on its prey.* Down went the earl's standard, and his standard-bearer the brave Sir William Brandon, and down went many a knight beside before that desperate charge. Another moment and Richmond was defending himself against the deadly thrusts of his fierce assailant, who had cleft a path to the very centre of the Lancastrian host. They closed around him in an instant; there was a brief sharp struggle, and the clash of many a blow on helm and corselet; and then the white plume of the last Plantagenet sank on the bloody field, never to rise again. The earl, when he saw that the day was gained, knelt down and gave thanks to God for the victory; whilst Lord Stanley bent over Richard's prostrate body, and taking from his battered helmet the royal diadem which encircled it, he placed it on the brows of Richmond. As he did so, the combatants on both sides threw down their arms, and mingling their ranks together joined in the cry, "God save King Henry!" which bore far over the plain of Bosworth the blessed tidings that the wars of York and Lancaster were at an end for ever.

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*Kings of France.* Louis XI.; Charles VIII., 1483. *King of Scotland:* James III. *Popes:* Sixtus IV., 1471; Innocent VIII., 1484.

Eminent Men.—Henry Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury, called the "Light of the English Church:" he was the founder of All Souls College, Oxford, and of other pious foundations; died 1443. William of Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester and Chancellor of England, first Provost of Eton, and founder of Magdalen College, Oxford; died 1486. Lydgate, a monk of Bury, the wonder of his age: he was a mathematician, a theologian, a profound linguist, and an excellent poet; and the little "charnel chapel" is still shown among the ruins of Bury, where it is said most of his writings were composed: he was encouraged both by Henry V., at whose request he wrote his *Life of our Lady*, and by Henry VI., who visited him at Bury, and received from him an illuminated life of the patron saint of the abbey; he died about 1460. The monks of this century, indeed, may be fairly said to have kept up their ancient reputation as encouragers of learning. Besides Lydgate, we have the two historians, Matthew of Westminster, and Walsingham, the monk of St. Albans; and about the year 1468 the greatest invention of modern days, that of *Printing*, found its earliest patrons in the same great abbeys. William Caxton, a London citizen, who had learnt the secret of the art during his travels in Germany, set up his first presses in the abbeys of Westminster and St. Albans, and had as his fellow labourer in setting the type the accomplished Earl of Rivers, who afterwards presented him to the king. Caxton printed his books in German characters, or what we term "old English," or black letter; but his successor, Wynkyn de Worde, introduced the Roman type. The first book ever printed by Fust, the German inventor of the art, was the *Vulgate Version of the Holy Scriptures*. Sir John For-

tescue, Lord Chief-Justice under Henry VI., was a brave Lancastrian knight, appointed chancellor and tutor to the young Prince of Wales during the period of his exile: he was the author of two able treatises; one written to prove the right of the Lancastrian princes to the throne; the other, far more celebrated, entitled *De Laudibus Legum Angliæ* ("In praise of the Laws of England"), in which he instructs his royal pupil in the nature of the English constitution, and lays down the principle that the power of the sovereigns of England is not *absolute*, but restrained by political laws. In the reign of Edward IV. he was only able to procure his pardon from that monarch by writing another treatise to prove the claims of the House of York. Among the great prelates of this century we must name Cardinal Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, the son of John of Gaunt: he evinced on many occasions a princely munificence, and may be called the re-founder of the Hospital of St Cross; but he was an ambitious and worldly man, although far from deserving the odium heaped on him by Shakespeare, whose character of *Beaufort* is wholly a fictitious one: instead of dying (as the great dramatist represents) in the agonies of despair, he prepared for his last moments by a most solemn and affecting ceremony, causing the Dirge and Mass of Requiem to be sung over him by the monks of his cathedral as he lay in state, like one already dead. All his immense wealth was left in charity; 4000*l.*, a great sum in those days, being assigned for the relief of poor prisoners.

State of Society, Commerce, &c.—During the reign of Henry V. the country enjoyed a greater degree of prosperity and glory than at almost any former period; and it evinced its satisfaction by all kinds of sports and merry-making. If ever England deserved the name of "Merry England," it was during this time; and we are literally bewildered with the accounts of the games and mumming and splendid shows, which were then the amusement of all classes. Of these games one still survives; *cards* were, it is said, first invented at this time for the recreation of Charles VI., the mad king of France. Commerce, meantime, made steady progress; and among the merchant-lords of London was the celebrated Sir Richard Whittington, "thrice lord-mayor of London," who, from a poor lad, came to amass a great fortune by the trading voyages of his ship "The Cat," which fortune he spent in many noble foundations, some of which are still to be seen, as his almshouses for thirteen poor persons on Highgate Hill. Even during the distractions of the wars of the Roses commerce was not extinguished; and among the commercial men of the fifteenth century were the names of many honourable, not only for their wealth, but for their piety: among them is that of William Canynge, a merchant of Bristol, who, after his wife's death, became a priest, and spent his wealth in the erection of the noble church of St. Mary's, Redcliffe, where his tomb may still be seen.

The English pea-antry at this period were well clothed and well fed. A labourer's weekly wages sufficed to supply him with a bushel of wheat and twenty-four pounds of meat;* and Sir John Fortescue, in his book above alluded to, observes, that one reason of the superiority of the English over the French in battle was their greater muscular strength, arising from their animal diet. "Every inhabitant (of England)," he says, "is at liberty fully to use and enjoy whatever his farm produceth,—the fruits of the earth, the increase of his flock, and the like; all the improvements he makes are his own to use and enjoy, without the let or denial of any. Hence the inhabitants are rich in gold and silver, and in all the necessities and conveniences of life. They drink no water except at certain times, upon a religious score, and by way of doing penance: they are fed in great abundance with all sorts of flesh and fish, of which they have plenty every where: they are clothed throughout in good woollens; their bedding and other furniture is of wool, and that in great store. Each man, according to his rank, hath all things which conduce to make life easy and happy." Most men could then earn good wages; and those who

* Hallam, vol. iii. pp 453-456.

could not, found their resource in the boundless hospitality dispensed at the monasteries and the houses of the great. In the castles and mansions of the English nobles there were four substantial meals a day: people then rose at four, rode abroad until seven, and then came in to a breakfast of meat, ale, and wine, spread out on the huge oaken tables in the great hall, where guests and servants sat together at the board according to their rank. The hawks on their perches, and the great hounds on the rush-strewn floor, the huge goblets carried round to the company, and the minstrels and jesters, who helped to make them merry, completed the picture.

An extraordinary splendour was to be found in the religious ceremonies of this period, as well as in the ecclesiastical buildings. In the year 1439 we find the first mention of *glass* being manufactured in England. That for the windows of Beauchamp Chapel, Warwick, however, was all to be "from beyond sea;" and the orders for the completion of these windows give us a notion of the excellence then attained in the art of glass-painting. The glazier "covenanteth to use the finest and curiosest colours of red, purple, sanguin, and violet," for his "stories and imageries;" whilst the painter of stonework "doth also covenant to paint on the wall, finely and curiously, the doom of our Lord God Jesus, and all devices and imagery thereto belonging, in fair and sightly colours and fine gold."

Of other improvements and inventions we will only allude to that of paper, first made out of linen rags in this century; and the introduction by King Richard III. of *post-horses and stages*.

It is needless to say that the wars of the Roses brought a sad change over the country. During that unhappy period, we read that the roads to the chief towns were grass-grown, that the fields were waste, and the very fruit-trees cut down, whilst the forests swarmed with outlaws. One circumstance of somewhat less melancholy interest in connection with these wars is the number of pilgrims whom they sent to the holy places of Rome and Palestine. Many of the Lancastrian nobles shared the piety of their king; and in more than one of the histories of the time we find touching records of these pilgrim exiles, who, when they could no longer serve him with their sword, went at his entreaty to the shrines of Loretto and Jerusalem to aid him with their vows and prayers.

Among the many illustrious foreigners who visited England during the reigns of our Lancastrian kings, we may mention two: St. Vincent Ferrer, the great apostle of the Dominican Order, who, in the time of Henry IV., visited and preached in almost every city of England; and Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, who afterwards ascended the pontifical chair under the title of Pope Pius II.

CHAP. XIX. YORK AND LANCASTER UNITED.

1485-1509.

A WEEK had not passed after the battle of Bosworth, when the citizens of London were gathered in their streets to witness the triumphal entry of their new sovereign. Triumphant entries and new sovereigns had, indeed, become common things enough of late years; and the good citizens had witnessed more of each since the accession of Henry VI. than they would have found it easy to reckon. Yet there was a certain degree of novelty in the procession of the 28th

of August 1485. It was headed by three standards, to wit, "an ymage of Sainte George, a red fyrre dragon, and a done kowe." St. George and the dun cow were old friends; but as to the red dragon, he must sorely have perplexed the minds of the Londoners. However, he had his meaning, and a very significant one too; he was intended to figure forth the descent of his royal master Henry Tudor from the good knight Arthur, king of Britain, who, as all the world knows, or at least knew in days when the romances of chivalry formed the popular reading, bore the same red dragon for his ensign. In fact, this descent from King Arthur, strange as it seems, was one among the many titles which Henry put forth in support of his claims to the crown. His Lancastrian pedigree was not without its weak points; and it was not very clear to the minds of his loving subjects whether his right of blood, his right of conquest, his marriage with the heiress of the house of York, or lastly his descent, before mentioned, from the redoubtable King Arthur, were to be set forth as the grounds for his assuming the royal dignity. However, an act of parliament was passed in which a little of all these claims was judiciously mixed together, so as to make out a tolerably strong case for the founder of the Tudor dynasty. The marriage with the princess was celebrated soon afterwards; and any inconvenient doubts which might have been suggested to the minds of the people by the appearance in public of the remaining heirs of the Plantagenet race were set at rest by shutting them up in the Tower.

Henry VII. was just twenty-eight years old at the time of his coronation; and, as he himself told the French historian Comines, had spent his entire life since his fifth year in some kind of exile or imprisonment. Every age has its spirit and its representative: the spirit of the age in which he lived was that of subtle state policy; and in all Europe there was no fitter representative of it than himself. Cold and cautious, he admitted few to his confidence, and neither sought nor gave affection. He had nothing of the bold frank manners of the Plantagenet kings, nothing of their warlike ardour, nothing of their romance; and what he had won by the sword he preserved by a system of crafty and sagacious government, whose object was to depress the power of the nobility, and to render that of the crown well nigh absolute. The suspicious jealousy of his temper was

increased by the fact, which soon became an evident one, that the people still retained a lingering love for their old dynasty. The reign of Henry VII. was a reign of insurrections, and of pretenders to the throne. First appeared Lambert Simnel a baker's son, who gave out that he was no other than Edward Plantagenet the young Earl of Warwick, and the son of the Duke of Clarence, who had escaped from the Tower. At the head of some forces which he had raised in Ireland, he attempted an invasion; but being taken prisoner, he was given the office of scullion in the royal kitchen, the real Earl of Warwick being meanwhile produced from his prison and exhibited to the public. Four years later, in 1492, a more formidable claimant of the crown arose in the person of Perkin Warbeck, a young Fleming, who gave himself out to be Richard Duke of York, brother of King Edward V., who, it was said, had not perished with his brother in the Tower, but had escaped, and now appeared as the rightful heir to the throne. He was supported by Margaret Duchess of Burgundy, the aunt of the murdered prince, who seems really to have believed in the truth of his tale, and who received him honourably at her court, where he was known by the title of "the White Rose of England." King James IV. of Scotland invited him to that country, where he bestowed on him the hand of the Lady Catherine Gordon, and supplied him with the means of invading England. But he too was at last taken, exposed in the stocks, and finally committed to the Tower. There he and the real Earl of Warwick met and concerted a plan of escape. Their schemes were discovered, and immediately afforded Henry an opportunity long desired of destroying the young Plantagenet. His existence was at that moment particularly inconvenient, for a treaty of marriage between the young Prince of Wales and the Princess Katherine of Arragon threatened to be unsuccessful, owing to the hesitation of her wary father, King Ferdinand, to give his consent, as long as so many of the late royal family were alive, who might some day dispute the prince's title. So whilst Warbeck was summarily hanged at Tyburn, Warwick was executed for high treason, his only crimes being his attempt to procure his liberty and his Plantagenet blood. These conspiracies, and others of a similar kind, soon convinced the king that his throne was any thing but secure, and that to make it so he had need of a watchful eye and

an able hand. But wariness and watchfulness were like second nature to him; every foreign court was filled with his spies, and as to his own, he needed no one to fill the office for him. Robed in the long churchman's gown, which had taken the place of the party-coloured doublets and close-fitting jerkins of the last century, with the plain cloth cap adorned with a single jewel, which shaded his keen penetrating eyes, he moved about grave and serious, "full of thoughts and observations," says Lord Bacon, who wrote his history, "and of notes and memorials, touching the persons of his court, taken down by his own hand." That little note-book of the first Tudor was a master-piece in its way. It contained memoranda of those whom he was to employ, and those whom he was to beware of; and it seldom left his bosom. But one day the king forgot his wonted caution, and left it within reach,—not of an inquisitive courtier, but far worse,—of his own tame monkey, who, set on by a mischievous page, tore it to shreds, "whereat," continues Bacon, "the court, which liked not those pensive accounts, was almost tickled with sport."

We have said that the great aim of King Henry (as it had been that of his contemporary Ferdinand of Spain, and of Louis XI. of France, who reigned but a few years previously) was to keep down the nobles, and to extend the power of the crown. The state in which he found the kingdom greatly contributed to assist him in this design; for the feudal barons, who, until now, had opposed the great obstacle to the growth of royal power, were a race well nigh extinct. Feudality had hacked itself to pieces during the wars of the Roses: Towton and Hexham and Barnet had seen its expiring death-struggles; and when the storm of civil war had swept over the land, the old nobility were all but destroyed, new men had sprung up to fill their places, and a new order of things began. Hitherto an English earl was a being almost independent of the king. On his own estates, and among his feudal retainers, he was all but a king himself. The sovereign was in reality far more dependent on the will of his powerful subjects than they ever were on his; and a Bohun, a Percy, or a Neville, could treat with the Plantagenet monarchs almost as their equals. But with the new dynasty there arose a new nobility,—men who depended on the favour of the king for their titles and estates, lords of a new creation, bound, as a matter of

course, to the service and the person of the sovereign. Courtliness and servility were now the order of the day; independence went out of fashion, and Henry had his own ways of rendering it absolutely vulgar. Laws began to be passed limiting the number of retainers which each noble was allowed to support, and one by one quietly extinguishing their privileges. When the Earl of Essex, one of the most faithful adherents of his house, entertained the king at his castle of Henningham, Henry, as he passed through the hall, cast a keen searching eye on the long rows of retainers drawn up on either side to receive him. No one could speak more blandly than he, especially in a moment when his craft was about to gain a point in his own favour. "My Lord of Essex," he said, addressing his gallant host, "I have heard much of your hospitality, but I see it is greater even than is said. These handsome gentlemen I see around me are doubtless your menial servants." "Pardon me, your grace," replied the earl, "they are my feudal retainers, who are come to do me service, and to wait upon your grace." Henry affected to start: "By my faith, my lord," he said, "I must not endure to have my laws broken in my sight; my attorney-general must speak with you:" and the matter ended by the earl being condemned to a fine of 10,000*l*.

For, if it must be confessed, there was one thing which King Henry liked even better than power, and that was *money*. All his craft and all his scheming policy was directed in the long-run to fill his coffers. He preferred taking the purses of his subjects to taking their heads; and though Bacon assures us that but three noblemen suffered execution during his reign, he does not tell us how many were condemned to be plundered. In fact, the enumeration would have been a difficult matter; for during the last years of his life, the king may be said to have governed by means of a grand and universal system of fine-age. Two infamous lawyers, named Empson and Dudley, were employed to work the intricate machinery which emptied the pockets of every class of the king's subjects, and filled their own and that of their royal master, gaining both for him and for themselves the execration of the people; and under these worthy judges every crime was either punished by a fine, or pardoned on the payment of a handsome bribe.

In 1499 the king's eldest son was married to the Prin-

cess Katherine of Arragon, daughter to King Ferdinand of Spain. The young prince had received the name of Arthur, to commemorate his supposed descent from the ancient British kings, a point of genealogy which King Henry always made the most of. He died, however, soon after the marriage took place; and the widowed princess was immediately affianced to his brother Henry, the next heir to the crown, a dispensation having been first obtained from the Holy See. The marriage, however, did not take place until after the king's death. Of the king's five daughters, Margaret, the eldest, married James IV. King of Scotland; and from this marriage descended that line of Stuart sovereigns who, in the following century, united both kingdoms under one crown. On occasion of this marriage a solemn treaty of peace was signed between England and Scotland; for during the space of one hundred and seventy years the wars between the two countries had been only interrupted by occasional truces.

The reign of Henry VII. brought at least one blessing to the country,—that of profound peace. Henry was a real lover of peace: "When our Lord Christ came into the world," he would say, "peace was sung; and when He went out of it, peace was bequeathed." If there were no great victories to shed a lustre over his reign, there were at least great discoveries, whose fruits were more lasting and considerably more profitable. It is well known that a mere accident prevented England from enjoying the honour of the discovery of America. Columbus offered his services in the first instance to the English king, whose avarice induced him to decline them. He, however, gave liberal encouragement to Sebastian Cabot, a Venetian navigator, who had settled at Bristol, and who in 1497 sailed from that port on the voyage which terminated with the discovery of Newfoundland. North and South America, the West Indies, and the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, were all discovered during this reign; and new worlds were thus opened to commercial enterprise. Of course the sciences of navigation and ship-building became of increased importance; and we find King Henry spending a sum of no less than 14,000*l.* on a ship, which was deemed the wonder of the day, and which was christened "the Great Harry." On the whole, it may be said that England was both happy and prosperous under the first Tudor, in

spite of Empson and Dudley, and of a not very brilliant court or over-popular sovereign. There existed a wealthy and independent middle class, and a free peasantry; for, marvellous to say, without the passing of an act of parliament, without monster meetings and the other machineries of popular agitation, without the interference of the state in any one way, slavery and villeinage had all but ceased to exist. And if we inquire how this had come about, we are forced to answer that it was chiefly, if not entirely, the work of the Catholic Church.* The wars of the Roses did something; but long before those wars villeinage had been on the decline. From the days of St. Wulstan, nay, we should say, from the very first hour when the faith was

* Our readers may like something more than our bare assertion of such a fact, and we will therefore add a few particulars in support of the above statement. In the first place, every Bishop was declared by the law of the English Church the protector of all the slaves in his diocese. Those who oppressed their slaves were excommunicated, as were also all who attempted to reduce any man to slavery who had once been set free. If a slave entered the religious or clerical state, he at once received his freedom; and at one of the English councils held in 816, we find it voted by all present without exception, that every Bishop should at his death leave the tenth of all he had to the poor, and should set free all the English bondsmen who had passed into his hands during the time of his government; and moreover, that every Bishop and Abbot should on the death of any of their brother prelates set free three slaves, and give three shillings to each as an alms for the relief of the departed soul. Again, at the council of Armagh, in 1172, all the English slaves in Ireland were given their liberty. But this was only a small part of the means used by the Church for the liberation of the people. The faithful were constantly taught that (to use the words of St. Gregory), "Since our Redeemer, the Creator of all things, has deigned to assume human flesh, to restore us to our first liberty by breaking the bonds of servitude which held us captive, it is a most salutary deed to restore to men by enfranchisement their native liberty." (Lib. v. lit. 72.) It would be impossible to name all the Popes who have spoken to the same effect, and condemned slavery. "When the dying slaveholder asked for the last sacraments" (says the Protestant writer Macaulay), "his spiritual attendants regularly adjured him, as he loved his soul, to emancipate his brethren for whom Christ died. And so successfully had the Church used her formidable machinery, that before the Reformation came she had enfranchised almost all the bondsmen in the kingdom." We may add, that the amount of protection given by the Church to slaves may be gathered from the fact that it was one of the charges most frequently brought against her by the nobles, who looked on the liberation of bondsmen as an infringement of their rights and privileges. See Balmeiz, cc. xvi. xvi. xviii. xix. and xx.

planted in the land, the Church had laboured incessantly by her public laws, as well as by her private influence, to set free those poorer classes of whom she was the avowed protector. That this was done gradually, and not by any sudden revolution, is only to say what has been said before by a great foreign writer,* that in so acting the Church was guided by "an exquisite prudence and an admirable moderation;" the fact remains the same, that, to use the words of the same author, "it was Catholicism which abolished slavery, in spite of ideas, manners, interests, and laws, which opposed obstacles seemingly the most invincible." The Norman conquest may have created our nobility; but as to the free peasantry of England, they are the creation of the Catholic Church.

There are abundant evidences that at the close of the fifteenth century, in spite of a certain change which had passed over the land, there was much of true and earnest religion among the inferior clergy and the great body of the people. The higher dignitaries had indeed surrendered much of their independence; yet there were many, like Cardinal Morton Archbishop of Canterbury, the early friend and patron of Sir J. More, and Alcock Bishop of Worcester, the holy and mortified founder of Jesus College, Cambridge, who were an ornament to the hierarchy. "There is no want of religion among the English people," observes an Italian historian of the time, who had long resided among them and knew them well. Indeed, we cannot open any of the writings of the day without lighting on chance passages which show how deeply the faith and devotion of the Church had woven themselves into the every-day habits of the people. The key-note of religious feeling in England was devotion to the Passion and to our Blessed Lady. Did a good citizen of London or Bristol die, we are pretty sure to find in his will some such bequest as that of "v lyghts to burn upon my tomb on festiuaie daies, in honour of the v woundes of our Lord God, and the joies of our Ladye St. Marye." The commonest flowers in our English meadows are those which received their names from the peasantry of a believing age, and who, as a matter of course, named them after some instrument of the Passion, or after the Blessed Mother of God. The beads were the popular devotion of the day; and from the king, who adorned his rosary

* Balmez.

with gold and silver, down to the old dame, whom Sir Thomas More describes, "going pit-pat on her patens with her staff in one hand and her Pater Noster in the other," there was not a soul in Catholic England who would have gone to rest content if the Psalter of Mary had been left unsaid.

The *Chronicle of France and England*, published by Robert Fabyan in 1516, is divided into seven books, in honour of the Seven Joys of our Lady. It is a curious history, full of facts, some curious and some commonplace. But its very commonplace is redolent of the faith. Thus, when the author describes what we should call a street-accident, he tells us how the passers-by thronged round the sufferer,—not to call a hackney-coach, or send for the nearest surgeon, nor even to help carry him to the hospital, but—to bid him think of our Lord Christ upon the Rood, as though they considered that just the most natural thing he should think of, and the one most likely to give him ease; and instances of the same kind, indicative of the intensely *Christian* feeling of the multitude, might be given almost without number.*

If there was plenty of devotion in England in the reign of Henry VII., so also there was no lack of learning. For these were the days of William Lilly, the father of pedagogues and grammarians, who, by command of "the king's majesty's wisdom," drew up his stateliest of Latin grammars,—*"forasmuch"* he says in his preface, "as it is profitable that every man should orderly decline his noun and his verb." They were the days of the good Dean Colet, the founder of St. Paul's School, and the director of Sir Thomas More; of Linacre, whom the same great man calls "the master of his studies;" and of Grocyn, who stands responsible for all

* Perhaps, it may be said, Fabyan was a monkish historian; let our readers understand, therefore, that he was no such thing, but a substantial London tradesman, who filled the offices of sheriff and alderman in his native city, and devoted his retirement to the compilation of his *Chronicle*. He had true aldermanic tastes and habits too, if we may judge from his account of the coronation feast of Queen Katherine of Valois, wherein he gives us the name of each separate dish, and the history of its cooking. "And ye shall understand," he adds, "that this feast was all of fish; for, Lent being entered upon nothing of meat was there, saving only brawn served with mustard." He does not explain this Lenten dispensation of the sixteenth century in favour of the eating of brawn.

the Greek which was studied during the next century; and of a host of other scholars, of whom it is enough to say that they were worthy to be the contemporaries, as they were most of them the bosom friends, of More.

A great number of the colleges both of Oxford and Cambridge were founded in this reign. Amongst others, those of St. John's and Christ College, Cambridge, which owed their origin to the admirable Countess of Richmond, the king's mother. Of this truly great woman it would be hard to say whether she was most distinguished for her piety, her learning, or her brave and dauntless spirit, which old age itself could never quench. "Would to God," she was wont to say, "that the princes of Christendom would combine and march against the Turk; and gladly would I wait on them, and be the washerwoman of their camp!" When she died, King Henry laid her in the superb chapel which he had built in Westminster Abbey, and which he intended as the future burial-place of the kings of England. It was not his only religious foundation: no less than six religious houses were built by this monarch, who, as death approached, seemed to be smitten with remorse at the thought of the extortions he had practised on his subjects. So he put a clause into his will commanding his heir to make restitution of his ill-gotten wealth, paid the debts of all the poor debtors of London, released all criminals except those who lay under sentence for heinous crimes, and then died, in the fifty-second year of his age and the twenty-fourth of his reign. He was laid to rest in his glorious chapel, where he had endowed three masses to be said over his tomb "daily, so long as the world should last." Little could he have guessed that ere a few years had passed, the hand of his own son and successor should sweep away all his endowments, and that the masses which were to last for ever should be said for scarcely more than another thirty years.

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*Kings of France:* Charles VIII., 1483; Louis XII., 1498. *Kings of Scotland:* James III.; James IV., 1488. *King and Queen of Spain:* Ferdinand and Isabella, 1474. *Popes:* Innocent VIII., 1484; Alexander VI., 1492; Julius II., 1503.

CHAP. XX. HENRY VIII. AND THE ROYAL SUPREMACY.

1509-1547.

For a full century England had not witnessed such a burst of enthusiasm as that which welcomed the accession of Henry VIII. His father's unpopularity set off all the good qualities of the young monarch, in whom his subjects beheld a handsome youth of eighteen, with the reputation of courage and learning, and with just those frank and open manners in which the English most delighted. His marriage with the Princess Katherine was celebrated almost immediately; and for a while nothing was heard of but jousts and pageants, May-day revels on Shooter's Hill, or beneath the glorious trees of Greenwich Park, where King Henry and his courtiers, in the guise of foresters, feasted in their arbours of green boughs carpeted with flowers. Before long, however, brilliant schemes of ambition engaged the mind of the young king; and taking advantage of a quarrel between Louis XII. of France and Pope Julius II., he joined the league of the Sovereign Pontiff, and invaded France at the head of a powerful army, with the romantic sign of recovering the conquests of the Plantagenet kings. Whilst he was winning the Battle of the Spurs before the gates of Terouanne, his English dominions were being in their turn invaded by the Scots. King James IV. had crossed the Tweed and encamped on a hill called Flodden, the last of the Cheviot range. The circumstances recalled the days of Crecy and Neville's Cross; and Queen Katherine, if she did not quite take the part of Philippa of Hainault, showed a hearty zeal in the defence of the realm, and with her own hands embroidered the banners which were to be borne against the enemy by the gallant Earl of Surrey. That nobleman having hastily collected an army composed of the brave north-countrymen, marched to meet the king; and for the last time in English history the consecrated banner of St. Cuthbert was taken from its sanctuary and carried to the field of battle. The conflict which ensued ended in the utter defeat of the Scots, who left their king and the flower of their nobility dead on the bloody field; and Henry returned to England to enjoy the double triumph of his arms. In 1515 Louis XII. was succeeded on the French throne by his gallant and romantic heir Francis I.,

whose reign was a long rivalry with the greatest monarch of that age of great monarchs, Charles V., king of Spain and emperor of Germany, who was nephew to the English queen. For several years the history of Europe is the history of the squabbles of Francis and Charles, in the course of which both sought the alliance of Henry; and his vanity was flattered with the thought that he held the balance of power between them.

On the 7th of June 1520, a meeting took place between the French and English kings on the plains of Ardres, where they and their courts encamped and held a tournament, which lasted eighteen days. Their pavilion was rather a palace than a tent, and the magnificence of the festival has earned for it in history the name of "the Field of the Cloth of Gold."

But whilst the European monarchs were occupied with their splendid rivalries, that great religious revolution had begun in Germany which is known as the Protestant Reformation. Martin Luther, an Augustinian friar, had commenced his career by attacking the sale of indulgences, and having once gained a certain degree of notoriety, had gone on to publish a series of attacks on all the most sacred doctrines of the Catholic Church. At first he professed unbounded submission to the decision of the Holy See; but when Pope Leo X., in 1520, formally condemned his writings, and threatened him with excommunication if he did not retract his errors, he in his turn excommunicated the Pope. He now found himself at the head of a party, and the affair began to attract general attention. The new doctrines found plenty both of supporters and assailants, and among the most zealous of the latter was the English king. Henry was indeed well versed in Catholic theology, and his "Defence of the Seven Sacraments," published in 1521, procured for him a torrent of abominable epithets by way of reply from the pen of Luther, and from the Pope the title of "Defender of the Faith." Henry was amazingly vain of his literary reputation and his new title; and when, in the following year, the emperor visited London, the streets, carpeted with tapestry and hung with cloth-of-gold, were every where decorated with inscriptions to "Charles and Henry, Defenders of the Church and of the Faith."

His chief minister at this time was Cardinal Thomas

Wolsey, who had risen from a low station, partly by his talents and yet more by his admirable address. Appointed one of the royal chaplains, he had won his master's heart by his varied learning, his gay companionship, and his promptitude as a man of business. He was of course not long without preferment, and in a few years found himself Archbishop of York and chancellor of the kingdom, whilst his ambition was yet further gratified by the gift from Pope Leo of a cardinal's hat and the dignity of papal legate.

His revenues were enormous; yet it must be owned that if Wolsey loved wealth, it was to spend and not to hoard it. Nay, in some ways he spent it well and worthily; for if thousands went in keeping up a state far more royal than episcopal, thousands more were lavished in a princely encouragement of arts and learning, and a charity as profuse as it was discerning.* His household eclipsed the king's in its splendour, and numbered no fewer than eight hundred persons, barons, knights, chamberlains, heralds, and minstrels, not forgetting four cooks, besides the master cook, who "went daily in damask, with a chain of gold about his neck." The procession of the Lord Cardinal from his residence at York House to Westminster Hall was a daily pageant exhibited to the wondering gaze of the populace. The great seal of England and the cardinal's hat were borne before him by some nobleman or gentleman, "right solemnly and bareheaded." Then came two silver crosses and two great pillars, and a great mace of silver-gilt. Then a crowd of gentlemen ushers, crying, "On, my masters, on before, and make way for my lord's grace!" And lastly came my lord's grace himself, in his crimson or scarlet robes, "the best that could be had for money," riding upon a mule, who, like his master, was weighed down with finery, and was "trapped altogether in crimson velvet and gilt stirrups." All this was not very edifying, and many were the bitter gibes passed by the wits of the day on the pillars and poleaxes, the golden cushions and silver crosses of the butcher's son of Ipswich.

But events were at hand destined to bring about the ruin of the great Cardinal, and to result in the apostasy of the nation. Our readers will remember that the king's marriage with his brother's widow had taken place by papal dispensation immediately after his accession. Twenty years

* He was the founder of Christ Church College, Oxford

had now passed, during which time Queen Katherine had given an example of every virtue which could adorn her station. She took her part fitly and royally in the gaieties of the court, but her private life was one of prayer and mortification. Under her queenly robes she wore the cord of St. Francis; and her learning was not inferior to her piety. She had been the mother of five children, of whom, however, the Princess Mary alone survived. None knew her worth better than King Henry; but in an evil hour he suffered himself to be won by the charms of Anne Boleyn, one of her attendants, and the thought suggested itself that the circumstances of his marriage might admit of his procuring a divorce. We shall pass as briefly as possible over the details of a history whose intrigues filled up the space of nine miserable years. In 1528, Pope Clement VII., having been solicited by Henry to dissolve the marriage, despatched Cardinal Campeggio to England, with full powers to examine the case in company with Wolsey, and pronounce judgment. But after careful inquiry he decided on submitting the matter to the personal decision of the Sovereign Pontiff, to whose protection the queen had also appealed. At his first interview with the king after the departure of Campeggio, Wolsey plainly saw that the sun of his fortunes had set. The failure of the divorce was laid to his door, and on his return to London he found himself stripped of the chancellorship and banished from the court. He retired to his archbishopric; but Anne now reigned supreme, and her vengeance was not satisfied. A few months later the disgraced minister was arrested under the charge of high treason, and hurried to London. A timely illness saved him from the scaffold; and on the 29th of November 1530 Wolsey expired, with expressions of unaffected piety, at the Abbey of Leicester. "I tarry but God's will," were his last words, "to render my simple soul into the hands of Him who made it. Had I but served Him as faithfully as I have served the king, He would not have abandoned me in my gray hairs."

Henry was now left in the hands of a far more dangerous counsellor. This was Thomas Cromwell, a man of low birth, the son, it is said, of a blacksmith, who had for many years led the life of an adventurer, serving as a common trooper in that imperialist army which in 1527 stormed the walls of Rome, and, composed as it was for the most

part of German Lutherans, committed atrocities too hideous to be recorded. The political creed of this man was a very simple one; a statesman, according to his notions, was one who knew how to rise by devising the easiest means for gratifying a sovereign's wishes. As to the restraints of morality or religion, they were unknown to him; for he was wont openly to avow his belief that vice and virtue were nothing more than names. The unpromising state of the negotiations with Rome had almost moved the king to abandon his purpose, when Cromwell sought his presence, resolved, to use his own words, "to make or mar." His grace, he said, was hampered by the timidity of his counsellors. Was it to be endured that so great a sovereign should be thwarted in his desires by the authority of Rome? Germany had thrown off that authority, and why not England? Let the king declare himself head of the Church within his own realm; for so long as the Pope was master, England was little better than a monster with two heads. He had uttered the words which were to seal the fate of England. Ere many months had passed, Henry had assumed the title of "Supreme Head of the Church," had entrapped the clergy into a recognition of his claim, and had taken several steps which showed them it was to be no empty phrase.

The death of Archbishop Warham, in 1532, enabled Henry to fill the vacant see of Canterbury with a primate exactly suited to his purposes. Thomas Cranmer, the father, as he is termed, of the English Reformation, was originally a dependant in the family of Anne Boleyn, and had risen into favour by the shameless support he had given to her connection with the king. To say that he was worthy to be the colleague of Cromwell is scarcely to do him justice. Cromwell at least made no pretensions to sanctity; but in Cranmer each fresh iniquity was seasoned by some godly phrase. For the rest, the whole history of dissimulation presents us with no instance which will match with the dissimulation of Archbishop Cranmer. By ordination a Catholic priest, in religious belief a Lutheran, already privately married and for the second time, he now scrupled not to receive consecration as a Catholic Archbishop, and to take an oath of inviolable fidelity to the Holy See, when, as he perfectly well knew, the main object of his appointment was to destroy the authority of that see

in England. It must be owned that these were no easy matters to reconcile; but to men of Cranmer's sort of conscience all things become possible. His Lutheranism and his marriage were, of course, carefully concealed; for on those points Henry would have shown small toleration. As to the oath, he adopted an expedient which did credit to his ingenuity, if not to his honesty. On the morning of his consecration he called four witnesses into St. Stephen's Chapel, and in their presence declared that by the oath he was about to take, he did not intend to bind himself to any thing which might prevent him from hereafter assisting the king in the work of Church reformation. He then proceeded to the altar, took the oath with all possible solemnity, received the sacred unction, celebrated the Holy Sacrifice, whose doctrine he secretly blasphemed, and loaded his miserable soul with the double guilt of sacrilege and perjury. When this mockery was over, he applied himself without delay to the work for which he had been hired. But it would not have been Cranmer if it had not been accompanied by a perfect profusion of hypocrisy. A fortnight after his consecration he addressed a letter to the king, calling on him "for the good of his own soul" to grant him his royal license to examine the question of his marriage. The king complied with his request, reminding him, however, that he was nothing more than the chief minister of the spiritual jurisdiction belonging to the crown, and that "the sovereign had no superior on earth, and was not subject to the laws of any earthly creature." The Archbishop then cited the queen before his court; and on her declining to appear, she was pronounced contumacious, and judgment was given against her, the marriage between her and Henry being declared to have been null and void from the beginning. Cranmer's next letter to the king was couched in terms of grave severity. His grace must no longer persist in a marriage condemned by the law of God. Holy Church had declared it unlawful, and to her decision he must submit. Let him therefore bow with resignation to the will of God, as declared to him by the decision of the Church and her spiritual courts.

Henry received this admonition with edifying meekness; but the affair was not yet quite finished. A private marriage had taken place four months previously between the king and Anne, who up to that time had filled the queen's

place, with the title of Marchioness of Pembroke and a pension of 1000*l.* a year, which was raised out of the revenues of the see of Durham. Another court was now assembled, in which Cranmer hesitated not to confirm by his pastoral authority this marriage, celebrated as it had been before the king's union with Katherine had been dissolved. The strange irregularity of a second marriage being contracted before the first was declared invalid was justified by Henry, who declared that he had examined that point in the court of his own conscience, "which was enlightened by the Spirit of God, who possesseth and directeth the hearts of princes." Four months later, on the 7th of September 1533, a princess was born, who received the name of Elizabeth, and who lived to complete the work which the marriage of her parents had begun.

These proceedings hastened the decision of the Holy See; and on the 2d of March 1534 the sentence was pronounced which declared the marriage with Katherine to be valid and indissoluble, and charged the king to restore her to her rights under pain of excommunication. But when that sentence reached the court, England had already severed herself from the communion of the Church. Acts of Parliament had been passed by which all jurisdiction in spiritual things had been transferred from the Holy See to the crown; the king was formally declared the only supreme head of the Church of England; and his subjects were called on to acknowledge his supremacy and the lawfulness of his late marriage under the penalties attached to treason. "In the course of one short session," says Lingard, "the whole papal power was swept away." If the reader ask *how* such measures could have been made into laws, we can only reply that Cromwell prepared the bills, and that the houses of parliament passed them. Resistance to the royal will was a thing they never dared to dream of; and one man alone of all the lords spiritual refused to take the oaths. This was John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, a name which no Catholic can pronounce but with sentiments of the profoundest veneration. Already more than once his manly eloquence had rung through the House of Peers, and warned them of the coming danger. He had acted as the courageous advocate of Queen Katherine during the whole affair of the divorce, and had thereby earned for himself the deadly hatred of Anne Boleyn. He was now committed

to the Tower, where he was soon joined by a no less illustrious companion. This was Sir Thomas More, who had succeeded Wolsey in the office of chancellor; a man renowned throughout Europe for his wit, his learning, and his piety. Marvellous indeed must have been the excellence which has fairly conquered the prejudice of party feeling, and made men of all opinions acknowledge More as the perfect model of a Christian gentleman and philosopher. His home at Chelsea was the resort of all that was learned and all that was venerable in England. Erasmus has drawn its picture, and calls it "a practical school of Christianity." He had been the bosom friend of Henry, the companion of his hours of privacy, the sharer in his studies. His chancellorship lasted but two years, during which time he laid aside nothing of the simplicity which distinguished his private life. The chancellor of England delighted to act as cross-bearer in the rogation processions, or to take his place as a singer in the choir of his parish church. On one such occasion the Duke of Norfolk found him thus engaged. "What, my lord-chancellor!" he exclaimed, "are you turned parish-clerk? You dishonour the king and his office!" "Nay, nay," replied More; "the king, your master and mine, will not surely be offended by my serving his Master and mine." From the first he had plainly avowed his disapprobation of the divorce; and the king so far respected his scruples as never to oblige him to take part in that business. But after two years of office, his position in the royal councils became so embarrassing that he retired into private life; and having firmly refused to take the oaths, was committed to the Tower on the 17th of April 1534.

Hitherto the revolution had been unstained with blood; but now began a scene of wholesale slaughter. Fisher was marked out to be the first victim. Pope Paul III., filled with admiration at the firmness displayed by the venerable old man, had created him a cardinal. "Ha!" exclaimed Henry when he heard it, "Paul may send him the hat, but I will see that he has never a head to set it on." Rich, the king's solicitor-general, was now despatched to his prison, charged with a message from the king, to the effect that for the satisfaction of his conscience he desired to know the Bishop's real sentiments on the question of the supremacy. Fisher gently reminded his questioner that the expression

of those sentiments might possibly cost him his head; whereupon the solicitor-general swore on his honour, and on the word of the king, no syllable of what passed between them should be repeated save to the king himself. On this Fisher plainly spoke his mind, and a few days later Rich appeared in the witness-box on the day of the Bishop's trial, and on the sole report given by him of this conversation Fisher was convicted of having "slandered the supremacy," and was thereupon condemned and executed, his head being, as we are told, brought to Queen Anne that she might satisfy her revenge by gazing on the features of her dead enemy.

A fortnight later More was brought to trial; and as the utmost ingenuity had failed to extort any "treasonable" expressions from him, Rich was forced to have recourse to a little perjury, and invented a conversation for the occasion. The court decided that if the conversation were not quite genuine, it at least contained the undoubted opinions of the prisoner, and brought in a verdict of guilty. More received his sentence with the same sweet cheerfulness which ever distinguished him; and on being told that out of favour to him the king had commuted the usual punishment of treason for simple beheading, "God preserve all my friends from such favours!" he exclaimed. As he left the court he was met by his excellent daughter Margaret Roper, the ornament of her sex for her learning and filial piety, who forced her way through his guards, and clasped him in a last embrace. He was moved to tears, but soon recovered himself; and when the last hour came he smiled and jested on the scaffold like one, says old Camden, "who did but undress himself for his spiritual repose." As he laid his head on the block he was observed to move his beard out of the way: "It, at least," he said, "had committed no treason." To this good man it seemed so natural and so blessed a thing to die, that when death came he could not be terrified at its aspect, but treated it like some old familiar friend.

Thus opened the martyrology of the English Reformation; but among all those* who suffered for denying the

* The total number of those executed for denying the supremacy is variously stated. According to Dodd it amounted to sixty persons, besides sixty-four others who were starved to death in prison. Heylin reckons thirteen abbots and priors, and seventy-seven religious, who were executed, besides a great number of the laity. The memory of another martyr has been only preserved in the annals

supremacy we find the name of no Bishop save that of Fisher. A century of royal nominations had pretty well delivered the English episcopate from all taste for martyrdom; and the fate of the Bishop of Rochester had struck such terror into his colleagues, that during the remainder of the reign they were utterly subservient to Henry's will, passed his bills without a murmur, and, in obedience to his proclamations, preached the doctrine of his supremacy throughout their dioceses. Not so, however, the inferior clergy and the religious orders. Of the latter the Franciscans were most conspicuous for their courageous resistance to the royal tyranny. Two of their number, named Peyto and Elstow, were brought before Cromwell, charged with having preached against the supremacy in the very presence of the king, Peyto having taken for his text the words, "Where the dogs licked the blood of Naboth, there shall the dogs lick thy blood also, O king." In a rage he threatened to have them tied up in a sack and thrown into the Thames. But they laughed at his words: "Threaten such things," they said, "to rich and dainty folk; for us, we are well assured that the road to heaven is as short by water as it is by land." A jury summoned to try three Carthusians, whose crime consisted in their having waited on Cromwell to explain their conscientious objections to the oath, refused to find them guilty. A royal messenger was at once despatched to inform the jurors that the fate reserved for the prisoners awaited themselves if a verdict for the crown were not speedily found; and the Carthusians were soon on the road to Tyburn.

But another act had now to be played in this long and terrible tragedy. Queen Katherine died in 1535; and from her deathbed dictated a letter of forgiveness to her husband, which drew tears from his eyes: even in his worst moments he had never lost his respect for her admirable character, and now gave orders for her honourable interment at Peterborough. As to Anne, she testified the most outrageous joy at the death of her rival, dressing herself in yellow robes, and repeatedly exclaiming, "That now she was indeed a queen." But her triumph was of short duration. Henry's

of her own order; that of Elizabeth Cresner, a Dominican nun (probably of the community of which the venerable sister of Bishop Fisher was a member), who, having courageously reproved the tyrant for his crimes, was immediately ordered to execution.

affections had already fixed on a new object in the person of Jane Seymour, one of her attendants; and Anne had become an object of his most jealous suspicions. The levity of her conduct soon furnished him with the means of sweeping her from the throne; and on the 19th of May 1536 the unhappy queen was beheaded on Tower Hill. We do not intend to enter into the history of her trial: to us it is a matter of little moment if she were innocent or guilty of the charges of infidelity brought against her; whatever be their truth, few readers can view the fate which befell her, after a brief three years of royalty, in any other light than that of most righteous retribution. Before her execution Cranmer was commanded to dissolve the marriage, which but a while before he had declared good and valid. He obeyed, of course; and having, as he says, "God alone before his eyes," pronounced that it was not, and that it never had been, a marriage; whilst the parliament confirmed his sentence and pronounced the Princess Elizabeth illegitimate. On the day following the execution, the king celebrated his nuptials with Jane Seymour; whilst the parliament settled the question of the succession by granting the king a patent to name any person he pleased as his heir to the throne.

Meanwhile Cromwell had been invested with a new office, that of vicar-general and vicegerent of the king, in his quality of supreme head of the Church; and the first business on which he exercised his new authority was one exactly to his taste. The king's eyes had long been greedily fixed on the Church property; and a bill was now forced through parliament to enable him to dissolve the smaller monasteries, and appropriate their lands. Cromwell was first of all appointed to "visit" these monasteries, which he reported as being in a state of woful relaxation, although in the *larger* houses he acknowledged that, "thanks be to God, religion was right well observed." It is probable that the seizure of these larger houses was not then contemplated by the king, otherwise we may be very sure this testimony in their favour would not have been suffered to escape. But to his surprise and indignation, the Commons, who had been dumb on the subject of the supremacy, now grew contumacious. Henry's arguments, however, were generally irresistible; and on the present occasion they consisted in a message to the effect that "either the bill must pass, or

he would take off some of their heads." It passed quickly enough; and 380 houses were immediately dissolved, and their lands and revenues seized by the king.*

Up to this time the people seem to have acquiesced, with mute astonishment, in the proceedings of their rulers, but at the first blow struck at the religious orders, a cry of indignation rang through the land. In the north especially the popular feeling could not be appeased, and the whole country from Scotland to the Humber rose in insurrection. A vast multitude soon appeared in the field, marching under a banner whereon were displayed the Crucifix, the Chalice, and the Sacred Host, while on their sleeves they wore badges of the Five Wounds. They preserved perfect order, and bound themselves by oath to stand by one another, "for the love of God and of Holy Church;" to commit no crime, and to seek only "the restitution of the Church, and the suppression of heresy." They bestowed on their enterprise the name of the "Pilgrimage of Grace;" and wherever they came, the monks were brought back to their abbeys, and the inhabitants were compelled to take the oath. At last the king became alarmed, and condescended to treat with the pilgrims, promising that all their demands should be granted, if they would only lay down their arms and disperse to their homes. In their simplicity they believed him; but after a few months finding nothing had been yet done, they again assembled. In the interval, however, the country had been strongly garrisoned, and the brave fellows were taken and hanged by scores at a time, the Duke of Norfolk executing martial law, says Herbert, "wherever he thought it convenient." This demonstration of Catholic feeling on the part of the true-hearted English peasantry deeply moved the sympathies of the Sovereign Pontiff; and Cardinal Reginald

* The convents of religious women shared the same fate, and one very interesting notice occurs of the Convent of Catesby in Northamptonshire, the virtues of whose inmates extorted the admiration even of the royal visitors. "The house of Catesby," they say, "we found in perfect order. The prioress is a very sure, wise, and religious woman, having nine nuns under her, as obedient, religious, and devout as we have ever seen. The said house standeth much to the relief of his grace's poorer subjects. Wherefore, if it should please the king's highness to have any remorse that any religious house should stand, we think his gracious charity and pity cannot be more meetly shown than to the house of Catesby." But Henry had "no remorse," and the house and lands were sold over the heads of the religious.

Pole was despatched to Flanders to support their cause, and, if possible, to obtain some favour for them from the king. He was nephew to the Earl of Warwick, of whose death we have spoken in the last chapter, and was consequently one of the last representatives of the house of Plantagenet. Having sacrificed every hope of advancement in England by his refusal to approve of the king's divorce, he had returned abroad, and by his acceptance of the dignity of Cardinal, and his firm adherence to the Holy See, had incurred Henry's bitterest displeasure. After trying every effort to get him into his power, Henry turned his malice upon the other members of his family, and his brothers and cousins were summarily executed for the strange crime of having "maintained, promoted, and advanced one Reginald Pole, the king's enemy, beyond the seas." Nor was this enough; Cromwell had sworn "to make him eat his own heart with vexation;" so his aged mother, the Countess of Salisbury, was likewise seized, and as there was actually nothing to charge against her, except the fact of her being the mother of Henry's "enemy," Cromwell proposed a new mode of proceeding, which was to condemn her by a bill of attainder, without the inconvenient form of any trial at all. This plan was adopted; and the last of the Plantagenets was executed on Tower Hill, under circumstances of revolting barbarity.

The failure of the insurrection did but hasten the fate of the remaining religious houses: but both Cromwell and Henry knew well enough that the suppression of the great abbeys was a measure which could not be effected without much skilful management. It would be difficult to give the reader any idea of the position held by these institutions, or of the thousand ties which bound them to the nation's love. Not only were they homes of learning and religious perfection, but they were the great organs of every kind of charity. Each large abbey had its almonry, wherein relief was daily distributed to the poor, its free hospital, its school, where every poor child could learn grammar and church-music free of all cost, and in most cases a school for the upper classes also. Thus at Glastonbury, more than three hundred sons of the nobility were educated as became their rank, and as many more of inferior station were at the abbot's own expense fitted for the universities. The broad abbey-lands were let, often at a

merely nominal rent, to tenants who, under their gentle-hearted landlords, were freed from the odious burden of the forest-laws. No doubt their revenues were large, but they were held in trust for the poor of Christ; and how faithfully they discharged their trust may be best gathered by the beggary which fell on the lower orders as soon as the monasteries were swept away. And swept away they now were, with a ruthless and pitiless hand: those superiors who surrendered their houses were allowed a miserable pittance for their support: those who refused were hanged opposite their own gates, like the last abbot of Glastonbury, or left to a yet more horrible death in the cells of Newgate. Such was the fate of those noble Carthusians who refused to acknowledge the king's supremacy, or to give up their trust. Craumer by his persuasions induced one, and one only, to lay aside his religious habit, and to break his rule of abstinence; but finding his efforts fruitless with the others, he despatched an apostate monk to their cells, who exhorted them not to be such fools as to die in such a cause, and to win "the gracious favour of their noble prince by doing their duty to his grace." Then heretical books were distributed among them, which they at once proceeded to bury, "an act," writes Ffyloll, a creature of Cromwell's, "which is good matter to lay to them." At last, some having been hanged at Tyburn, the rest were left to die of disease and starvation; and the fact is thus communicated to Cromwell, by Bedyll, one of the visitors: "It shall please your grace to understand," he says, "that the monks of the Charterhouse here in London, committed to Newgate for their treacherous conduct against the king's grace, *be almost despatched by the hand of God*, as may appear by the bill enclosed. Wherefore, considering their behaviour and the whole matter, I am not sorry; but would that all such as love not the king's highness and his worldly honour were in like case. There be departed, Greenwood, Pearson, Salt, Davy, Green. There be at the point of death, Scriven, Reading. There be sick, Johnson, Horne. One is whole, Bird."

As to the scenes of profanation which accompanied the dissolution, we scarce know how to speak of them. Few countries could boast of such sanctuaries as those which lay scattered like gleaming jewels over the broad shires of England. Her shrines were the costliest in Christendom, her

churches and abbeys the architectural glory of the land. But now the churches were blown up with gunpowder, the shrines were shattered in pieces, and the relics of the saints profanely outraged and cast away. At Canterbury, the spoils from the shrine of St. Thomas alone filled two great chests, and contained, among other things, a jewel, the gift of a king of France, and said to be worth a kingdom. It was now set in a ring, and worn on the finger of the royal and sacrilegious plunderer.* Images of gold and silver, the chalices and patens for the altar, nay the very altars themselves, were torn down: whole libraries of precious manuscripts were tossed to the winds, their jewelled clasps stripped off, and the pages left to rot amid the dismantled ruins, or sold as waste paper. Such was the fate of that noble library of Glastonbury, of which Ieland says, that when first he beheld it, the sight of its vast treasures of antiquity so struck him with awe, that for a moment he hesitated to enter. Yet Bale tells us that collections like these were now sold to grocers and other tradesmen for waste paper, and that he himself knew of one man who for forty shillings had purchased two such libraries simply to use in this way; that he had been consuming their contents for ten years, and had not yet got half way through his store. As to the buildings themselves, they were in many cases blown up with gunpowder, or turned into private residences for those courtiers to whom the lands were granted. St. Augustine's monastery at Canterbury was pulled down, and a menagerie for wild-beasts erected out of the materials. Glastonbury Abbey became the prize of Seymour, afterwards Duke of Somerset, who converted it into a weaving manufactory for his own

* St. Thomas was doomed to something besides robbery. The claimant of royal supremacy very naturally looked on the great martyr of the Church's independence as his deadly enemy; and an extraordinary process was instituted for uncanonising him. The king's attorney-general was instructed to proceed against "Thomas Becket, some time Archbishop of Canterbury," and formally to cite him to appear in court. After thirty days had elapsed, and the saint neglected to obey the summons, judgment was given against him. He was pronounced guilty of rebellion, contumacy, and treason. His bones were dug up and burnt, a royal proclamation instructed the people that he was no saint, but a rebel and a traitor, and his name was ordered to be struck out of all books, under pain of imprisonment "at his grace's pleasure." This monstrous proceeding is alluded to in the Pope's bull of excommunication, which was published against Henry in 1538.

profit. Nor were monasteries alone thus treated: besides the 645 religious houses suppressed in this reign, the list of Henry's sacrilegious robberies includes 110 endowed hospitals, 2374 chantries and chapels, and 90 colleges. The very beds of the sick, as at the hospital at Winchester, were sold "for the king's use." The annual revenues of all these institutions amounted to about 150,000*l.*, besides the value of the movable property, an enormous sum in those days; yet, incredible as the fact appears, within two years it was all dissipated; and the king, who had cajoled the parliament into consenting to the suppression by golden promises of no more taxes, no more war subsidies, and an unlimited number of earls and barons, all to be supported out of the Church revenues, had now the assurance to demand fresh supplies, "in order to compensate him for the expenses he had incurred in reforming the religion of the state." In fact, what had been gained by robbery was spent in riot. The lands were granted to greedy favourites, Cromwell himself securing no fewer than thirty abbeys; whilst the ready money went, says the Protestant writer Bale, "in dice-playing, masking, banqueting, and bribing." We read of the king and his courtiers throwing dice for the steeple and bells of one of the finest churches in London, and of a whole monastery granted to a gentlewoman in reward for a dish of puddings which had particularly pleased his grace's palate. And whilst these things were going on, *pauperism* in its most appalling form became the lot of the poorer classes, and very soon the statute-book was filled with legislative enactments till then unknown in England; laws against vagabonds, who were to be branded with red-hot irons on the cheek, or more merciful licenses to beg.

All this time King Henry was exercising his spiritual functions by trying various teachers of the Lutheran doctrines, and condemning them to the flames; Cranmer, *himself a Lutheran in heart*, officiously lending his aid in the conviction of these unhappy men. In fact, Henry had a great zeal for orthodoxy, and could not abide the least departure from his own standard of doctrine. At the trial of Lambert, charged with writing against the Holy Sacrament of the Altar, he presided, clothed in robes of white silk. "How sayest thou, fellow?" he said, addressing the prisoner, "wilt thou live or die?" Lambert replied, that he threw himself on the king's mercy. "Then must thou die," said Henry;

‘for I can be no patron of heretics.” Lambert accordingly perished at the stake; whilst Cromwell wrote to the foreign ambassadors in perfect ecstasies of delight at the “benign and inestimable majesty with which his highness exerciseth his office of head of the Church. I wish,” he adds, “that all the potentates of Christendom had been there to see it.” The benign and inestimable prince had now two classes of victims, and it was no uncommon sight to see Catholic and Lutheran prisoners coupled together on the same hurdles and drawn to execution: the Catholic to be hanged and quartered alive for treason, the Protestant to be burnt for heresy. Sometimes, however, burning was adjudged to the Catholics also, as in the case of Friar Forrest, who, for denial of the supremacy, was hung up over a fire, kindled out of a wooden image of our Lady. Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, preached on the occasion, and called on the dying man to declare in what state he would depart? Already half consumed in the flames, Forrest summoned all his remaining strength, and answered “that not even an angel from heaven should make him depart from the faith he had believed in from his youth;” with these words he expired; and twenty years later, Latimer died the same horrible death; yet few of those who bestow on him the title of a “martyr” have ever noticed this other martyrdom at which he had previously assisted.

In 1536 the alarming growth of the new opinions moved Henry to enact a statute by which the Catholic doctrines regarding the holy Eucharist, communion under one kind, private masses, the celibacy of the clergy, confession, and religious vows, were taught, and their belief enforced under penalty of death. This statute was, of course, extremely distasteful to Cranmer, and he ventured so far as to oppose it in Parliament. But Henry appeared in the house in person, and joined in the debate; whereupon the Archbishop affected to be “confounded by the goodly learning of his grace,” and declared himself a convert to his opinions. In fact, he just then felt his own neck in danger; so his wife was sent back to Germany with all possible speed, all opposition was withdrawn, and the “Bloody Six Articles,” as they were called, became the law of the land. Innumerable executions took place in consequence, and, as usual, Cranmer was foremost in effecting the slaughter of the victims. To avoid the chance of any such disagreeable opposition in

future, an act was now passed, giving the king power to make proclamations which should have the force of law, or, as Cromwell blushed not to express it, which should "make his grace's will to be regarded as the law;" and it was moreover declared high treason for any one to leave England in order to avoid the penalties adjudged by such proclamations.

Cromwell had now reached the summit of his greatness; he had received the title of Earl of Essex, and in his office of vicar-general exercised an almost boundless power. But he was doomed to fall when at the very height of all his glory. In 1537 Queen Jane Seymour died, after giving birth to a prince, who received the name of Edward. The king immediately charged Cromwell with the task of providing him with another wife. He thought it discreet to strengthen the king's foreign connections by an alliance with one of the Protestant sovereigns of Germany, and concluded a treaty of marriage between Henry and the Princess Anne of Cleves. Holbein was despatched to take the lady's portrait; but when she arrived in England, the painter proved to have been a flatterer, and Henry in his disappointment did his best to escape the fulfilment of his engagements. There was no help for it, however, and Queen Anne became his wife; but the storm of royal indignation fell on the unlucky minister. He was charged with high treason, and condemned by that same process of a bill of attainder which he had himself first invented for the destruction of the Countess of Salisbury. Cranmer, the accomplice in all his crimes, went with the stream, and voted against him: in vain did he plead in the most abject terms for "Mercy, most clement prince, mercy, mercy, mercy:" he was executed in the July of 1540, protesting in his last hour that he repented of all the evil he had brought on the Church, and that he died a Catholic. Cranmer was then called upon to dissolve the marriage with Anne, which he did on the ground of a previous contract—one which, *the year before, he had formally examined, and declared to offer no impediment to the marriage*; and a bill was passed making it treason for any man to say that it had ever been a lawful marriage, and praying the king to take another wife. Henry condescended to the prayer of his parliament, and Catherine Howard, niece to the Duke of Norfolk, was raised to the unenviable dignity of his queen. A year later, she shared the fate of Anne Boleyn, and perished on the scaffold;

and in 1543 Henry married his sixth and last wife, Catherine Parr, who had the good fortune to survive him. The latter years of his life was spent in framing a religion for the nation by royal proclamations. A violent attack had already been made upon the veneration of images and relics, and the most gross calumnies were circulated to bring these sacred objects into contempt. On the whole, however, the king was resolute that his subjects should be Catholics in their religious belief, though on the subject of holy orders the most extraordinary doctrines were, naturally enough, taught by the advocates of royal supremacy. It was gravely discussed in council, whether the king, under certain circumstances, could not make a priest.* It was quite certain he could make a bishop; for as Cranmer declared, bishops were merely the king's spiritual officers, and needed no consecration, but only election and appointment by the crown. In order to make this something more than theory, at an early period of the revolution, the powers of all the bishops had been suspended for one month, so that one of two things was unavoidable: either they must petition the king to restore them their powers, and so acknowledge that they held them from the crown, or they must appeal to a divine source of jurisdiction, that of the Holy See, which if they did, their road would have lain direct towards the block on Tower Hill. This last alternative was not to the taste of any of Henry's bishops, and at the month's end they all prayed for the restoration of their faculties from the crown; and commissions were issued to each one to execute their office, wherein it was explained that bishops were only necessary because the vicar-general could not be every where, and so they were authorised in his absence to do what of right belonged to his office. Quite in accordance with this theory, we find Cranmer taking out a new patent for the office of Archbishop of Canterbury on the death of Henry; he was, in fact, as much an officer of the state as Cromwell himself.

For the rest, we find some fasts and festivals put down; the reading of the Scriptures in English was sometimes allowed, and sometimes forbidden;† and lastly, a book called

* See the original documents, published in *Burnet's History*.

† Latterly it seems to have been discouraged, and fourteen *Hollanders* were burnt "by pairs" as Burnet expresses it; it being complained that they had drawn their heresies from the indiscreet use of the Scriptures.

The King's Book was published, containing "the necessary crudition for every Christian man," wherein the most prominent Catholic doctrines were taught (including, of course, that of the Real Presence), and *formally approved* by Cranmer, who at that very time held every heresy therein condemned.

And what, all this time, was the state of the nation? If we listen to the king himself, he declares, in his last speech to his parliament, that though "that precious jewel, the Word of God, is rhymed and jingled in every ale-house," yet that "never was virtue or godly living less used, or God less served." If we look at the lower orders, we find a frightful increase of crime, no fewer than 72,000 criminals being executed during this reign for robbery, murder, and other like crimes. If we turn our eyes to those who filled the chief offices of state, we meet with a spectacle of almost unexampled infamy and degradation. Of Cromwell and Cranmer we have already spoken: but what shall we say of such men as Audley, the instrument made use of by Cromwell to effect all his judicial murders; the man who blushed not to petition the king for the grant of yet another abbey to compensate him for all the "*infamy*" he had sustained in serving the king's highness? What of Rich the solicitor-general and future chancellor, the betrayer of Fisher, the slanderer of More; and what of a crowd of others worthy to be their colleagues,—ennobled for infamous services, and enriched by grants of abbey-lands—the Paulets, and Pagets, and Cavendishes, and Seymours, and Russells, who now sprang from their native insignificance, and became the founders of our modern peerage? The servility exacted by Henry of these men, and willingly, nay officiously rendered by them, was little short of blasphemy. Cromwell objected to the phrase "next to Almighty God" used by the Princess Mary in her letter of submission to her father. Sir Thomas Chaloner wrote a Latin epigram, the point of which was, that vices disgraceful in other men were venial in the king. "Who so barbarous," exclaims Sir Richard Morryson, "as not to recognise on that serenest of countenances the living, impress of the most clement of kings? Who can gaze on that brow, and not hail it as the very throne of clemency?" Rich expresses his slavish admiration by telling Henry to his face that "in wisdom he was equal to Solomon, in strength to Samson, and in comeliness to Absalom." And during harangues of this nature, every time that the words

"most sacred majesty" were introduced all present uncovered their heads, and bowed profoundly to the throne.

But the king's days were now drawing to a close, and the last years of his reign were literally a reign of terror. No one was safe, a glance was enough to arouse his jealous suspicions; and Henry's suspicions could only be allayed by blood. Cranmer himself was at one time in danger; and Queen Katherine, having imprudently ventured too far in controversy with her husband, escaped only by artfully pretending that she did but feign opinions contrary to those held by his grace for the exquisite pleasure of hearing them confuted by arguments so divine and eloquent. Her friend Anne Askew, however, more courageous than herself, was condemned to the flames and burnt for denial of the Real Presence, Cranmer taking the principal part in her conviction and execution.

Henry's last victim was the gallant Earl of Surrey,—one of the very few men left in England in whom the fire of chivalry was not yet extinct. He was renowned throughout Europe as a scholar, a soldier, and a poet; but he was hated by the two Seymours, uncles to the young prince, who now ruled Henry's cabinet, and who had resolved to keep the reins of government in their own hands in the event of their little nephew's accession to the throne. So Surrey was charged with quartering the royal arms of England on his shield, as indeed he did, and had done for sixteen years, in right of his royal descent on the female side from the elder Plantagenets, and on this charge *alone* was condemned and executed; while his aged father was thrown into the Tower, and only escaped the same fate by the fact that Henry died before he had time to sign the death-warrant of the duke.

Haunted with continual fears for the safety of his heir, his unwieldy body one mass of frightful disease, the result of a long course of vice and intemperance, jealous of all who approached him, and tormented with excessive pain, King Henry now approached his end. The accounts of his last hours are various. Some writers are careful to tell us of the Mass celebrated daily in his bedchamber, of his frequent Communion, and of Cranmer's ministrations to his dying master, who squeezed his hand in token that he departed in the faith of Christ. But others have a different tale to tell. They speak of the dark cloud of despair that hung over that

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death-bed, and of the perpetual cry of "Monks! monks!" which burst from Henry's lips in his hours of fevered delirium, as though the spectres of his starved and slaughtered victims gathered around his couch. And they add how at the last moment, when scorched with the burning thirst of death, he called for a cup of wine, and turning to one of his attendants, uttered in accents of unspeakable terror the words "*All is lost!*" and immediately expired. It is said, indeed, that at the beginning of his illness he expressed a wish to be reconciled to the Holy See; but his Bishops feared the penalties to which they would be subjected if his mind were to change, and bade him consult his parliament; and the gleam of grace, if such it were, soon vanished away.

He died on the 29th of January 1547, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and the thirty-eighth of his reign. As his body was being carried to Windsor, it rested during one night amid the broken walls of Sion Abbey, one of those which his sacrilegious hands had desecrated. There an appalling incident occurred. The coffin burst, and the pavement of the ruined church was wet with the blood of its spoiler; while the attendants, as they observed a dog licking away the stains, shuddered when they remembered the words of Friar Peyto, and beheld them literally fulfilled.*

For three days the Seymours and their associates concealed his death from the public, whilst they carefully prepared their plans. Having arranged for securing the government in their own hands, they proceeded to proclaim the young prince, under the title of "Edward VI., King of England, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith of the Church of England and Ireland, on earth the Supreme Head."

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*Kings of France:* Louis XII., 1498; Francis I., 1516. *Kings of Spain:* Ferdinand and Isabella; Charles V., 1519. *Kings of Scotland:* James IV.; James V., 1513; Mary, 1542. *Popes:* Julius II., 1503; Leo X., 1513; Adrian VI., 1522; Clement VII., 1523; Paul III., 1534. *Emperors of Germany:* Maximilian, 1493; Charles V., 1519.

* See note p. 177.

CHAP. XXI. EDWARD VI. AND THE REFORMATION.

1547-1553.

WHEN the late king's will was opened, it was discovered that sixteen persons had been named as a council of regency. Seymour Earl of Hertford, uncle to the young king, soon, however, succeeded in getting himself elected protector of the realm; and when this was done the council proceeded to take care of themselves, and the new reign opened with a scramble for titles. Seymour became Duke of Somerset, and all the others were created earls and barons. But titles without revenues are, after all, but unsatisfactory things; so the new peers helped themselves to estates out of the Church property, and then set to work to settle the affairs of the nation.

On one thing Cranmer and Somerset had resolved,—Protestantism, plain and unmistakable, was to be the religion of the State. They found but small opposition on the part of a nobility which was enriching itself out of the plunder of the Church, or from Bishops who already stood committed to the principle of royal supremacy. Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, did indeed venture to express his surprise when he beheld the primate plunging headlong into a plan of wholesale reform; and introducing every one of those changes, the advocates of which he had for the last six years been persecuting with fire and sword. "Brother of Winchester," said Cranmer, in reply to his expressions of wonder, "ye like no new thing unless ye be yourself the author of it." "Your grace wrongeth me," rejoined Gardiner; "I thank my God I have never yet been the author of one new thing." However, as he showed a decided inclination to be troublesome, he was sent to the Tower, and the work of "reform" began in earnest.

We will not dwell on the introductory measures, the attack on images, the repeal of the Six Articles, or that memorable act which declared fasting to be a human ordinance, but which nevertheless enjoined the observance of the fast of Lent, "the king's majesty considering that godly abstinence is a mean to virtue, and also *specially* that fishers, and men who use the trade of fishing in the sea, may thereby the rather be set to work, and that by eating of fish much flesh shall be saved and increased." The great blow came

in the January of 1549, when the Book of Common Prayer, prepared by Cranmer and his fellows, and pronounced by the authority of parliament to have been composed "by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost," was at last published, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass ceased throughout the land.

Who can paint the desolation of that hour? We speak not of lesser profanations,—of the broken roods, the desecrated shrines, of all the graceful ceremonials of Catholic worship, with which the daily life of the people had been intertwined for full a thousand years, now pitilessly swept away. All this was nothing to the one fact, that God's Presence was banished from His own sanctuary. The lamp before the tabernacle was extinguished, and the tabernacle was gone. Nay, the very altars were gone too; Protestantism needed them not, for it had no sacrifice; it needed nothing but four bare walls, and a wooden table in the midst of the aisle; and to this state the parish churches of England were now reduced. The people entered their churches to find them empty: they were called to listen to a new service, which had no meaning in their ears, and with which their hearts had no association; the very language which to them was the language of faith was silenced, and their old devotions forbidden them by act of parliament. How dared their rulers say that the sweet sound of *Pater* and *Ave*, and the *Ora pro nobis*, and the *Requiem* for the dead, the evening *Salve*, and the *Angelus* and the thrice-sung *Sanctus*, were spoken in a language "not understood of the people"? The people themselves did not think so; and they would not listen to the new English Liturgy, which sounded to them, as they said, "like a Christmas play." The clergy were not more tractable than their congregations, and it soon became evident that vigorous measures of some kind must be taken ere the old faith could be rooted out of the land. So the country was mapped out into districts, and royal commissioners were sent down, and paid itinerant teachers from Germany and Geneva dispersed through every county, to spy out all nonconformity, and to preach blasphemies against the Mass. But their task was a hard one. The opposition of a whole bench of royal Bishops would have been nothing compared with the sturdy resistance of a believing peasantry. The old English dames, in particular, cost his majesty's commissioners a world of trouble, and, do what

they would, continued, as of old, to say their beads, knock their breasts, and sign themselves with the cross.

Nor was the change of religion the only cause of discontent existing at this time among the lower orders. The seizure of the Church property had produced many cruel results besides depriving the destitute of their chief means of charitable relief. The abbey lands, which under the monks had been brought to a high state of cultivation, were now for the most part turned into sheep-walks by their new masters, who cared only for the profit realised by the sale of wool in the foreign markets; and hence thousands of labourers and tenant-farmers were turned out of employment and reduced to beggary. To check the growing evil of pauperism, a law was now passed, by which any person "living loiteringly for three days was to be burnt with the letter V on his breast, and to serve the informer as his slave for two years. If he ran away, the letter S was to be burnt on his forehead, and he was to become a slave for life; his master being allowed to put an iron ring about his neck, and to compel him to labour at any vile work, by beating, chaining, or otherwise." The atrocity of this law is enhanced when we remember that it was chiefly aimed at the surviving monks and nuns, who wandered homeless and destitute over the land, and whom the Church plunderers had first made vagabonds, and now punished as slaves. Is it to be wondered at that at last the people rose in insurrection? In Cornwall, Devonshire, Somersetshire, Lincolnshire, Kent, Essex, Norfolk, and Suffolk they assembled in vast multitudes; and every where their cry was for the restoration of the ancient faith. Let the Mass be reëstablished, let the Lord's Body be again retained in the churches, let the Six Articles be enforced, and priests live chastely, as did St. Paul; let God's service be sung in the choir as of old, and in the old Latin tongue, and let two abbeys at least be founded in every county. The Protector became alarmed; and bands of foreign soldiers, hired for the prosecution of a war with Scotland, were sent down to quell the commotions. Again and again the people rose; on Clifton Downs, on the plains of Bridgewater, round the walls of Exeter, they struggled manfully, but in vain. Without arms and without a leader, they were dispersed only to meet again; and still their cry was for the faith of their fathers. So the German horsemen were let loose upon them, and, in the words of an eye-witness,

"the whole country was put to their spoil." In the west they were led on by John Lord Russell, afterwards first Earl of Bedford, who gave up the homes of the English peasantry to the brutal violence of his foreign troops, massacred his prisoners at Woodbury in cold blood, and hanged one of the west-country priests from the top of his own steeple.

By deeds like these the insurrections were at last quelled, and then began more scenes of wholesale plunder. Every one of the chantries, hospitals, guilds, and colleges which had escaped the rapacity of Henry, together with all endowments for the dead or bequests for other pious purposes, and even the greater part of the episcopal revenues, were seized by the crown. A portion of the money thus gained was devoted to the erection of what are called "King Edward's Grammar Schools;" but by far the larger half found its way into the pockets of the courtiers. The protector took the lead in these acts of sacrilege. His new palace was built out of materials which he procured by pulling down a portion of St. Paul's cathedral, thereby shamefully exposing the bodies of the dead. This not being enough, the steeple and part of the church of the Order of St. John were applied to the same use; and St. Margaret's, Westminster, would have shared a like fate, if crowds of the citizens, armed with bows and clubs, had not assembled and fairly frightened away the workmen. Out of the sacred fragments thus collected, he proceeded to erect the first building of Grecian architecture ever raised in England, which stood on the site now occupied by Somerset House.

Somerset's career, however, was destined to be a very short one. In the March of 1549 he sent his own brother to the block, on a pretended charge of treason; in the October of the same year he was himself committed to the Tower on a similar charge, and his place in the council was immediately filled by his great rival, Dudley Earl of Warwick. The new minister showed himself quite as zealous in the cause of "reform" as Somerset had been; and very soon Bonner Bishop of London, and the other prelates who evinced a dislike to the change of religion, were imprisoned and deprived of their bishoprics, which were immediately conferred on men of more unquestionable Protestantism.

One person, however, still remained to be dealt with; and this was the presumptive heiress to the crown, the Lady Mary. During her father's lifetime she had been induced

by a long series of petty persecutions to acknowledge the royal supremacy; but her attachment to the ancient faith was deep and lively, and, in spite of all the penalties decreed by law to those who should either hear or celebrate Mass, her chaplains continued daily to offer the Holy Sacrifice in her private house, where the Blessed Sacrament was constantly reserved. This was extremely displeasing, not only to Cranmer, but also to the young king himself. Of him, perhaps, it is time that we should say something; for though he had but just attained the mature age of twelve, he began to have some very decided views of his own on religious matters. When only eleven months old, he had been declared a prodigy. "Never saw I so goodly a child," wrote Audley, after enjoying the happiness of his first interview with him in his nurse's arms; "he hath so earnest an eye, and as it were so sage a judgment to every person that repaireth to his grace. And albeit his grace's flesh a little decayeth, yet he shooteth out in length and waxeth firm and stiff, and can stedfastly stand, and advance himself to move and go. In short," he concludes, "I can neither comprehend nor describe the goodly towardly qualities that are in my lord prince's grace." After this we cannot be surprised to find that at twelve he was deemed "the beautifullest creature beneath the sun, the wittiest, wisest, and most amiable;" and that he spoke Latin, French, Spanish, German, and Italian, or at least that his tutors said so. To these accomplishments he joined the most decided opinion that his authority on questions of religion was at least equal to his father's, and his religion was simply that of zealous Calvinism. His own journal supplies us with the best account of what passed between him and his sister. "The Lady Mary my sister," he says, "came to me at Westminster; where, after salutations, she was called with my council into a chamber, where was declared how long I had suffered her Mass against my will, in the hope of her reconciliation, and how (being now no hope, which I perceived by her letters), except I saw some short amendment, I could not bear it." She replied that it was not in her power to change her faith, and that she was ready to lay her head on the block in testimony of the same. Whereupon he called on her "not to rule as a sovereign, but as a subject to obey." Mary, however, was supported in her resolution by the imperial ambassador, who very briefly declared to the king that any further molestation of his

master's kinswoman in the matter of her religion would be followed by a declaration of war. On this Ridley, Bishop of London, undertook to explain to the king that though it were sinful "to give license to sin, yet to *suffer it and wink at it for a time* might be borne;" and Edward with tears was forced to yield the point.

But if thus much of leniency were shown to the heiress to the crown, equal toleration was not allowed to less illustrious nonconformists. A commission was issued, by which Cranmer and several other prelates were appointed, "by letters patent," to the office and by the name of "*inquisitors of heretical pravity*." Several Anabaptists and other heretics were by them tried and condemned to the flames. The most celebrated victim of this Protestant inquisition was Joan Bocher, a friend of the unfortunate Anne Askew, whom Cranmer had burnt in the previous reign for denying the Real Presence. Joan held some peculiar views on the doctrine of the Incarnation; for persisting in which she was tried before Archbishop Cranmer, and delivered over to the secular power to be burnt as a heretic. When she heard her sentence, she addressed her judges in terms which must have made them blush. "It is a goodly matter," she said, "to consider your ignorance. Not long ago you burnt Anne Askew, and yet came yourselves to profess the very doctrine for which you burnt her; and now you burn me for mine, which in the end you will believe also, when you have understood the Scriptures." For a whole year her execution was deferred in consequence of the young king's reluctance to sign her death-warrant; and Cranmer was forced to use his utmost eloquence to induce him to do so, telling him that "princes, as God's deputies, were bound to punish all impieties." Edward at last gave way, and, with tears in his eyes, set his name to the paper; telling Cranmer that, "if it were wrong, it must be he that must answer for it before God." A few days after, a Dutch Unitarian suffered the same fate; his judges being the three Protestant Bishops, Cranmer, Ridley, and Coverdale. Very willingly would the Archbishop have burnt the Catholics also; and as no law had yet been made declaring them heretics, he set about to prepare one. In the new code of ecclesiastical canons which he compiled, he was careful to pronounce belief in Transubstantiation, the acknowledgment of the Pope's supremacy, and the denial of the Lutheran doctrine

of justification by faith alone, to be *heresies*, and to subject the offender to the ordinary punishment of heretics, namely, death by burning.* This code, however, never became the law of the land; for before it was completed, the death of the king had brought about a new revolution in the Church.

The September of 1551 witnessed the execution of Somerset; an event which is thus briefly noticed in Edward's journal, "This day the Duke of Somerset had his head cut off."

His death left Warwick without a rival. He was immediately raised to the rank of Duke of Northumberland; but his ambition aimed at securing for his family even higher advancement. Edward's health was fast declining; and at his death the crown would devolve on a Catholic heir, in the person of his sister Mary. But there were other descendants of Henry VII. who were warm supporters of the new opinions; and the thought suggested itself to the duke of effecting a marriage between his son and the Lady Jane Gray,† and of then working on the religious prejudices of Edward, and obtaining from him an alteration of the Act of Succession in favour of his Protestant cousin. The marriage between Lady Jane and Lord Guildford Dudley was accordingly celebrated, and the suggestion was made to the king of an act by which he would, as it was hinted, secure to himself an eternal reward in the next world, and provide for the total extirpation of all Popish idolatry. Edward lent a ready ear to these proposals; and, in spite of the remonstrances of his law-officers, a deed was privately executed, conveying the crown at his death to the Lady Jane, to the exclusion of both his sisters. He grew rapidly worse soon afterwards; and on the 6th of July 1553 expired, at the age of sixteen, with the prayer on his lips that God would deliver his people from the "infection of Papistry." Northumberland concealed his death from the people for several days, and the interval was spent in arranging the measures necessary for placing the crown on the head of his daughter-in-law.

* See Strype's Memorial. He expressly says that "the Archbishop was the penner" of these articles.

† She was the eldest daughter of Frances Duchess of Suffolk, whose mother was Mary, Queen Dowager of France and younger daughter of Henry VII.

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*Kings of France:* Francis I., Henry II., 1547. *King of Spain and Emperor of Germany:* Charles V., 1547. *Queen of Scotland:* Mary, 1542. *Popes:* Paul III., 1534; Julius III., 1550.

CHAP. XXII QUEEN MARY, AND THE FAITH RESTORED.

1553-1558.

ON the afternoon of the 11th of July 1553 the heralds were proclaiming Queen Jane through the streets of London; but the people listened in sullen silence, and a week sufficed to call forth from every quarter of England such a demonstration of loyalty towards the person of Mary as surrounded her, as if by magic, with an army of 30,000 men, and left Northumberland no resource save to disband his forces, and proceed to the market-place of Cambridge, there to toss his cap in the air with the rest, and join in their enthusiastic shouts of "Long live Queen Mary!"

A few days later the citizens of London, dressed in their holiday suits, were thronging the streets to behold the entrance of their new queen, and greet her with loud acclamations. Short in stature, her pale face already lined less with age than with care and long-continued sickness, her dark and intelligent eyes alone redeemed her appearance from insignificance. By her side rode her sister Elizabeth, a princess of far more stately presence, who, having wisely refrained from joining either party till she had seen which way the tide would turn, had on the failure of Northumberland's scheme joined her sister, and now accompanied her to share her triumph. They proceeded first to the Tower, where, on the green inside the walls, they found all the state prisoners drawn up to receive them. It was a touching spectacle; there was the widow of Somerset, the aged Duke of Norfolk, and Gardiner, the deprived Bishop of Winchester. Catholic and Protestant knelt side by side; but Mary embraced them with tears, saying, "This day ye are *my* prisoners;" and her first act as a sovereign was to restore them all to liberty.

A list was soon presented to her of the persons engaged in the late attempt to deprive her of her inheritance; it included twenty-five individuals, besides Northumberland and his daughter: but with her own hand she struck out sixteen of the names, and of the remaining number no more than seven were brought to trial, whilst only Northumberland himself and two of his knights were sentenced to suffer death. On the scaffold he owned that ambition alone had

prompted him to support the Protestant worship, which in his heart he had constantly abjured; and his last prayer was that God would pardon him his acts of apostasy, and restore England to the ancient faith. As to the Lady Jane, the imperial ambassadors in vain attempted to persuade the queen that her own safety required her cousin's death. Mary firmly refused to bring her to trial; pleading that her extreme youth (for she was not seventeen) excused her errors; and she and her husband were therefore simply detained prisoners in the Tower, as hostages for the loyalty of their partisans.

Mary made no secret of her intention of reëstablishing the ancient faith, yet her opening proclamation was moderate and conciliating. Until the common consent of the realm had been taken, none were to be interfered with on the score of religion; but meanwhile the five Catholic prelates who had been deprived of their sees were restored, and Mass was solemnly celebrated in Canterbury cathedral. The ceremony of the coronation was performed according to the Catholic rite, by Gardiner, who had been raised to the dignity of chancellor,—for both Cranmer and Ridley had taken part in Northumberland's treason, and were now prisoners; and in the October following Mary opened her first parliament, all the peers and commons assisting at the Mass of the Holy Ghost, with which, according to ancient custom, they began their deliberations. Several measures had already been taken on the sole authority of the queen and her council, the character of which contrasts singularly enough with those of the two preceding reigns. By one she restored the debased currency of the realm, charging all the loss thus incurred to the royal treasury; by another she remitted to her people the subsidy granted by the late parliament, and this at the very moment she was succeeding to a government which the ruinous policy of her predecessors had involved in heavy debts.

A yet greater blessing was now conferred upon the nation by an act by which the laws regarding treason were restored to the state in which they existed in the twenty-fifth year of Edward III. This act swept away at one blow the whole machinery of royal tyranny and state murder, which had been accumulating for two centuries; and thus the queen, to whose name an ungrateful posterity has affixed the term of "bloody," made it her first business to

cleanse the statute-book of England from the sanguinary enactments which had so long disgraced it. At the same time the parliament once more affirmed the validity of the marriage between Henry and Queen Katherine, and passed an act restoring religion to the state in which that king had left it on his death. The Mass was now restored; but so penal enactments were passed to enforce attendance. Nor were they needed; for, to use the words of a well-known Protestant writer, the new Church required no laws to abolish it; it was in fact abolished by the general feeling of the nation.

Mary, however, was far too good a Catholic to rest content with the mere restoration of the Catholic worship, so long as England remained severed from communion with the Holy See. But here lay her difficulty; for the lords and commons, who had unanimously passed the bills for the abolition of the reformed service, viewed the restoration of the Pope's authority with a very different eye. Do our readers ask the reason of this? The answer is a simple one: *these gentlemen were one and all holders of Church property*, and they entertained a very natural fear lest the first act of a Papal legate would be to oblige them to make restitution of their ill-gotten gains. They swore they would never part with their abbey lands so long as they could wield a weapon, and hence Mary was forced to delay her final measures until the dispositions of the Holy See on this point could be ascertained; so true it was that, as one of the foreign ambassadors then in England observed of the English nobility of that day, "they had no other religion than their interest."

The next question which arose was that of the queen's marriage with her kinsman Philip of Spain, eldest son of the Emperor Charles V. With a certain party in the kingdom the alliance with Spain was unpopular, and their discontent was carefully fomented by the French ambassador. The publication of the marriage-articles was followed by three insurrections, two of which, under the Duke of Suffolk and Sir Peter Carew, were so clumsily devised, and so utterly unsupported by the people, that they were put down almost without a struggle. The third, at the head of which was Sir Thomas Wyatt, was more formidable. This gentleman was a Catholic by profession, and his aim was not to restore the reformed faith, but was solely directed

against the Spanish match, which he conceived would destroy the national independence. His design was to effect a marriage between the Princess Elizabeth and her cousin Courtney Earl of Devonshire, and to place her on her sister's throne. He succeeded in assembling an army of 15,000 men, with which he marched on London; his attack caused a universal panic, in which Queen Mary alone preserved an unshaken calmness. When pressed to take refuge in the Tower, she loftily replied, "Let my officers stand true to their posts; I, for my part, will not desert mine." The conflict soon ended in the complete defeat of the insurgents; Wyatt was taken prisoner and sent to the Tower, where he was soon followed by Elizabeth, whose treasonable correspondence with him was proved beyond a doubt, though she persisted in denying it with that profusion of oaths and curses usual to her on such occasions. The Spanish and imperial ambassadors urged on the queen the necessity of bringing her to trial, but Mary refused; and two months later Elizabeth was released from the Tower, and only detained for a time in honourable imprisonment in the palace of Woodstock.

Severer measures were reserved for one more worthy of our pity. Suffolk's fresh rebellion had sealed the fate of his daughter; and on the 8th of February 1534, Lady Jane Gray and her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, were brought to execution. No doubt there was some truth in the representations of the Spanish ambassador, that Mary's only security from the plots of her rival's party lay in the death of Jane. The lives of the victims were, strictly speaking, forfeited by law; yet the policy which sacrificed them through a motive of fear was alike cruel, unwise, and ungenerous, though it was but too prevalent at the time of which we write.

Jane died in the profession of the Protestant religion, in which she had been educated. Feckenham, the queen's chaplain, made every effort to effect her conversion, and attended her on the scaffold; but his arguments were unavailing, though his gentleness and humanity won from her dying lips an expression of regard. Sixty persons suffered death for their share in this insurrection; a number which in our day, indeed, seems frightfully large, but which bears no comparison with the list of executions on similar occasions which took place in the reigns of either Henry or Elizabeth.

On the 25th of July of the same year, the marriage between Queen Mary and Prince Philip of Spain was celebrated in Winchester cathedral with extraordinary magnificence; and this event was soon after followed by the accomplishment of the business which lay nearest at Mary's heart, namely, the reunion of her kingdom with the Holy See. Catholic Bishops had already been consecrated by Gardiner to fill those sees still held by Protestants; nor could they justly complain of their deprivation, since they had accepted their bishoprics "to hold them at the pleasure of the crown, *so long as they behaved themselves aright.*" A Bull was now obtained from Pope Julius III., by which Reginald Pole, who had been appointed cardinal-legate, was empowered to assure the undisturbed possession of their lands to all holders of the Church property; and when this was obtained, the parliament hastened to repeal the attainder of the Cardinal, who soon afterwards landed in England, and was conducted from Dover to London in a kind of triumph; 1800 country gentlemen attending him as a volunteer body-guard as far as Gravesend, where he entered the royal barge, and, fixing a large silver cross at the prow of the vessel, proceeded up the Thames. The question of reunion with Rome was then proposed to parliament, and carried almost by acclamation; not a voice was raised against it in the lords, and but two in the commons; and a petition was drawn up praying that steps might be taken without delay for absolving the nation from its past apostasy, that it might once more be received into the bosom of the Catholic Church.

The Feast of St. Andrew, 1554, beheld a grand and touching spectacle; the queen and parliament of England assembled in state, whilst the Cardinal harangued them with his accustomed eloquence, and concluded his address by solemnly absolving them in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. A loud "amen" burst from every lip, as, rising from their knees, they embraced one another with tears, repeatedly exclaiming, "To-day we are born again." It would be impossible to describe the scenes which followed outside; the Cardinal had to make his way through crowds of kneeling and weeping citizens, who pressed around his horse, praying him to bless and absolve them. At St. Paul's Cross, Gardiner the chancellor preached to the assembled multitudes, bitterly lamenting his own

weakness in the reign of Henry, and calling on all whom he had ever led astray to arise with him, and seek the pardon of Holy Church. The great act by which England had once more become Catholic was sealed and ratified by a procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the streets of London; whilst far away, within the eternal walls of Rome, another such procession was being made, attended by the Vicar of Christ in person, who rejoiced with tears over what he fondly deemed the second conversion of the English nation.

All this appeared promising enough; but the very fact that the English nobility, who in belief were Catholic, would yet have prevented the nation acknowledging the supremacy of the Pope for fear of losing their ill-gotten plunder, is sufficient to show how deeply they were tainted with that disaffection to the Holy See which had long been the bane of Catholicism in England, and how little title they had to be regarded as truly Catholic at heart. Very different was the temper exhibited by the queen herself. She at least would have nothing to do with the property of the Church; and in spite of every remonstrance from her council, who represented that without these revenues she could not support the splendour of her crown, she restored all the tithes and lands seized by her predecessors, or devoted them to pious and charitable purposes. Many of the religious houses were restored, among others the Abbey of Westminster; the old hospital of the Savoy was reëndowed for the benefit of the poor; and it is calculated that the yearly revenue she thus voluntarily gave up amounted to not less than a million and a half of our present money. Her words in answer to those who sought to move her from her purpose were noble and worthy of record: "I value the peace of my conscience," she said, "more than ten such crowns as that of England."

Hitherto the acts of the queen's government had been for the most part marked with justice and clemency; but her reign lasted for another four years, and they were years of religious persecution. Not fiercer, indeed, than the persecution which had raged during her father's reign of terror; not one half so fierce and bloody as that which was to deluge England with innocent blood under the rule of her sister and successor. Nor should we overlook the fact that Mary and her councillors had some pleas to urge in justification of what they did, which the Reformers certainly had not.

They, in defence of divine and infallible truth, used the sword as a desperate remedy for a desperate evil; while Henry and Elizabeth, after rejecting every standard of divine truth, simply put to death those who in things spiritual opposed the royal will. Then again, the position of the kingdom must be considered, torn as it had been for nearly thirty years by religious revolutions, which had shaken every foundation of the faith. The great mass of the people was still, indeed, Catholic; but the sacrilege which had swept like a torrent over the land had done its work, and men had grown familiar with blasphemy and vice in their most appalling forms. Let us listen to the historian Strype, himself a zealous Protestant, who complains of the "covetousness of the nobility and gentry; the oppressions of the poor; no redress at law; the judges ready to barter justice for money; an impunity of murders; the clergy very bad, from the bishops to the curates; and, above all, a frightful increase in every kind of impurity." Ridley, Bishop of London, wrote a book, entitled "*The Lamentation of England*," in which he plainly says that "impurity, oppression, pride, covetousness, and a *hatred and scorn of all kind of religion*, had spread among the people, but especially among the upper ranks." The agents of the Protestant party were busy at work, stirring up the people to sedition, and exciting them to acts of shocking irreverence. Those who had fled from England on the accession of Mary, continued to pour into the country publications which, besides their disgusting profanity, boldly advocated the dethronement of the queen. The English "Gospellers" were wont openly to pray for the death of the "Jezebel," the "ungodly serpent," as they called her, and publicly to circulate the most unblushing calumnies regarding her. She had sold the country to the Spaniards, had sent all the gold and silver of her realm to Spain, and had leagued to admit 12,000 foreigners, who were "to burn and destroy the country *three or four times a year* (!), till Englishmen were content to obey their detestable doings"! Pious frauds, moreover, were resorted to, and a mysterious voice was made to issue from a wall in Aldersgate, which would answer "Amen" to the cry of "God save Elizabeth!" and denounced the Mass as idolatry. The magistrates at length broke open the wall: when a young girl was discovered, who at once confessed that she had been hired for the purpose

by some of the Reformers, in order to raise a tumult. Nor was this all: a new class of men had arisen in England, called into being by the infamous Cromwell; they were the scoffers by profession,—men whom he hired to sing abominable ballads, and to disseminate Protestant principles in alehouses and other places of low resort, by acting profane and indecent representations, wherein every thing that was sacred was exposed to mockery. This was, indeed, one of the chief instruments devised by that arch-apostate for rooting the faith out of the lower orders; and, as Bishop Burnet complacently remarks, “it took much with the people.” The deeds of these men could not go unpunished. Of their grosser profanities we dare not speak, but they often proceeded to acts of open violence. In the church of St. Margaret’s, Westminster, the priest was attacked at the altar, and stabbed as he was giving Communion to the people, the Sacred Hosts he held being sprinkled with his blood. One man, in the presence of a large congregation, took the Blessed Sacrament from the altar and trampled it under his feet. The queen’s chaplains were more than once shot at in the streets. Gardiner and his colleagues knew all this; the example of other countries had taught them, moreover, the close connection which existed between the new opinions and the spirit of sedition and rebellion: they felt in a position to crush the further spread of the evil by one vigorous effort; and they believed that, as matters then stood, severity would in the long-run prove the truest mercy.

They proceeded, therefore, to put into execution the existing laws against heresy; but the severity with which these laws were enforced, so far from being approved by Catholics in general, met with a firm and courageous opposition from many of those who best deserved the name. It is a most significant fact, that the men who took the most active part in the persecution were precisely those who, a few years before, had been foremost in their support of the royal supremacy,—holders of the abbey-lands, like Paget, who had acted as privy councillor under the Protector Somerset, as he now did under Mary. On the other hand, those Catholic Bishops who had never shared in the national apostasy, courageously refused to obey the orders of council; and in their dioceses scarcely a single conviction took place. Thirty-seven members of parliament seceded from the House of Commons rather than be involved in these proceedings;

and among them was Francis Plowden, a man to whom, in the succeeding reign, Elizabeth offered the dignity of the chancellorship, on condition of his abjuring the Catholic faith; a proposal which he firmly and indignantly rejected. Alphonso di Castro, King Philip's confessor, went so far as to preach a sermon in the presence of the king and queen, in which he scrupled not to declare that "the Bishops ought not to seek the death, but rather to instruct the ignorance, of their misguided brethren." His words produced a powerful effect, and for a time the influence of Philip and Mary prevented the continuance of the persecution.* But Philip returned to Spain; and Mary—a prey to sickness, whose attacks left her for weeks without speech or consciousness—was forced to trust the real government of the country in the hands of the Privy Council, formed as it was of Catholics indeed, but of Catholics brought up in the school of the tyrant Henry, whose political principles were, naturally enough, tinged with ferocity. The numbers executed have been greatly exaggerated by writers, who include in their list of "martyrs" the names of many executed for felony or treason, and of others who were never executed at all. It is probable, however, that not fewer than 200 persons suffered for their religious opinions; and among them were the Protestant Bishops Hooper, Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer. And truly if ever man had earned a felon's death, it was the last-named victim. What plea for mercy could *he* urge, who had steeped his hands in the blood of Protestant and Catholic by turns, at the bidding of his masters? His death was in harmony with his life, and disgraced by a tissue of fresh falsehoods and apostasies. At the first news of his conviction, he recanted every one of his errors, and renewed this recantation in *seven* distinct documents, each expressed in stronger terms than the preceding one, calling God to witness that "he was moved by no fear, or desire of favour, but spoke solely to discharge his conscience." Mary would have granted him his life, but the arguments of her council prevailed. Pardon had, indeed, been offered to others; and hundreds had been released on the easy condition of an oath "to be true to God and the

* We have the names of several Protestants saved by the personal interference of Mary; among others, the celebrated Judge Hales, and a certain zealous gospeller named Underhill, whom she even took into her private service.

queen;" but it was felt that Cranmer deserved no mercy, and on the 21st of March 1556, he was led forth to suffer the death he had so often adjudged to others. Garcia, the friar who attended him, gave him a paper, which he advised him to read at the stake, in token of contrition. It contained a confession of the Catholic faith; and Cranmer accepted it, giving one copy to the friar, and keeping another for himself. But he secretly prepared a *third* paper, wherein he recanted all his former recantations, and so went to the place of execution doubly armed,—with a profession of Catholicism, in case a pardon should be announced, and with one of Protestantism, to win him the reputation of a martyr if die he must. No pardon came, and, to the astonishment of those present, the archbishop once more declared himself a Protestant; his former recantations having been made, as he owned, only "if it might be, to save his life." Then, thrusting his right hand into the flames, he exclaimed, "This hath offended;" and a few moments later the unhappy apostate had paid the penalty of his crimes.

He was succeeded in the primacy by Cardinal Pole, who took no part in these sanguinary measures, and often raised his voice against them, declaring that "Bishops should look on those who erred as sick children, and not for that to slay them." Nay, he even saved many of the inhabitants of his own district from death, and devoted all his time and all his energies to his pastoral duties and the restoration of ecclesiastical discipline. Seldom, indeed, had the English Church beheld a holier, more learned, or more gentle-hearted prelate than this, the last of her Catholic primates, whose merit had been acknowledged even by the tyrant Henry.

Nor was Gardiner unworthy to be his colleague. As first minister of the crown, he showed himself a courageous and patriotic statesman, who fearlessly did his best to protect the liberties of his country, well-nigh extinguished as they had been during the reigns of Henry and Edward. His death, which took place in the November of 1555, was accompanied by expressions of deep and sincere contrition for his temporary betrayal of the Church. In his last moments, he caused the Passion to be read aloud to him, and exclaimed whilst they did so, "Alas, I have sinned with Peter; but with Peter I have not wept." In him Mary lost her ablest adviser, and the closing years of her reign brought with them a long series of sorrows and disap-

pointments. Philip proved but a cold and unkind husband, and his long and frequent absences were to her a source of bitter regret. The plots of the French court, which never ceased from intriguing with the English Protestants, and inciting them to rebellion, at length brought on a war with that country. While the united armies of England and Spain were gaining the battle of St. Quintin, the Scots, as usual, took occasion to cross the border; and Mary resolved to lead the northern militia against them in person, and would have done so, had not her shattered health received a last shock by the news of the loss of Calais. In vain had King Philip warned the English council of the danger which threatened the last relic of the English conquests in France, and offered to defend it with a garrison of Spanish troops. An ill-timed jealousy of Spain prevailed with them, and the offer was rejected. A few weeks later, and the town was in the hands of the Duke of Guise; whilst Mary, in her anguish at the loss, declared that when she died the word "Calais" would be found written on her heart.

Another source of sorrow and anxiety was the question of the succession. She had no children; and felt fears, which proved but too well grounded, of the religious sincerity of her sister Elizabeth. A reconciliation had taken place between them shortly after the queen's marriage, since which time Elizabeth, "guiding herself," observes Camden, "like a ship in tempestuous weather, professed herself of the Roman Catholic religion, heard Mass, and was frequently confessed." The act which had acknowledged the validity of Queen Katherine's marriage had of course implied the illegitimacy of Elizabeth, and consequently the true heir to the crown was the Queen of Scots, the nearest *legitimate* descendant of Henry VII. But her interests were considered by King Philip as opposed to his own, and he therefore wrote to the queen, who now lay on her deathbed, urging her to acknowledge Elizabeth as her successor. Mary consented to do so; first, however, requiring from her sister a promise of faithful adherence to the Catholic faith. Then Elizabeth scrupled not to confirm her former professions by awful imprecations, and prayed God "*that the earth might open and swallow her up if she were not a true Roman Catholic.*" This was on the 9th of November 1558, and on the 17th of the same month Mary breathed her last. A few hours later expired Reginald

Pole, Archbishop of Canterbury ; and the sun that shed its parting rays on those two deathbeds was the last that rose and set over Catholic England.

If we except the fact of her having given her consent to a cruel persecution of the heretics, Mary's character may be regarded as one truly worthy of admiration. That blot was one which admits of some extenuation in an age when religious tolerance was scarcely looked on as a virtue ; and in the whole catalogue of English sovereigns we shall search in vain for another example to match with the utter disinterestedness, the unselfish purity of motive, and the simple single-hearted piety, which are to be found in the character of the first Mary. Brought up in a school of tyranny and bloodshed, she was neither bloodthirsty nor a tyrant, and her power was used only to give back to the nation the liberties of which her father had robbed it. In her private life she was something more than blameless. Zealous for the administration of justice ; a lover of the poor, whose cottages she would visit in a poor disguise that she might enjoy the exquisite pleasure, so rare to a crowned head, of relieving distress with her own hand, and soothing it with her own lips ; a lover of children, of whose company she never tired, and yet more a lover of prayer and mortification,—her daily habits were worthy of the best age of Catholic piety. She, whom Protestant history has depicted as a morose and gloomy bigot, knew, moreover, the secret of gay and gracious cheerfulness. She was learned, like all the ladies of the time, and an exquisite musician ; but Catholics will rather remember her as the queen who, in an age of apostasy and corruption, stood nearly alone in the sincerity of her faith, spending life itself in the fruitless effort to win her country once more back to God.

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*Emperors of Germany*: Charles V.; Ferdinand, 1558. *King of France*: Henry II. *Kings of Spain*: Charles V.; Philip II., 1556. *Queen of Scotland*: Mary. *Popes*: Julius III., 1569; Paul IV., 1555.

CHAP. XXIII. ELIZABETH.

1558-1603.

WHATEVER were the defects in Elizabeth's title to the throne, she undoubtedly ascended it with the hearty goodwill of the nation. Catholic and Protestant alike hailed

her accession with demonstrations of loyalty; and she at once assumed the reins of government, supported by a party of able councillors whom she had gathered around her during her sister's declining years. At their head was Sir William Cecil, better known as Lord Burleigh, a man gifted with those peculiar talents which seem sometimes to be gained by the sacrifice of principle. A zealous reformer in King Edward's time, he had shown himself an equally zealous Catholic under Mary, and was always dropping his rosary-beads out of his pocket, or otherwise displaying his orthodox devotion, in hopes of being taken into the royal favour. But Mary never trusted him; so he transferred his homage "from the setting to the rising sun," and now, as lord-treasurer, became Elizabeth's first minister of state. Supreme head of the Church Elizabeth was at least resolved to be. It was a puzzling question to determine what religion was to be imposed upon the nation; for, as Feria, the Spanish ambassador, had already shrewdly remarked, "she greatly admired her father's system of government;" and her first act was to administer the oath of supremacy to every member of the council. It was refused by the more conscientious members, and among others by Heath, Archbishop of York and chancellor of the realm. Moreover, both he and the other Bishops positively refused to perform the ceremony of her coronation so long as she persisted in assuming the title of "Head of the Church." At last, however, Oglethorp, Bishop of Carlisle, was induced to do so, on condition of her taking the ancient oath "to maintain the laws and privileges of the Church as they had existed under Edward the Confessor." This, therefore, was the coronation oath with which Elizabeth began her reign; and it was taken at a solemn Catholic rite, wherein she received Communion under one kind, and was proclaimed "Defender of the true, ancient, and Catholic faith."

The acts which followed this solemn mockery may be briefly enumerated. As soon as she had felt her way with the parliament, which had been carefully packed by Cecil, she formally reassumed the royal supremacy, the acknowledgment of which was again enforced under pain of death; re-appropriated the Church property, abolished the Mass, and restored the English Prayer-book. All these measures had been framed by a *secret* committee, who were preparing them at the very time that their mistress was solemnly

swearing in Westminster Abbey to maintain the religion of her Catholic ancestors unchanged. As nothing was to be expected from the compliance of the Bishops, Elizabeth next proceeded to create a hierarchy of her own. The Bishops having one and all refused the oath of supremacy, with the solitary exception of Kitchener of Llandaff (called by Fuller "the calamity of his see"), they were at once deprived, and their places filled by men selected from the ranks of the reformers; Dr. Matthew Parker, formerly chaplain to Anne Boleyn, being chosen for the see of Canterbury. But how were these men to be made Bishops? for, to save appearances, some show of ordination was necessary. After considerable delay, three men were chosen who had held dioceses under Edward VI.: they were Barlow, Scory, and Coverdale, to whom was added Hodgskin, formerly suffragan Bishop of Bedford; all four, therefore, without episcopal jurisdiction. Whether any one of the four, and specially Barlow, had received episcopal consecration, is extremely doubtful; but they now proceeded to consecrate Parker, who a few days later inducted Scory and Barlow into the respective sees of Chichester and Hereford, and consecrated other Bishops, according to the form of King Edward's Prayer-Book. The nullity of these "consecrations" was manifest even to Elizabeth's government; and they accordingly supplied what was wanting by an act of parliament, which declared that all which had been done had been done aright, and that the queen, by *her supreme power and authority*, dispensed with all disabilities and imperfections which could be objected against the consecration of her Bishops. Thus was the Protestant hierarchy of this country first established; resting, as we see, not on Divine appointment, but on the authority of Queen Elizabeth and an act of parliament. The inferior clergy, the vast majority of whom, as Burnet allows, refused to apostatise, were deprived of their livings and thrown into prison, their places being filled by a mixed multitude of "cobblers, weavers, tinkers, tanners, and fiddlers," the only men who could be found to take on them the ministry of the Established Church, whilst many districts were left for years without any ministers at all. But these measures were not carried without opposition. It was with difficulty that the bills were forced through the House of Commons, whilst in the Lords they passed only by a majority of three. As to

the nation at large, their conformity to the state religion was obtained only by penal statutes, the number and severity of which were increased by each successive parliament; yet after forty years of Elizabethan rule, her own historians were forced to confess that not two-thirds of her subjects had even *outwardly* conformed.

Let us now turn from these momentous changes to the sovereign by whose will they were brought about. Elizabeth could boast of few personal charms beyond a tall and queenly figure. Her yellow hair, aquiline nose, and thin compressed lips, have been made familiar to us by countless portraits; let us add the high up-standing ruff, and the dress overloaded with jewels, and the picture is complete. A harder task it would be to sketch the character of one of whom Cecil was wont to say, that she was "to-day less than woman, and to-morrow more than man." That she had the qualities of a great ruler none can deny, together with a masculine understanding, and an extraordinary power of winning popularity. Her life-long policy was directed to build up a fabric of national glory and independence, no matter what deed of blood or treachery had first to be perpetrated. Yet all the while she would be exposing herself to the ridicule of her courtiers, by a vanity which required from them admiration of her person as the first condition of her favour. They were all compelled to use the language of lovers ere they could hope to rise in the state. Did a foreign ambassador seek an audience, he was first indulged with a sight of the queen's dancing; and ere the delicate point of diplomacy could be settled, was expected to fall into raptures over the beauty of a foot and ankle carefully displayed for his inspection. From such scenes of coquetry and vanity we pass to others which exhibit her to us rating her parliament in terms such as a slave-driver might use to his slaves, calling to account her unfortunate Bishops in the grossest language, or chastising some offending courtier with a box on the ear.

The grand scheme of policy devised by Cecil aimed at placing his mistress at the head of a vast Protestant league. By espousing the cause of the foreign Protestants, and supporting them in all their plots against their own sovereigns, she was able to strengthen her power by embarrassing the rival governments of France and Spain. The plan was so-ly to assist the conspirators, and openly to disavow them.



This double game was carried on at a time when England was bound to these nations by solemn treaties of peace; and no where was it played more treacherously or more successfully than in the kingdom of Scotland.

Mary Queen of Scots, the only child of King James V., had succeeded to her father's crown while yet an infant. Brought up in France, she was married at the age of sixteen to Francis the Dauphin of that country, who soon afterwards succeeded to the crown. His death in 1560 leaving her a widow, she returned to her own kingdom to find it torn by the civil strife which had arisen out of the change of religion. She was the loveliest and most accomplished princess of her time, of an ardent and unsuspicious temper, and devoted, heart and soul, to the Catholic religion. Her undaunted profession of the faith soon drew on her the enmity of the fierce sectaries who then ruled the land, at the head of whom was the notorious John Knox; and a conspiracy was formed to drive her from the throne, secretly encouraged by Elizabeth, whom the rebel lords addressed in their letters as "under God the protectrix especial of the Protestant religion." Our limits forbid us to do more than glance at the events which followed: her marriage with her cousin Darnley; his horrible assassination by Bothwell and the confederate lords; their artful scheme for throwing the odium of their crime on the queen herself; the forcible seizure of her person by the infamous Bothwell; and the rebellion which followed, and ended by placing her, a crownless prisoner, in the castle of Lochleven. In 1568 she escaped, only to witness the defeat of her partisans at the battle of Langside; and, as a last hope, resolved to fly into England, and claim the protection of Elizabeth. To trace the incredible treacheries of that queen and her ministers during these transactions would carry us too far; suffice it that the hospitality granted to the royal fugitive was her committal to a close imprisonment. To justify this iniquitous outrage, recourse was had to acts yet more iniquitous. The unfortunate Mary was charged before the world with the double crimes of adultery and murder. Time, and painful researches into historic records, have now gone far to cleanse her name from these stains, and to prove that her only *crime* was her position as the Catholic heiress to the throne of England. They exhibit to us Cecil and Walsingham, with their agents, Lethington and Buchanan, forging documents and

falsifying state records, till at last they created a mass of spurious evidence having for its object to disgrace her in the eyes of Europe by convicting her of infamous crimes.* "I am only twenty-five!" was her touching exclamation, when these detestable forgeries were produced against her, and she felt herself powerless to disprove them. Nor was this all: they sought to *destroy* her, and with her, the last hope for the restoration of the Catholic faith. They therefore represented her as leaguering in her dungeon against Elizabeth's life; and for this purpose, as Camden, the court historian, admits, "forged letters in her name were conveyed into the houses of Catholics, and other forgeries in their name conveyed to her." Or they leagued with her rebel subjects to deliver her into their hands, the letter from Cecil being preserved in which he offers to do this "*on security being given that she should be put to death.*"

Meanwhile Elizabeth was presiding over a court the most brilliant and the most profligate in Europe. Faunt, himself a member of it, and under-secretary to Walsingham, described it as "a scene of all enormities, where wickedness was practised in its highest possible degree." Matrimonial negotiations of one kind or another occupied the first twenty years of Elizabeth's reign. The list of her suitors included half the crowned heads of Europe, besides many of her own subjects. Their flatteries and courtships were exactly to her taste; but whilst she encouraged all by turns, she was resolved not to part with one iota of her power by sharing it with a consort. "No, no," she said, when her ministers pressed her on the subject, "I will have no master here, and only one mistress, I promise you." Her courtiers and ministers were all men of brilliant talent. There was Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord-keeper, of whom she was wont to say, as she gazed at his lofty and intellectual brow, that "his soul at least lodged well." There was Sir Walter Raleigh, who first attracted her notice by an act of ready courtesy. As the queen was one day entering her barge by

* Proofs of the above statements will be found collected in the works of Goodall, Tytler, and Whittaker. On one point the testimony of this last-named writer (a clergyman of the Established Church) is sufficiently remarkable: "Forgery," he says, "(I blush for the honour of Protestantism as I write it,) seems to have been peculiar to the reformed. I look in vain for one of these accursed outrages of imposition among the disciples of Popery." "Forgery," he adds, in another place, "appears to have been the *peculiar disease of Protestantism.*"

the river's side, she had to cross over some muddy ground : seeing her hesitate, Raleigh stepped forward from the crowd, and cast his mantle on the spot that she might pass over it without wetting her feet. He soon rose into high favour. No one better understood the art of graceful flattery ; but besides this, he was a universal genius, and, though thoroughly unprincipled, a scholar and a soldier, and bore a part in every enterprise, whether of war or adventure, which was undertaken during this reign. And lastly, there was the gallant Sir Philip Sidney, the author of the "Arcadia" and the "Defence of Poesie." He was the most accomplished gentleman of his time, and as chivalrous as he was learned. The crown of Poland was offered to him ; but Elizabeth would not suffer him to accept it, "out of fear," says Camden, "lest she should lose the jewel of her kingdom." She was proud of all these distinguished men, whose glory reflected on herself ; and was herself not unfitted to be the centre of so brilliant a circle. Educated in all the learning of the times, she could, if needful, reply to her ambassadors, and scold them too, in a Latin oration ; while she was quick to discern and reward the merit of all those around her. Meanwhile her affections were reserved for her master of the horse, Lord Robert Dudley, whom she raised to the rank of Earl of Leicester, and loaded with scandalous marks of favour. This man, who for thirty years filled the post of royal favourite, was probably the very worst among all the bad men of his age. His first wife was murdered to pave the way for his hoped-for union with the queen. He was a skilful and practised poisoner, and the scandals of his private life form perhaps the very darkest page in the history of the English peccage. Yet, adds Heylin, "he cloaked his monstrous vices under a pretended zeal for religion, for he was the leader of the Puritan faction in England." This was the name given to that party among the reformers who considered that the Reformation had not been carried far enough. They disliked the government of Bishops, affected a solemn precision of look and manner, abjured all outward forms and ceremonies, and looked on the new Prayer-book as made up of "the rags of Popery." Elizabeth was not one to tolerate opposition from any quarter ; and spite of Leicester's protection, these "new-fangled sects," as she termed them, were persecuted almost as mercilessly as the Catholic recusants.

The sufferings endured by the latter had, indeed, now reached a point beyond which endurance seemed impossible; and the cruel imprisonment of the Queen of Scots, whom they naturally viewed with sympathy, roused their smothered discontent into open rebellion. In 1569 the northern counties rose in insurrection, and, headed by the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, once more displayed the banners of the Cross and the Five Wounds, and proclaimed the restoration of the ancient worship. Their standard was borne before them by a venerable old man named Norton, whose white hair floated on his shoulders, and who was followed by his five gallant sons. The Prayer-book was publicly burnt, and the Mass once more celebrated within the walls of Ripon. But the plans of the insurgents were ill concerted; and at the first approach of the royal troops under the Earl of Sussex they dispersed and fled. Contemptible as the insurrection had proved in its results, the vengeance taken on the unhappy peasantry rivalled the cruelties inflicted by the Norman conqueror on a similar occasion. Three hundred villages were wasted with fire and sword, and exact orders sent to Sussex of the numbers to be executed in each town, amounting to 200, or about *every fifth man*. Through a district of sixty miles in length, there was not a town or village in which martial law had not been proclaimed. But her officers did not show themselves speedy enough to satisfy Elizabeth; and on the 19th of January 1570, we find Sussex writing to his lieutenants urging them to yet greater severities. "The queen's majesty," he says, "doth much marvel that the executions are not yet ended, and she disburdened of the charges that are considered for that respect; wherefore I pray you heartily to use expedition, for I fear this lingering will breed displeasure to us both." Eight hundred men were accordingly hanged; whilst, to obtain informations against fresh victims, Cecil offered his advice that the principal men of each district should be seized, and, "if need be, compelled *by lack of food* to disclose the names of the rebels." At last the slaughter ended, and pardon was offered to the survivors; but on *what* condition? They were to take the oath of supremacy, or to die; Elizabeth would hear of no compromise on the subject; death, or apostasy, was the only alternative she offered to her Catholic subjects.*

* The depositions taken down before the royal judges at this time

Hitherto the Holy See had beheld the fresh overthrow of religion in England in sorrowful silence; but the seizure of the Scottish queen, and the inhuman cruelties exercised on the northern Catholics, at last called forth the censures of the Church; and on the 25th of February 1570 a Bull was published by St. Pius V., in which, after enumerating the crimes of Elizabeth, he ended by pronouncing against her solemn sentence of excommunication. The days were indeed past when such a sentence had been dreaded far more than death by English sovereigns, yet Elizabeth, who never succeeded in stifling within her soul the whisperings of faith, was restless and uneasy, and even applied to the emperor to get the Bull withdrawn. Meanwhile the penal laws fast thickened in the English statute-book. It was death for a priest to come into England, death to harbour him, death to confess to him, death to be reconciled to the Church, death for him to exercise any priestly function; non-attendance at the church-service was punished by a ruinous fine, and those who could not pay it were imprisoned, and their ears bored with red-hot irons. A young Catholic lady was sent to Bridewell by Aylmer Bishop of London, and *publicly whipped*, for refusing to conform. A new class of men arose, the professional priest-catchers, who were authorised to break into the houses of Catholics at all hours of the day or night to search for evidence against them. A High-Commission Court was set up, empowered to search out and reform all heresies and errors, and punish them at *discretion*. At its head was the Archbishop of Canterbury; and its inquiries were conducted, says a Protestant writer, "by rack, torture, inquisition, and imprisonment." In fact, under Elizabeth's "golden" rule the rack was at work as constantly as the gibbet, together with other tortures yet more are curious and interesting. One man confesses to the crime of having worn a surplice, and carried a cross, and sung "Ora pro nobis." Elizabeth Watson, an old peasant woman, acknowledges that "she used hir beades;" and Alice Wilkinson made a similar avowal, adding boldly that "many thousand dyd the like." The use of the beads was strictly forbidden; but, spite of royal and episcopal injunctions, it was long before the people could be induced to give them up. Twenty years later we find it complained that in Wales "the people do carry their beades openly, and make such clappings with them in church, as that a man can hardly hear the minister for the noise thereof; alledging that they can read upon their beads, as others on their books." Private Confraternities of the Rosary kept up this devotion through the fiercest periods of persecution.

revolting, like that inflicted in 1577 on Thomas Sherwood, concerning whom we have the order issued to the attorney-general, to place him in the Tower dungeon "among the rats!" Sometimes the sufferers were executed for their share in real or pretended plots. But these plots were mostly devised by Walsingham himself, whose agents were busily employed in entangling Catholics in such schemes and then betraying them.* Some of these spies pretended themselves to be Catholics, and thus got admittance into the English foreign seminaries, for the purpose of practising on the loyalty, or familiarising themselves with the persons, of the students. Outlaws and criminals were offered pardon and reward if they betrayed a Catholic; till at length, as Camden acknowledges, "even innocence was no security to a Papist." But besides the vast number executed on the ground of supposed conspiracies, we have the names of 204 who died simply for their religion. Of these, 142 were priests, three were gentlewomen, and the rest laymen. Fifteen died for denying the supremacy, 126 for exercising priestly functions, and the others for harbouring priests or being reconciled to the Church; while eighty more died in prison of the tortures there endured. It is true that the sufferers were not *burnt*; the punishment inflicted by Elizabeth on her victims was that most horrible one assigned by the criminal law of England as the penalty of high treason; it consisted of hanging them by the neck for a minute or two, then cutting them down while still perfectly alive and conscious, and then tearing out their hearts and bowels, which were burnt in a fire before their eyes.† This butchery, we repeat, was perpetrated on victims who were still alive; and instances are not wanting of those who have prayed for their

* Fuller's *Church History*.

† When Babington and his associates were under sentence of death for their plot in favour of the Queen of Scots, Elizabeth questioned her ministers whether *no new device* could be hit on *whereby to increase their sufferings*. Burleigh gravely informed her that the law recognised no severer punishment; but that if her majesty pleased the executioner could be ordered "*to protract the extremity of their pains*." This fearful order was accordingly issued; and the result was a scene so horrible, that at last the spectators interfered, and insisted that the remaining prisoners should be simply hanged. It must not, however, be supposed that the punishment of death by burning was abolished in Elizabeth's reign. It was still reserved for cases of heresy. Thus Stowe records the burning of two Dutch Anabaptists, in the June of 1575; and again, in 1588, a Deist was burnt at Norwich

murderers, or ejaculated the Holy Name of Jesus, as the bloody hand of the executioner was laid upon their quivering heart. Protestant historians vainly strive to conceal these facts, or represent these men as executed only for *treason*. It was the subterfuge by which Elizabeth's government sought to screen themselves from the execration of posterity. They first *made it treason* to exercise the Catholic religion, and then punished it as such. The only evidence required against a priest was to prove him to be one; and among those who were executed solely for their priestly character, were some of the best and holiest men yet left in England. Nor were they men alone who suffered: women too were tortured and put to death, like the holy and venerable Margaret Clitherow, the martyr of York, who, in the year 1585, under a female sovereign, for no other crime than that of harbouring and relieving priests, was by sentence of her judges cruelly *pressed to death* between two boards, with a sharp stone under her back; which most horrible torture she endured for fifteen minutes before she expired.

We gladly turn from this most painful subject; yet our readers must remember that the lists of those who suffered death give a very faint idea of the extent of the persecution. Hundreds were executed; but thousands and tens of thousands were fined, imprisoned, harassed by "domiciliary visits," their estates seized and sequestered, and themselves and their families brought to beggary. Yet still the faith lived on; and still, in spite of halter, gibbet, and rack, fresh bands of noble-hearted men landed on the English shores, to live a hunted and ignoble life, and in all probability to die a traitor's death upon the scaffold, if only they might dispense to their suffering countrymen the consolations of religion, and keep alive in England the expiring embers of the faith. These were the *missionary priests*; men of whom the world was not worthy, and whose names, too little known, fill the pages of our British martyrology. Despised in their own land as felons, Catholic Europe regarded them with wonder and admiration. By the gates of a Roman college an old man would daily take his post, to watch the young English students as they passed in and out, and to salute them with the words, *Salvete flores martyrum* ("Hail, flowers of the martyrs"). It was St. Philip Neri, the apostle of modern Rome; and he was wont to say that he knew nothing more worthy of veneration than the heroism of these devoted men.

We must now pass over some years, during which Mary of Scotland was wearing out her youth in long and hopeless imprisonment. At forty-three suffering and sorrow had done the work of age, and blanched her hair to a snowy whiteness. Yet her spirit never broke, her constancy never gave way;* and her heroic fortitude, as well as the cruelty of her fate, won for her the pity and admiration of Catholic Europe. The Sovereign Pontiff, St. Pius V., regarded her with peculiar tenderness, and besides addressing her several letters of encouragement, found means of conveying to her a box containing several consecrated Hosts, with an extraordinary dispensation by which she was permitted to communicate herself. Her son, whom she had left an infant in the hands of the Scottish lords, and who had been bred up in the Protestant religion, was now grown to man's estate, and reigned as King of Scotland; but, desirous to keep on good terms with Elizabeth, he made no effort to procure his mother's liberation. Meantime plot after plot for her escape was devised by her partisans; one after another they failed, and their framers perished on the scaffold. At last Walsingham succeeded in entangling a number of young Catholic gentlemen in a scheme which included the dethronement of Elizabeth: it was known as Babington's plot, and one of its principal associates was an agent of the minister, who by dint of unheard-of craft and treachery succeeded in engaging Mary's secretaries to correspond with the conspirators. This was all that was wanted to effect her destruction; for her death had long been resolved upon, and the only question was how to procure it. Leicester had recommended poison, and sent a divine to Walsingham to prove the lawfulness of such a deed. Very willingly would Elizabeth have followed his advice, for she shrank from incurring the infamy of bringing her royal cousin to a public trial and execution. She even complained of the "niceness of those precise fellows, Drury and Paulet," Mary's two gaolers, who refused to dip their hands in her

* Shortly after the explosion of Babington's plot, Mary was kept in solitary confinement; and on being suffered once more to enter her usual apartments, found that in her absence her cabinet had been rifled of its papers. After a moment of surprise, she turned to her gaoler Paulet: "There are yet two things, sir," she said, "which you cannot take from me,—my royal blood, and my devotion to the Catholic faith."

blood; and the letter still exists, addressed by Walsingham and Davison to these gentlemen, in which they express the queen's surprise that some plan of this kind has not yet been devised. "Her majesty," they write, "doth note in you a lack of that zeal in her service which she doth look for at your hands, in that all this time you have not yourselves found out some way of shortening the life of the Scottish queen." However, as this hint was not taken, nothing remained but a public execution. The form of a trial was therefore gone through at Fotheringay Castle, in the August of 1586, when *copies* of letters were produced purporting to be from her, and implicating her in designs against the queen's life. The originals of these papers were *not* produced; neither was the prisoner allowed counsel or witnesses, or even her own papers. Yet, matched against thirty five men, the subtlest statesmen and profoundest lawyers of the day, she defended herself with spirit, and for two days, says Lingard, "kept at bay the hunters for her life." Judgment was of course given against her, and her sentence pronounced by Lord Buckhurst, who in so doing bade her "look for no mercy, seeing that her life was incompatible with the safety of the Protestant religion."*

As Elizabeth affected a great reluctance to sign the death-warrant, her parliament petitioned her to do so on religious grounds; one member of the Puritan party moving "that some devout and earnest prayer be offered to God to incline her majesty's heart to grant their request." Elizabeth in reality, however, required little urging. At this very time the Scottish ambassador was imploring for a delay, at least of eight days. "No, not for an hour," was her ferocious reply; and on the 1st of February 1587 the warrant was signed; Elizabeth, as she wrote her name, jesting with her secretary Davison, whom she bade take the paper to Walsingham, then lying sick; "for the grief, as *she merrily said*, would go nigh to kill him outright." This was an allusion to the savage disposition of her minister, and the positive delight he took in shedding blood.

The sentence reached Fotheringay on the 7th of February. Mary listened as it was read to her with an unmoved countenance. "My lords," she said, "the day has arrived at last, long expected by me, and long desired; for what

* Camden.

better end can I look for than to give my life for my faith! Nevertheless, as to the death of the queen your sovereign," she continued, "placing her hand as she spoke on a Testament that lay on the table, "listen to my last words: I call God to witness, I never sought it, I never imagined it." "Madam," interposed the Earl of Kent, "that is a *Popish* Testament; your oath on such a book is of no value." "It is a *Catholic* Testament," she replied; "and for that reason I value it the more." She then requested the assistance of a priest; but it was refused her, as contrary to the laws of God and of the land, and dangerous to the souls of the commissioners: Kent as he left her presence exclaiming, "Your life would have been the death of our religion, and your death will be the life of it." "Heard you that?" said Mary to her attendants; "his lordship has betrayed the secret: my religion, then, is the cause of my death." The hours still left her she spent in taking leave of her faithful followers, and preparing for death. The night was passed in prayer, and in the reading of the Passion. At eight next morning she entered the castle hall, dressed in robes of state, and carrying a crucifix in her hand. Her old steward fell on his knees before her in an agony of grief; she raised and kissed him. "Good Melville," she said, "cease to lament; for this day thou shalt see the end of Mary Stuart's troubles." At her earnest entreaties two of her women had been suffered to accompany her; but her fresh request to speak with her confessor was again refused; "the lords," says the official report, "not thinking it proper to waste so much time about a priest." They hinted, moreover, something about "her pair of beads, her *Agnus Dei*, and crucifix," which were said to be "superstition enough already." When she came in sight of the block, and all the array of death, she never quailed, but advanced with that same grace and majesty she had so often displayed in happier days in the courts of France and Scotland. She addressed the spectators in a firm and audible voice; protesting her innocence of all plots against Elizabeth's life, and her unshaken fidelity to the Catholic faith. "After my death," she added, "many things now hidden in darkness will come to light. I am happy to shed my blood for my religion, and place all my hopes in Him whose image I now hold in my hand. From my heart I pardon my enemies, and ask pardon of all to whom I have done amiss." The Dean of Peterborough then

presented himself, and sought to engage her in religious disputes; but Mary would not listen to him. She prayed aloud while he continued speaking; and holding up the crucifix, "O my Lord," she exclaimed, "as Thine arms were extended on the cross, so receive me into the outstretched arms of Thy mercy, and pardon me all my sins!" "Madam," interrupted the Earl of Kent, "leave such *Popish trumperies*, and have Christ in your heart and not in your hand." Mary turned to him with the same calm sweet tranquillity: "I cannot hold the representation of His sufferings in my hand," she said, "without at the same time bearing Him in my heart." At last her devotions were ended, and they led her to the block; her attendants fastened over her eyes a handkerchief, on which the Blessed Sacrament had once been laid; the signal was given, and at the third blow of the axe her head was severed from her body; whilst the executioner, holding it up, streaming with blood, cried aloud, "God save Queen Elizabeth!" "So perish all the queen's enemies," answered the Dean of Peterborough; but Kent approached, and standing over the body, repeated, "So perish all the enemies of the *queen* and the *gospel*!" When her body was removed, her little dog was found concealed under her robes; it had followed her to the scaffold, and would not leave the corpse.

The news of Mary's death was received in London with the ringing of bells, as for some great national victory; but Elizabeth affected to be struck with horror and surprise, and wrote to King James with her own hand, calling God to witness that she was innocent of his mother's death; and to prove her sincerity, disgraced her ministers, committed Davison to the Tower, and sentenced him to a fine of 10,000*l.* In Scotland the intelligence was received with a burst of national indignation; the parliament on their knees besought the king to avenge the deed; but James had no intention of risking his chance of the English succession by any act of indiscreet hostility, so he was content to accept Elizabeth's apologies, and with her apologies to pocket the bribe of 8000*l.*

The following year England was threatened with a Spanish invasion. Philip of Spain had at length become exasperated by the continued treacheries of the English government. In defiance of all good faith, they had assisted his rebellious subjects in Flanders, intercepted his treasure-

vessels, and sent their captains, Drake and Hawkins, to ravage and destroy his American colonies. The exploits of these commanders, performed at a time when the two nations were on terms of peace, were of course simply acts of piracy; yet Elizabeth rewarded them with special marks of favour; and for these very deeds Drake and Hawkins received the honour of knighthood. An immense armament was fitted out by Philip, to which he gave the proud title of "the Invincible Armada," and which set sail for the English shores in the summer of 1588. The crisis roused the loyalty of the nation; Catholic and Protestant, noble and merchant, all alike came forward; some fitted out vessels at their own expense, and there was not a man in all England who did not show himself ready to die in her defence. The mayor and citizens of London being applied to for assistance, demanded what was expected of them, and were told in reply, "fifteen ships and 5000 men." Two days later they sent to the council, "humbly entreating them, in token of their love and loyalty, to accept 10,000 men and thirty ships amply furnished." The same feeling was exhibited by all classes; and Elizabeth's own spirit was equal to the emergency. Mounted on a charger and armed with a steel breastplate, she reviewed her troops at Tilbury Fort, and harangued them in animated terms. The army was intrusted to the Earl of Leicester, the fleet to Lord Howard of Effingham, under whom Drake and Hawkins were next in command. It was on the 20th of July 1588 that the Spanish Armada entered the English Channel. It was a magnificent spectacle; 130 large vessels, having on board not less than 30,000 men, came bearing down, arrayed in the form of a gigantic crescent. The English ships sailed out to meet them, and day after day there were bloody conflicts, in which, spite of their inferior strength, the English always gained the advantage. But the final dispersion of the Spanish fleet was effected less by the force of arms than by a mighty storm, "which shook heaven and earth," and scattered the vessels, dashing their wrecks upon the rocky coasts, while the English fireships went in among them and completed their destruction. The Spanish admiral was forced to return to Spain with the shattered remnants of his mighty armament, and announce to his master that the Invincible Armada was all but utterly destroyed.

The defeat of the Spanish Armada was felt in England as the greatest of her national triumphs. It was celebrated by public thanksgivings, of course,—by bonfires, pageants, and the rest; and at the same time by the sacrifice of human victims. The Catholics, at that painful crisis, had not swerved from their allegiance; but they shared the faith of the invaders, and that was enough. A selection was therefore made from all those detained in prison, and within three months from the defeat of the Armada thirty innocent persons were put to death; whilst during the remaining fourteen years of Elizabeth's reign the scaffolds streamed with blood, and the gaols overflowed with prisoners.

But what were the sufferings of these men to Elizabeth and her courtiers? These were the "glorious days of good Queen Bess." Never had there been seen such splendid revels, such royal progresses, such masques and classic pageants, such plays, and dramas, and bear-baitings. The Elizabethan era, too, was gilded by the genius of Shakespeare and Spenser, of Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney. Elizabeth was the idol of her people, who saw in her the proud champion of their national independence. While she was throwing citizens and mayors into ecstasies by her gracious familiarity, her courtiers vied one with another which could offer her the incense of the most exquisite flattery. She was the "Great Eliza," the "*Sacred Queen*," the "bright sun which gave light to sense and soul;" she had "a celestial soul in a princely body;" she "rode like Alexander, hunted like Diana, and walked like Venus." There was nothing they could not bear from her: she might collar Sir Christopher Hatton, or *smite* upon Sir Matthew Arundel; she might beat her maids-of-honour, or tell her bishops with an oath that "she had a mind to depose them."† They took it all in good part, and

* Sometimes, indeed, we read of their "serving God with zeal and comfortable examples" by visiting some unfortunate Papist at his own house, like Rookwood of Euston Hall; where, after living on his hospitality for a fortnight, they made merry by ransacking his premises, burning his favourite image of our Lady, and dancing round it in mockery as they did so; after which they sent its owner, in punishment of his "obstinate papistry," to the nearest gaol.

† Elizabeth's dislike to a married clergy is well known; and she never disguised the contempt she felt for her own self-created hierarchy. On one occasion she ordered the Bishop of Ely to make over his palace in Holborn to Sir Christopher Hatton, her reigning favour-

died of broken hearts when she banished them from her presence. The German traveller Hentzner describes how he beheld her borne forth in state to her chapel, and how wherever *she cast her eyes*, the spectators fell on their knees. Her reign had all the magnificence and all the cruelty of an Eastern despotism. Her will was law. When her judges, charged to bring the Duke of Norfolk to the block for favouring the cause of the Queen of Scots, represented to her that they positively could not find against him matter of treason, "Away with you," she replied; "what the law fails to do, my own authority shall effect!" For many years she governed without any parliament; and when one was called at last, she bade them "vote her supplies, and not lose good time with idle talking;" whilst their liberty of speech, she informed them, was "to extend no further than 'aye or no.'" More than once when a member introduced a bill which "her majesty disliked," or ventured to oppose those introduced by the crown, he was summarily sent to prison.

With all this, however, she was a mighty and triumphant ruler; and succeeded, in the space of her single reign, in raising England from a second-rate position to a level with the first nations in Europe. But that reign was now fast drawing to its close. She had outlived all her great statesmen: Leicester was dead, and Walsingham, and Burleigh, who left his dying injunctions to his son, to "serve God by serving the queen, for all other service but that was bondage to the devil." Robert Cecil filled his father's place in the royal councils, and did his best to carry out his policy; whilst Leicester had found a successor in Elizabeth's favour in the person of the young and gallant Earl of Essex. But Essex, chivalrous and generous to a fault, dared to brave the queen's displeasure, and in a moment of fury she sent him to the scaffold. His name was added to the long list of those whom she had executed for treason, and whom she coolly reckoned

ite, whom she had created lord chancellor in reward for his exquisite dancing. The Bishop promised to do so, but afterwards demurred; whereupon Elizabeth addressed to him the following note: "Proud Prelate,—I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement; but I would have you to know that I who made you can unmake you; and if you do not presently fulfil your engagement (here she uses her customary oath), I will immediately unfrock you.

Yours as you demean yourself,

"ELIZABETH."

up to the French ambassador, while pointing out to his observation the ghastly heads fixed upon her palace-gates. From the day of his death she seemed to feel the approach of her own; and spite of her vain efforts, by ceaseless re-velling, to drive from her thoughts the subject which none dared mention in her presence, strange fits of despondency were observed in her, and she rested neither by day nor night. The courtiers, with Cecil at their head, profited by the warning, and secretly offered their loyal duty to the King of Scots; whilst Elizabeth sought to prolong her little span of life by talismans and spells, and consultations with the court conjuror, Dr. Dee. A piece of witch-gold, which was to ensure long life to the wearer, and a playing card nailed beneath her majesty's chair, were the miserable rites resorted to in her dying hours, by her who had freed England from the superstitions of Popery. At last she fell sick: terrible visions appalled her; one night, as she whispered to Lady Scrope, "her own figure, exceeding lean and fearful, appeared to her in a light of fire." She would not go to bed, but had cushions laid on the floor, and there remained for days, refusing all sustenance. A moody melancholy seemed to oppress her. "My lord," she said to the Lord High Admiral, who at length succeeded in persuading her to be carried to her couch, "I am tied with a chain of iron about my neck." Then she remained silent, holding her finger in her mouth, with her rayless eyes open and fixed on the ground for four and twenty hours. Once, indeed, she sent for her *music*; but as to any preparation for death, she would not hear of it; and when certain of her council, the Archbishop and some other prelates, waited on her, she "rated them soundly," says Lady Southwell, "and *bid them be packing*; adding that she was no atheist, but she knew well enough that *they* were nothing better than *hedge-priests*." Her ministers again and again implored her to name her successor; at last she started from her couch, exclaiming, "I will have no *rascal* to succeed me;—who shall succeed me but a king?" And when they named the King of Scots, she waved her hand over her head, as though to imply her consent. Archbishop Whitgift was at last admitted to her presence, and prayed by her side; assuring her that her piety, and "the admirable work of the Reformation" established by her, should give her ground of confidence. And so, on the 24th of March 1603, her forty years

of earthly glory ended, and the soul of Elizabeth of England passed to its account.

With all her vices, this princess has been ranked as the best and greatest of our English sovereigns. But "time unveils truth;" and each fresh research into historic records confirms the justice of that sentence pronounced upon her by a Protestant historian,* that she was "a woman without chastity, a princess without honour, and a sovereign without faith."

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*Kings of France:* Francis II., 1559; Charles IX., 1560; Henry III., 1572; Henry IV., 1589. *Emperors of Germany:* Ferdinand I., 1558; Maximilian II., 1564; Rodolph II., 1576. *King of Spain:* Philip II. *King of Scotland:* James VI., 1567. *Popes:* Pius IV., 1559; St. Pius V., 1566; Gregory XIII., 1572; Sixtus V., 1585.

Eminent Men.—William Shakespeare, the greatest dramatic poet of England: born at Stratford-on-Avon in 1564, died 1616. Edmund Spenser, the author of "The Faerie Queene," and poet-laureate, died 1598. Sir Walter Raleigh was celebrated alike as a soldier, navigator, scholar, and courtier. He established the first English colony in America, and gave it the name of Virginia. He introduced from thence the use of potatoes and tobacco; and his example rendered *smoking* for the first time fashionable in England. The first time his servant found him indulging himself in this amusement, it is said, he seized a tankard of ale, and threw it at his master's head, thinking he must be on fire. He incurred the displeasure of James I., and was executed on a charge of treason, after a long imprisonment in the Tower, in the year 1618.

Sir Philip Sidney died at the battle of Zutphen, in 1586. Struck by a musket-ball, he begged for a cup of water; but as he was putting it to his lips, observing the wistful looks of a dying soldier, "Give it to him," he said; "his necessity is greater than mine." At the news of his death all England wore a general mourning.

Of Sir Francis Drake we have already spoken. Besides his piratical expeditions, and his exploits at the time of the Spanish invasion, he completed the first voyage round the world in 1580.

Sir John Hawkins, rear-admiral of the English fleet, was the first man who opened the African slave-trade. The traffic being found extremely profitable, a company was formed in London to fit out ships for Guinea, for the purpose of kidnapping the negroes, and carrying them to the Spanish colonies; and the two largest ships thus sent out belonged to the queen herself.

Sir Thomas Gresham, a celebrated merchant, was the founder of Gresham College, and also of the first exchange erected for the use of the London merchants, to which Elizabeth gave the name of the "Royal Exchange."

Discoveries, Inventions, &c.—Besides potatoes and tobacco, already mentioned, we must reckon among the number of useful things introduced into England during this reign, telescopes, watches, paper-mills, and coaches. A needle manufactory was also set up by a German artisan. The use of china was still unknown; even in noble houses the dishes were often of wood or pewter, and the drinking cups, when not of silver, were of horn. A certain Mrs. Montague was the first to present a pair of knitted silk stockings to Queen Elizabeth, who was so delighted with them she declared "she would never wear cloth hose more." The extravagance of this

* Chalmers.

princess in the matter of dress may be gathered from the fact, that at the time of her death no fewer than 3000 costly dresses were found in her wardrobe. The art of gardening had been much improved in Henry VIII.'s time. When Catherine of Arragon came to England, there were few, if any, vegetables grown in England; and the king used to send to Holland for "salads for the queen's table." By the close of his reign, however, celery, lettuces, cabbages, turnips, and carrots, had all been introduced by the Dutch gardeners, as well as *hops*, now for the first time planted in Kent, and used in brewing, in order to give to the English ale that bitter flavour from which it came afterwards to derive its name of *bière*, or *beer*.

The state of the lower orders in Elizabeth's reign was one of deplorable destitution. By the seizure of the greater part of the tithes and church lands, the enormous revenues out of which they had been relieved had passed from the hands of the Church to those of the nobles, whom no inducement could persuade to devote any part of their wealth so obtained to the maintenance of the poor. Hence during the splendid royal progresses of this reign, the miserable appearance of the peasantry in the districts she passed through was constantly noticed by Elizabeth, who complained that England had become a nation of beggars. The old laws of whipping and branding with a hot iron were first resorted to; then in 1595, we find a mandate issued by the queen to her sheriff, to "execute martial law on all vagabonds near London, and hang them on the gallows." Strype tells us that crime of all kinds had so increased, that more than 500 criminals were executed in a year. At last, towards the close of her reign, these measures failing to rid the land of its new disease of pauperism, a law was passed for levying a tax for the support of paupers,—and this was the *first English Poor-law*. So long as the Catholic religion had been the religion of the land, be it remembered, such laws had been unnecessary and unknown; they were enacted now to extort from the rich that relief for the starving poor which for 1000 years had been voluntarily and abundantly supplied by Catholic charity.

The affairs of Ireland belong to the history of that country; it will be enough to observe that the reformed worship was introduced there by measures even more iniquitous than in England, and that during the greater part of this reign the island was in open rebellion.

The great Council of Trent held its first session in 1545; it closed its last in 1563. — One English Bishop, Pate, Bishop of Worcester, sat in this celebrated council. He, with two others, Goidwell of St. Asaph's, and Scott of Cheater, escaped from England at the time when all the Catholic prelates were deprived; the rest were cast into prison, where many of them died. It is interesting to add, that the English exiles were received with open arms by St. Charles Borromeo, the great Archbishop of Milan. His ordinary confessor for many years was a Welsh canon, Griffith Roberts, and his last grand vicar was also a Welshman, Dr. Owen Lewis.

In 1568 Dr. William Allen, afterwards created Cardinal, founded a seminary for the exiled English students at Douay, in Flanders; whence issued a vast number of those seminary priests who were the objects of Elizabeth's most bitter persecution. This being suppressed in 1578, he began another at Rheims. It was in these two seminaries that the English versions of the Scriptures in common use among us, and known as the Rheims and Douay versions, were prepared and published. Other English colleges were founded in Spain, Portugal, and Rome. At the last-named city the Holy Father granted for the purpose the old English hospital for pilgrims, which in 1579 he endowed out of his own revenues, at the suggestion of Owen Lewis; and Maurice Clenock, Bishop-elect of Bangor, became its first rector.

Among the most distinguished of the Catholic martyrs at this time was Edmund Campion, whose elegant scholarship had attracted Elizabeth's admiration on occasion of her visit to Oxford; but being reconciled to the Church, he joined the Society of Jesus at Douay; and returning to England, was seized, and after repeatedly enduring the torture of the rack, was finally executed in 1581. On hearing his sentence, he and those condemned with him

looked out into the *Te Deum*, in token of their joy. He was the author of many learned works. Another was Robert Southwell, also of the Society of Jesus, who was executed in 1595; a man of most saintly life, and of no mean celebrity as a poet.

To the names of these holy missionaries we must add that of Father Robert Parsons, a man of extraordinary genius, the author of a vast number of controversial works, by whose efforts it was that the establishments at St. Omer, Seville, Madrid, and Valladolid were erected by the Spanish government. He died rector of the English college at Rome in 1610.

CHAP. XXIV. JAMES I.

1603-1625.

THE king, whose destiny it was peacefully to inherit the crowns of two kingdoms, the union of which had been vainly attempted by the most warlike of the English monarchs, lost no time in taking possession of his dominions. The people greeted him with their customary enthusiasm; yet on close acquaintance they seem to have thought that their new king was a very strange kind of being. In the appearance as in the character of James, there was something irresistibly ridiculous. An enormous head, supported on legs which seemed far too weak for the burden they carried, rolling eyes, and a tongue too bulky for the mouth which contained it,—such were his most striking features. There was so little of the soldier about him, that he could not keep his seat on horseback, and turned pale at the sight of drawn swords. To be sure, he was a prodigious scholar: but his scholarship was so wholly unaccompanied by more solid qualities of mind, that he had earned for himself the title of “the learnedest fool in Christendom.” To this it must be added that his majesty was very seldom sober, and that his oaths are historical curiosities.

By two classes of Elizabeth’s persecuted subjects, however, his accession was hailed with joyful expectations. The Catholics thought they might look for some sympathy from the son of Mary Stuart; while the Puritans naturally enough hoped every thing from a prince of their own religion. The principles of the Scottish Reformers, indeed, closely resembled those of the English Puritans: they rejected the government of bishops, and held all the fanatical tenets of Calvin; and in these principles James had been strictly educated. But Papist and Puritan were alike disappointed. James was now by law the supreme head of the Church of Eng-

land; it was a position which exactly suited both his taste for arbitrary power and his desire to be considered an authority in matters of theological dispute. Moreover, he was wont very shrewdly to observe, that when there was no bishop, there would soon be no king; and it soon became evident that the Church of England had won a zealous convert in the person of its sovereign head. He contented himself, therefore, with compromises: a few of the Catholic gentry were invited to court, and received the honour of knighthood; but not one of the bloody laws against them was repealed. The Puritans, on the other hand, were admitted to a conference at Hampton Court, in which James confounded them by a display of his learning, which sent the English bishops into ecstasies of delight. It was soon followed by stringent measures for obliging the Puritan clergy to conform to the established ritual, under pain of deprivation.

They revenged themselves on the king by accusing him of "papistry;" and to clear himself from this charge and conciliate a party too powerful to offend, James thought it necessary to exhibit a little Protestant zeal. Orders were therefore issued to put the penal laws against Catholics in active operation, and a fresh persecution began. Nay, the statutes against them received several fresh additions, and James, who began to feel considerable embarrassment how to satisfy the claims of his own needy countrymen, crowds of whom had followed him to the English court, hit on the ingenious expedient of transferring to them his claims against the Catholic recusants. Accordingly the fines extorted from English gentlemen for not attending Protestant worship, or not receiving the Protestant Sacrament, or keeping Catholic servants, or using Catholic books, now flowed into the pockets of Scottish courtiers; and the state-papers of the day furnish us with "lists of those Popish recusants whom his majesty hath granted liberty to his subjects *to make profit of*." In the course of one year no fewer than 6126 persons were proceeded against. The Catholics were driven to desperation, and from desperate men what else could be expected but desperate measures!* One

* Thus, for presenting a petition in favour of Catholics, one gentleman was condemned to stand in the pillory, to have one of his ears cut off, to pay a fine of 1000*l.*, and to suffer perpetual imprisonment. The law allowed the "searchers," as they were called, to enter the houses of

of the principal sufferers was Robert Catesby, a gentleman of Northamptonshire, who at last conceived the dreadful design of revenging his wrongs on those who inflicted them by blowing up the Parliament-house with gunpowder, and thus at one blow destroying King, Lords, and Commons. This plan he communicated to six other persons, among whom was the noted Guy Fawkes, who was intrusted with its execution. Some unoccupied vaults beneath the house of Parliament were hired, and barrels of gunpowder conveyed into them, the early part of November being fixed for the completion of their scheme. Meanwhile Catesby had unfolded his plan, under the seal of confession, to a Jesuit father of the name of Greenway, who at his desire communicated it to his provincial, Father Henry Garnet. Both of them severely condemned so atrocious a design, and used their utmost efforts to prevent its execution; but they could not *reveal* a secret thus confided to them, and their utmost efforts failed to turn the conspirators from their purpose. Tresham, however, one of their number, earnestly entreated that the Catholic peers, to two of whom he was nearly related, might be warned of their danger; and accordingly a letter was received on the 26th of October by Lord Monteaule, which, being at once carried by him to the secretary Cecil, led to the discovery of the whole affair. The cellars were searched, and Fawkes himself was found at the entrance with lantern and matches, together with thirty-two barrels of gunpowder concealed behind some fagots. The remaining conspirators fled into Staffordshire: four of them were slain, whilst offering a desperate resistance, and the rest were taken and executed. Father Garnet was likewise seized; but though his servant Owen was tortured on the rack till he expired, and his companion Father Oldcorne was racked for five hours on five successive days, no evidence could be procured to implicate him in the plot. At last, however, Cecil instructed the gaoler to suffer the pri-

Catholics at any hour of day or night, to seek for and deface crucifixes and images; and the most shocking outrages were committed by these miscreants: nor had the injured Catholics any redress. Rewards were offered to all who should inform against a recusant; and at one time no fewer than 409 families were reduced to beggary in the single county of Hereford, in consequence of proceedings instituted against them by the Protestant bishop. See the Notes to Lingard's *History*, vol. ix., with references to the original documents.

soners to speak together, spies being carefully concealed in the wall to overhear what passed. The two priests seized the occasion to make their confessions to one another; and proof having thus been obtained that Garnet had knowledge of the existence of a conspiracy, though only under the inviolable seal of confession, he was on this evidence tried, condemned, and executed. His defence extorted the admiration of all who heard it; while the gross partiality shown by his judges drew from King James the admission that they had not done him justice.

The Gunpowder Plot, as it was called, was discovered on the 5th of November 1606. Never was any crime followed by more fearful retribution. The total number of those engaged in it appears not to have exceeded sixteen, and of these, half the number knew no more than that some great blow was about to be struck in favour of the Catholics. We need scarcely say that the design was as impolitic as it was atrocious. Its success could hardly have served the cause of the sufferers; whilst success or failure were equally sure to affix a lasting infamy to the Catholic name. Henceforward the idea of a plot became indissolubly connected in the English mind with that of a Papist. In spite of the innocence of the Catholics as a body of all participation in a scheme which had been devised by a few desperate men—a fact which was publicly acknowledged by the king in Parliament; and in spite of their general and public execration of the deed, as well as of the brief published by the Sovereign Pontiff, declaring all such conspiracies to be utterly unlawful, it was made the pretence for enacting a new penal code containing seventy fresh articles; whilst the existing laws were executed with relentless severity. Nothing was now too bad to be believed of Catholics: to tolerate them was, in the language of Abbot Archbishop of Canterbury, to commit a deed “hateful to God,” and to persecute them to the death was “to advance His glory.” During the remainder of this reign, eighteen priests and seven laymen were executed *solely* for their profession of the Catholic religion; a new oath of allegiance was framed in terms which no Catholic could subscribe without committing an act of apostasy, whilst to refuse it, subjected him to all the penalties of high treason. It would far exceed our limits to sketch even an outline of the persecutions and martyrdoms of this unhappy century; the English Catholic

who has been made familiar with their history in that most touching of martyrologies, *The Lives of the Missionary Priests*, will recall with emotion those times, when secret hiding-places had to be devised in walls and cellars for hunted confessors of the faith : he will gaze with reverence on the relics still preserved among us of these glorious martyrs ; and, it may be, will follow the example of Edmund Campion, who never passed by Tyburn save with uncovered head, in token of respect for the torrents of blood shed there by holy men. Nay, more than this, he will venerate some spots in England as worthy at least of being visited in the spirit of pilgrimage—as Lanherne in Cornwall, where, according to local tradition, the Blessed Sacrament has been constantly and uninterruptedly preserved since the time of the Reformation ; and he will marvel at the power of God's grace, which has maintained the faith alive and vigorous among us, in spite of every effort of man to trample upon and extinguish it.

We have not much to say of the remaining events of this reign. Gunpowder Treason was by no means the only plot devised against the crown ; several others were discovered soon after James's accession ; and for his share in one of these Sir Walter Raleigh was confined in the Tower, under sentence of death, for thirteen years. He amused himself during his long imprisonment by composing his celebrated *History of the World*, and the admiration which his genius excited drew from Henry Prince of Wales the remark, that none but his royal father would keep such a bird in such a cage. But James disliked Raleigh, less for his undoubted want of principle than for his love of tobacco. This new invention was held by the king in utter abomination, and he was wont to say that he could not understand why men should make chimneys of their mouths. Raleigh at length obtained his liberty, under the promise that he would secure for the king a marvellous gold-mine in America, which he pretended to know of. He was accordingly released, and equipping a few vessels, sailed for the coast of Guiana. But no gold-mine was discovered ; and after attempting the plunder of a Spanish settlement, he returned to England as poor as when he set out, to be again thrown into prison, and executed on his former sentence,—an act which has been deeply and deservedly condemned.

During his whole life James was in the hands of unworthy favourites. He first chose Robert Carr, a youth of

low birth, whom he created Viscount Rochester and Earl of Somerset, and enriched with a princely fortune. For a time Somerset ruled the court ; but at last incurring well-merited disgrace, the king transferred his affections to his cup-bearer, George Villiers, who rose to the dignity of Duke of Buckingham ; and by his insolence earned for himself the hatred of the nation. James left in his hands the disposal of all offices of state, declaring that he was not going to make a slave of himself by incessant attention to business ; and that his duty required him to recreate himself for the good of his people, lest his health, which was *their* health, should be impaired by over-application. His recreations were not very kingly, consisting chiefly in deep drinking, and the pleasures of the cock-pit. "His majesty," writes the French ambassador, "delights greatly in seeing cocks fight, and takes this amusement twice in the week." His example, of course, set the fashion ; and drinking became the favourite diversion, not only among the gentlemen, but even among the ladies, of his court. His queen, Anne of Denmark, died in the year 1619. She had been brought up a Lutheran, but had been obliged to embrace the Calvinistic form of Protestantism on becoming Queen of Scotland ; and on her husband's accession to the English crown was required to make a *third* change, and conform to the ritual of the Church of England. But this her majesty seems to have thought a little unreasonable, and she stoutly refused to make any more changes in her faith to suit either king or people. Her death was preceded by that of her eldest son Prince Henry, whose younger brother Charles thus became heir-apparent to the crown. His sister Elizabeth married the Elector Palatine of Bavaria, from which marriage the present royal family of England traces its descent.

The weakness and incapacity of James's government encouraged the parliament to re-assume something of that independence which it had lost during a century of Tudor despotism. Not, indeed, that he claimed one whit less of absolute power than his predecessors ; but claims which met with respect when proceeding from Henry or Elizabeth, in him were felt to be contemptible. The Puritans now led the popular faction in parliament : and in 1621 we find the Commons boldly asserting their privileges, protesting against illegal acts of power on the part of the crown, and even impeaching certain officers of state on the ground of fraud and

corruption. The most illustrious of these was Francis Bacon, lord high chancellor,—the greatest philosopher of his time and of his nation. He was now convicted of accepting bribes and presents from suitors in his court, and sentenced to fine and imprisonment; a striking lesson how little the loftiest powers of mind, when unaccompanied and undirected by divine grace, can protect their owner from all that is most base and unworthy. The great chancellor might, however, have pleaded in excuse the example of his sovereign. The love of money was James's besetting sin, and to procure it he had recourse to the most disgraceful means: titles were sold to the nobility, fishing licenses to the Dutch, and patents and monopolies of all sorts to the highest bidder. In short, it must be confessed that England had not much to be proud of under her first Stuart king: nor can we find one great or glorious event to record during the sixteen years he occupied the English throne. With one class of men, however, he was amazingly popular; the divines of the Church of England pronounced him a second Solomon; and whether he confuted the Puritans, or wrote treatises on the seven vials of the Apocalypse in reply to the Jesuits, they equally extolled him as the greatest king who had reigned since David, and one directly inspired by God. He died in 1625; and was succeeded by his son Charles, Prince of Wales.

We find mention during this reign of two men being burnt alive for denying the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. The same punishment was inflicted on a great number of other persons for the real or supposed crime of *witchcraft*. The horrible cases of this nature, which were so numerous during the seventeenth century, afford at least a melancholy proof of the degrading superstitions which had sprung up among the lower orders since their apostasy from the Catholic faith had been wrung from them by rack and gibbet. It was the proud boast of Protestantism that it had rejected the superstitions of Popery; but in every country where Protestantism was established, the superstitions of the devil had taken their place. These trials for witchcraft were chiefly, if not exclusively, confined to England, Scotland, Germany, and the Puritan states of North America

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*France:* Henry IV.; Louis XIII., 1610. *Spain:* Philip III.; Philip IV., 1621. *Germany:* Matthias, 1612; Ferdinand II., 1619. *Popes:* Paul V. 1605; Gregory XV., 1621; Urban VIII., 1623. *Sweden:* Charles IX. 1604; Gustavus Adolphus, 1611.

CHAP. XXV. CHARLES I. AND THE GREAT REBELLION.

1625-1649.

CHARLES I. was just twenty-five years of age when he succeeded to his father's throne. For the first time since the Reformation, England beheld a prince whose unsullied virtue and unaffected piety were fitted to adorn the crown. In person he was as unlike his father as possible. His appearance was noble and kingly, and his manners were those of an accomplished gentleman. Two things, however, threatened to diminish his popularity: they were—his attachment to his father's favourite, Buckingham, and his marriage with a Catholic princess. Queen Henrietta Maria was the daughter of Henry IV. of France. No alliance could be more honourable for England, for the French king was the greatest monarch of his time; but Henrietta's religion, and the toleration allowed her in the practice of it, earned her the hatred of the Puritans, and they greeted their new queen with the title of "the idolatress," and "the daughter of Heth."

By this time the Puritans had well-nigh taken possession of the House of Commons; and when next the king met his parliament, he was received with evident distrust. James had bequeathed to his successor two ruinous wars with Spain and Austria, and a debt of 700,000*l*. The wars could not be carried on, or the debts paid, without money; but the king's demands for supplies were met with petitions for the redress of grievances, and the putting down of Popery. There were, indeed, plenty of grievances to be redressed: the once free constitution of England had, under a century of Tudor rule, been changed into a despotism; and the celebrated Petition of Rights, presented by the commons in 1628, did but claim the restoration of the liberties which had been granted by Magna Charta. Had the king gracefully conceded those liberties, or had the commons contented themselves with demanding them, both parties would have deserved the praise of true patriotism. But Charles had been educated in extravagant ideas of royal power; he took refuge in evasions, and yielded nothing till it was wrung from him; while the commons, in their turn, used their advantage ungenerously. They refused him supplies, impeached his ministers, hinted that he was privy to his father's death, sent his chaplain to the Tower for denying certain Calvinistic tenets, and laid all the calamities of the nation on the favourers of Popery. One

parliament after another was called and dissolved by turns: at last, the session of 1629 ended in open tumult, and Charles thenceforth resolved to govern without one. Buckingham was now dead, he had fallen beneath the knife of an assassin; and the king had to seek for his successor in the ranks of one of two parties then contending for the mastery within the Protestant Church. On the one side stood the Puritans, men who affected a precise austerity of dress and manner, who never spoke save in a scriptural jargon of their own, wherein they appropriated to themselves the title of "the godly," and transferred to their opponents all the curses of Canaan. Their religion was a gloomy Calvinism, their political views verged upon republicanism. Against them another party had arisen, which claimed for the reformed Establishment the power and authority of the Catholic Church. They assumed all her pretensions, and did their best to imitate her ceremonial. With them the royal authority was a sacred thing: resistance to the will of the sovereign was nothing short of sacrilege; for, true to the traditions of English Protestantism, they regarded the king, not merely as the holder of the temporal power, but as the supreme and anointed Head of the Church.

Among men of these latter opinions Charles met with warm support; and in William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, he found a man prepared to go all lengths in defence of royal prerogative and the ascendancy of the Protestant Church. So, whilst the king entered heart and soul on a course of policy the aim of which was to establish a sovereignty based on divine right, and to be regarded as altogether sacred and irresponsible, the archbishop set to work with equal zeal to adorn the somewhat rough-hewn fabric of the Church of England. With one hand he introduced as much ceremonial as the Protestant ritual would allow, and with the other he handed over Puritan nonconformists to the whipping-post or the pillory. They viewed his crosses and candlesticks with utter abhorrence; and when they boldly claimed their right of private judgment on such matters, he replied by slitting their noses or cutting off their ears.

Such were the tender mercies of the Protestant High-Church system, and it was not a popular one. There was a sort of sham about the whole thing, from which the sturdy good sense of the English people revolted. They could un-

derstand the claims of the Catholic Church even whilst they disallowed them ; but Laud's theories were a little too far-fetched, and men who had been taught to refuse their homage to the priesthood and ordinances of the ancient faith, were not disposed to transfer it to a hierarchy newly created by act of parliament.

In vain did Charles and his archbishop try to conciliate the good-will of the people by attempts to make them enjoy themselves. Puritanism had set its face, not only against candles and surplices, but also against plum-pudding and mince-pies, May games and morris-dances. Orders were therefore issued to revive the old English sports and pastimes ; but men cannot be made merry by royal proclamation, and the attempt only roused the fanaticism of the Puritans against the promoters of these amusements.

In Scotland a yet bolder experiment was tried. James had already established the government of Bishops in that country ; his son resolved to introduce the English Service-book. The first attempt was made in the Church of St. Giles ; and it was followed by a regular tumult. The people declared it to be "an ill-mumbled mass." One zealous old woman threw her stool at the reader's head, while the rest of the congregation hooted him out of the church with the cries of "A Pape! a priest of Baal!" The king, however, persisted in his design ; and the result was the formation of the Solemn League and Covenant for the maintenance of the Presbyterian form of worship.

Meanwhile Charles had won the support of a far abler councillor than Laud. Sir Thomas Wentworth had begun life in the ranks of the popular party ; but his heart was fairly captivated by the fascination which hung round Charles's presence, and he soon became the most devoted of his followers. Never, indeed, was king more fitted to win men's love, and triumph over their reason. Whatever his errors as a ruler, none ever approached his person without yielding him their affections. They gazed at his majestic form, his grave and beautiful face, shaded by the dark hair which fell over his shoulders, and at his words their hearts kindled within them with a sort of romantic enthusiasm. As father, husband, friend, and master, they knew him to be faultless. True, indeed, he aimed at despotism ; but it was not the savage despotism of the Tudors. It was to be a gracious paternal rule, which desired nothing but the

Happiness of his people : a splendid and delusive dream, in which the dreamer himself fondly believed, whilst religion lent its powerful aid to make it more beautiful and venerable. Was there, then, something still left to venerate? The chair of St. Peter was gone, and the old faith, with its thousand claims on love and worship, was gone too ; but many hearts still felt the need to worship something, and, turning to the person of their sovereign, they rendered him a passionate loyalty, which had in it all that yet remained of the principle of religious reverence. So at least felt some, and Wentworth was one of their number. He soon became the king's favourite minister, and was raised to the rank of Earl of Strafford. We shall not dwell on all the means devised by him for rendering the king independent of his parliament. As Lord Deputy of Ireland, he was able to boast that he had made his master absolute in that island ; a result he sought to obtain by the extinction of the ancient faith. In England ingenious schemes were tried for raising money, and taxes were levied on the sole authority of the crown ; among others, one known by the name of *ship-money*, originally intended for the support of the navy. A private gentleman of Buckinghamshire boldly refused to pay the tax, and brought the matter before the courts of law. His cause was decided against him ; but from that hour John Hampden was regarded as the champion of popular liberty. At last all these resources failed ; the Scottish Covenanters were in open rebellion, and to provide the means of resisting them, Charles was forced once more to call a parliament. It held its first sitting in the January of 1640 ; but, turning a deaf ear to all demands for subsidies and supplies, the commons sternly called for a redress of grievances. They were instantly dissolved ; but in the November of the same year another parliament assembled, and Hampden, Pym, Vane, and Cromwell, were among its members. Their first act was to set on foot proceedings against the Catholics ; their next, to impeach Laud and Strafford for high-treason. The trial of the latter lasted thirteen days. Charged with conspiring against the liberties of his country, the vastness of his genius, the power of his matchless eloquence, the deep devotion of his loyalty, pleaded nothing in his favour. In the eyes of his enemies, these were but the weapons with which he had made war on liberty. They condemned him by a bill of attainder ; but

the king's assent was necessary to make this bill into law, and he gave it. He dared not brave the fury of the nation in defence of a subject who had only too faithfully served him : so, with bitter tears, he set his name to the death-warrant, and, on the 12th of May 1641, Strafford died upon the scaffold, whilst Laud suffered the same fate a few years later.

The commons now avenged their injured rights by acts to the full as illegal as those of the king. He had sought to make his crown independent of parliament ; they resolved that parliament should henceforward be independent of the crown. We need not dwell on the measures which followed quick upon each other : the act which deprived the king of the power of dissolving them without their own consent ; their attack on the bishops, ten of whom were committed to the Tower ; their threatened impeachment of the queen ; and their effort to wring from Charles the command of the militia. An unsuccessful attempt made by the king to arrest five of their leading members brought matters to a crisis. It was resented as an open breach of privilege ; and a revolution had begun even before the royal standard was raised at Nottingham, and the signal thus given which was to plunge the nation into the horrors of civil war.

Ranged on the side of the king were the nobles, the gentry, and the peasantry of England ; on the side of the parliament, the burgesses of the great towns, and the influential middle classes. The royalists were known by the name of " Cavaliers : " after the fashion of the day, they wore their hair in long ringlets ; their dress was rich, their deportment gay and gallant. The partisans of the parliament, on the other hand, adopted the manners of the Puritans. They rapped their hair close to their heads ; and their opponents gave them the contemptuous title of " Roundheads." And what part did the Catholics take at this crisis ? Small cause had they to shed their blood for either king or parliament ; and yet they never hesitated. The instinct of *allegiance* is a Catholic instinct ; so to a man they rallied round their king, turned their castles into fortresses, sold their plate, and poured whatever money the penal statutes had left them into the royal treasury. The ranks of the royal army were soon filled with Dormers and Howards and Talbots and Langdales and Arundels and Constables, and many another noble name, Catholic in our own day as it was Catholic then ; and so conspicuous was their fidelity to Charles, that

it was one of the reproaches brought against him by the Puritans that he fought at the head of a "Popish army."

The first engagement took place at Edgehill in Shropshire. The king's nephew, Prince Rupert, carried every thing before his impetuous charges at the head of the royal cavalry; but the victory was claimed by both sides, and was followed by no results. A little later, Hampden died on the field of Chalgrove; and Falkland—the truest patriot of his day, faithful alike to king and country—fell at the bloody fight of Newbury. The war rolled on through every county, the loyal West was raised by the spirited efforts of the queen; gallant deeds were done on both sides; but peace seemed farther off than ever, and efforts at negotiation were only made to fail.

Meanwhile one man was fast rising to the chief command in the ranks of the parliamentary army. Coarse and heavy in appearance, slovenly in his dress, and homely in his manners, Oliver Cromwell had already made himself known in the commons by his bold eloquence; and now, at the head of a thousand horse, he was becoming remarkable for his courage and his military skill. His penetrating eye had discovered that to the enthusiasm of cavalier loyalty some other enthusiasm must be opposed; his burgesses and tradesmen were no match for Rupert's gallant horse, they wanted the soldier's discipline and the soldier's mad impetuosity; but Cromwell's genius supplied them with all they needed. He armed religious fanaticism against royalist romance; they were the "godly," the elect, warring against Philistines and men of Belial; he drilled them, prayed with them, and fought with them, till at last the fame of Cromwell's "Ironsides" had established itself on many a bloody field, where, spite of all their reckless courage, the Cavaliers were routed and dispersed. We will not dwell on the events of this sorrowful time. One after another the strongholds of the Cavaliers fell into the hands of these stern fanatics, who, at Exeter, stabled their horses in the aisles of the cathedral, and turned the font into a drinking-trough. The royal cause was lost at Marston Moor and Naseby, at which last place the Puritans are said to have steeped their hands in the blood of a hundred helpless ladies whom they pitilessly slaughtered. In his last extremity, Charles resolved to throw himself on the affection of his Scottish subjects. In the April of 1646 he escaped

to their camp. The Scottish leaders received him with a cold courtesy; and after some fruitless endeavours to induce him to abandon the cause of episcopacy, they agreed with the English parliament, for the sum of 400,000*l.*, to withdraw their forces across the border, and deliver up the person of the king. The infamous bargain was concluded, and Charles found himself the prisoner of his rebellious subjects. In that hour of suffering and humiliation, he evinced a nobleness of soul which effaces from our minds all memory of his kingly errors. "I am only ashamed," he said, "that my price is so much higher than my Saviour's." Patient and resigned, he exhibited through all his trials a dignity and a piety which commanded the admiration even of his enemies. We follow him in thought from Holmby to Carisbrooke, and from Carisbrooke to Hurst,—the scenes of his successive imprisonments,—and his presence has left something of poetry hanging round their ruined walls; until at last we see him standing in Westminster Hall, a prisoner at the bar of justice, to be tried by his own subjects.

There had been a brief struggle between the army and the parliament, which Cromwell had decided by bringing his soldiers to the house and driving out the refractory members. This man of iron and relentless will had resolved that the king should die, and that royalty should die with him. Kings had been slain before now by the assassin's hand; but he aimed at something more solemn and more terrific than a midnight murder. "The thing," he said, "should not be done in a corner; tyrants should be taught what it was to brave a people's vengeance." A Court of High Commission was therefore assembled, composed of the more extreme members of the Commons, and presided over by Bradshawe the lawyer; and, on the 20th of January 1649, Charles was arraigned before them. He stood there noble and majestic, listening with an unmoved countenance while the indictment was read, which charged him with the crime of treason. For three days he defended himself with eloquence and courage, and the hearts of his audience melted as they heard his words. Twelve of his judges refused to give their votes; the common people, who thronged the court, burst out into exclamations of "God bless your majesty, and save you from your enemies!" They were kicked and cudgelled into silence by the guards; and at last Bradshawe rose and pronounced the fatal sentence, by

which Charles Stuart, sometime king of England, was adjudged to suffer death by beheading, as a traitor, a tyrant, a murderer, and the enemy of the English people. A wild scene of tumult followed: the brutal troopers hooted at him, and cried for "justice and execution;" whilst, mingling with their voices, were to be heard the sobs and blessings of the populace. Downes, one of the military judges, burst into tears. "Are we men," he exclaimed, "or have we hearts of stone?" and, in spite of Cromwell's efforts to silence him, he refused to give his voice with the others.*

Meanwhile the king was hurried from the court; whilst the soldiers, urged on by their officers, strove which could heap on him the most cruel insult. Some blew their tobacco-smoke in his face, others yelled and spit at him. But his patience was proof against their worst indignities. "They did as much to Jesus Christ," he said; and those who gazed in his face were forced to own that never in his happiest days had it worn a look of more deep and calm serenity. Then came harder trials—the parting with his children, the last message to his wife; and when the fatal 30th of January dawned at last, after a night spent by him in prayer, the bitterness of death was already well-nigh over. "Rise, Herbert," he said to the faithful attendant who slept on a pallet by his side; "to-day is my second wedding-day, and I would fain be trim and neat. I trust ere night to be espoused to my blessed Jesus." He walked across the Park from St. James's to Whitehall; with a firm unfaltering step he passed through the long gallery of the palace, and stepped out upon the scaffold. There stood the two masked executioners, and there was the axe and the block; horse-regiments below to keep off the people; and beyond and all around him a vast sea of heads. The grandson of Mary Stuart beheld it all with a calm unshrinking eye: he addressed a few brief words to those around him,—brave Christian words, in which he forgave his enemies and prayed for them,—and then he prepared himself for death.

* The warrant for the king's execution was signed by twenty-six persons; Cromwell, as he set his name, expressing his coolness and indifference by a brutal exhibition of buffoonery. He smeared his inky pen in Henry Marten's face, caught Ingoldsby by the arm, and, amid shouts of laughter, forced the pen into his hand, and affected to guide it. Twelve of those who signed the paper afterwards asserted that they did so only under the threat of death.

Juxon, Bishop of London, was in attendance on him. "Sir," he said, "there is but one stage more; it is a troublesome one; but it is very short, and it will carry you from earth to heaven." "I go," replied the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown: I have on my side a gracious God, and I do not fear death." Then he seemed to recollect himself in prayer, murmured a few words to himself, and glanced upwards towards heaven; the next moment he was kneeling before the block. The axe fell, and the executioner, holding up the bloody head by its long gray hairs, exhibited it to the people, exclaiming, "This is the head of a traitor." A groan of horror burst from the crowd,—one so agonised and terrible that they who heard it recalled it with a shudder to their dying day; and the soldiers, riding in among the multitudes, dispersed them right and left. They took him from the bloody scaffold and laid him in a coffin. Cromwell came, and calmly and deliberately surveyed his work. He took the head in his hands and coolly examined it, as though to make sure that his victim was indeed no more; but not one spark of emotion did he exhibit. A very few of the king's own followers were also suffered to come and take their last farewell of one they had loved so deeply. Sir Purbeck Temple was of the number. "Here," said the brutal Axtel, the colonel in command, as he lifted up the coffin-lid, "if thou thinkest there is aught of holiness in it, look in." Temple bent down and looked on the face of his dead master; "and the king seemed to smile," he writes, "as he had been wont to smile in lifetime." They buried him at Windsor; and as they bore him to his grave, a heavy fall of snow fell on the coffin and wrapt it in a pall of dazzling whiteness. His followers in their wild regret deemed it a fit emblem of his pure and stainless innocence. They reminded one another that he had worn white robes at his coronation; "Our king goes white also to his grave," they said; and he was long remembered amongst them by the title of "the White King."

How strange, how almost miraculous is the power of suffering! Charles I. was not a good king; he had many domestic virtues, yet even as a man he was far from faultless. But suffering touched him, and his memory has become hallowed. The Protestants preserved his memory as that of a martyr; the Catholics rallied round his standard, and fought for him to the very death. Even now, when

two centuries are passed, men cannot speak dispassionately of the story of his life, and we doubt if there is any one, whatever be his political creed, who can visit the scenes of his suffering or imprisonment, and gaze unmoved on the sad sweet face of the murdered monarch as it looks forth to them from the pictured canvas.*

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*France*: Louis XIII.; Louis XIV., 1643. *Spain*: Philip IV. *Germany*: Ferdinand III., 1637. *Popes*: Urban VIII.; Innocent X., 1644. *Sweden*: Christina, 1633.

CHAP. XXVI. OLIVER CROMWELL AND THE COMMONWEALTH. 1649-1660.

LITTLE had the holders of the royal power in the sixteenth century dreamt what they were doing when, in their blind presumption, they swept from England the authority of the Holy See. They thought by that act to secure for themselves an almost boundless despotism, and so for a few brief years they did; but they opened the flood-gates to a principle of revolution whose wild waves were ere long to beat against their own throne and crumble it to fragments.

The old constitution of England was now destroyed, and on its ruins Cromwell, Ireton, Bradshawe, and Marten undertook to erect a republic. Kings and Lords being abolished, the Commons alone were henceforth to make laws; and a chosen council was appointed to execute them. Cromwell was named Lord-Deputy of Ireland; and immediately set out for that country, where the brave Earl of Ormonde was successfully upholding the royal cause. This campaign was avowedly undertaken to destroy the Irish Catholics. During the rebellion which had raged in Ireland throughout the late reign, several frightful massacres had been committed by the half-civilised insurgents. These were avenged by Cromwell on the royalists. With 12,000 men he first marched on Drogheda: quarter was offered to the garrison, and by them accepted; but no sooner had Cromwell made himself master of the town, than he gave orders for a general massacre. A thousand unarmed inhabitants took refuge in the great church, and were slaughtered within its walls. "I forbade our men to spare any," writes the general; "and the next day, after they had submitted, all their officers were knocked on the

* Many of our readers will no doubt remember the pictures of Charles at Hampton Court, Windsor Castle, and elsewhere.

head; every tenth soldier was killed, and the rest shipped for Barbadoes. I believe all their friars were knocked on the head,—a righteous judgment of God on those barbarous wretches. In truth," he concludes, "it was a marvellous great mercy." Then came another siege and another massacre at Wexford. No distinction was made between soldier or citizen; and 5000 of both sexes were butchered in cold blood. Three hundred terrified women had gathered for protection round the market-cross; but the cross was no protection in Cromwell's eye, and every one of them was put to the sword. And so he marched through the land, giving up her cities to murder and pillage, hanging her bishops in their sacred vestments, slaughtering women, and even children, if they belonged to the hated Papists; and all the time praying and expounding the Gospel to his soldiers, or writing despatches in which each fresh iniquity is detailed in choice phrases from the Scriptures.

Ireland was at length trampled into a bloody stillness, and the victorious general turned his arms on Scotland. There the young prince had been proclaimed king; for the Scottish Covenanters, while they outstripped the Puritans in religious extravagance, were heartily attached to their ancient princes, and resolved that Charles II. should wear his father's crown. They treated him, indeed, to some terribly long sermons, and made him take the Covenant; but their loyalty was not to be shaken, and Cromwell was met at Dunbar by a powerful army under the command of the Earl of Lesley. A bloody battle ensued; but Cromwell scrupled not to assure his followers that a supernatural voice had promised him the victory. "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered!" he cried, as in person he led his Ironsides to the charge. The struggle was tremendous; but the English remained masters of the field. "The Lord of Hosts," writes the conqueror, "made the enemy to be as stubble to our swords."

Scotland was soon forced to submit, as Ireland had already done; but the young king resolved on a bold experiment. He determined to transfer the war into the heart of England; and, in the May of 1651, the news reached London that he was rapidly marching southwards at the head of 12,000 men. He reached Worcester; but rapid as had been his movements, Cromwell was close upon his heels. Then followed a battle—"the crowning mercy" as Cromwell

stayed it, of that long campaign; it lasted five hours, ended in the utter rout of the royalist troops. Charles was forced to fly from the field, and conceal himself from his pursuers. His escape seemed impossible, for the country was scoured with searching parties, and every post was strictly guarded. And now once more Catholic loyalty was put to the test, and nobly did it bear the trial. It was the Catholics of Worcestershire and Staffordshire who saved their sovereign. At Whiteladies and Moseley they concealed him in the hiding-places of their hunted priests, and at the latter place it was the priest himself who saved him. No fewer than fifty-two Catholics were concerned in his escape, many of them poor labouring men; yet neither by fear of punishment nor hope of reward was one tempted to betray him. At Boscobel he was for some days entirely in the hands of five brave woodmen of the name of Penderel, all of their brothers, whose courage and sagacity had already preserved the life of many a persecuted priest. For six weeks Charles's life was an hourly romance. Now hiding among the branches of the Royal Oak, now clad as a servant in an inn kitchen, and half betraying himself by his awkward way of turning the spit, he passed at last in disguise through the midst of his enemies, and effected his escape to Holland.

All danger from the royalists was now over, but the government was in a state of utter confusion, and so was the country. One wild sect after another was rising out of the dregs of Puritanism,—Anabaptists and Quakers and Fifth-monarchy men,—who proclaimed that the kingdom of the saints was at hand, and tried to rival one another in blasphemy; every one was a preacher now, and the soldiers in particular declared that if they might not preach, neither would they fight. Meanwhile the lord-general was watching all things with a keen eye; when it suited his purpose he could cant and prophesy with the "godliest" of them, but never for a moment did he lose sight of the object aimed at by his ambition. The Long Parliament, as it was called, had now sat for thirteen years, and Cromwell resolved that it should sit no longer. In the April of 1653, therefore, he went down to the house, entered it unattended, and after a while began to address the assembled members. Soon his language grew so violent and abusive, that his listeners stood aghast; one of them at length stammered forth that the lord-general's words were positively unparliamentary.

"me, sir," said Cromwell, "I will soon make you cease prating;" then stamping with his foot, he continued, "there are no parliament I say, you are no parliament;" and as a signal the door opened, and twenty musketeers entered. He bade them clear the house, an order they unobtrusively obeyed, whilst Cromwell took up the mace, which lay upon the speaker's table. "Here," he said, "take away this fool's bauble;" then locking the door, and putting the key in his pocket, he declared the parliament dissolved, and returned to Whitehall.

A new parliament was now convoked, after an entirely new fashion. Lists of "godly" men were sent up to Cromwell from the ministers of the different congregations; and out of these he proceeded to choose 130 persons, who were charged with the task of framing a constitution. This strange assembly obtained the name of "Barebones' Parliament," from a leather-seller of the name of "Praise-God-Barebones," who was one of its members. The proceedings of these worthies were altogether original. While thirteen of the most "gifted" alternately prayed and preached from eight in the morning until six in the evening, the remainder set to work remodelling the English laws *according to the law of Moses*. But Cromwell soon found that they were inclined to be troublesome; so the former method of dissolution was again resorted to, and Colonel White was sent with two battalions of soldiers with orders to disperse them. To his question of "what were they doing there?" the speaker gravely replied that "they were seeking the Lord." "Then you must go somewhere else to seek Him," said White; and with that his soldiers drove them all out with the butt-end of their muskets. Three days later, a chair of state was erected in Westminster Hall, and Cromwell was accepting from his officers the dignity of Lord-Protector. For the five years he held it he ruled England well and ably. He did many great and useful things: he kept down insurrection with an iron hand, restored the finances of the country, reformed the laws, and regulated the police. He made his power respected not only at home, but abroad. His fleets, under his great Admiral Blake, swept the seas, and established the naval superiority of England over the states of Portugal and Holland. His armies beat those of Spain, and hoisted the English flag on the gates of Dunkirk. There was not a foreign court which did not fear him, and own that

the usurper Cromwell was the greatest ruler of his times. Yet how much of *liberty* had England gained by its revolution and its regicide? The parliament was crushed far more effectually than it had ever been under the first Charles. A standing army of 30,000 men overawed all opposition, and each county was governed by a major-general. The revolution, like all revolutions, had ended in a military despotism. As to religious freedom, the name indeed existed; toleration was offered to *all believers in God*, with the notable exception of papists and prelatists. For these there was nothing but persecution. Two-thirds of the estates of all recusants were sequestered, and many a gentleman was thus reduced to beggary. Nor were the gentry only thus treated; husbandmen, mechanics, and poor household servants, shared the same fate, and two-thirds of their hard-earned savings were seized "for the use of the Commonwealth." One chance alone remained for them, and that was to take the oath of abjuration; in other words, to deny their faith. Charles, whose exertions in favour of his Catholic subjects exposed him to no little odium, though he could not repeal the bloody laws of his predecessors, did his best to prevent their execution, and succeeded during his reign in saving the lives of no fewer than eleven priests; but between the years 1628 and 1654 the parliament caused twenty-six others to be put to death; and the first year of Cromwell's protectorate was marked by the execution of Father John Southworth, a venerable old man of seventy-two.

The prelatists, as the members of the Church of England were termed, did not fare much better; the use of their prayer-book was forbidden, their ministers were ejected from their livings, Presbyterian preachers were appointed in their place, and their estates were sequestered.

And what had Cromwell gained? The power and all but the title of a king, the dread of Europe, the fear of all men, and the love of none. Very willingly would he have assumed the crown itself; but though he succeeded in getting the parliament to offer it to him, the army would not suffer him to accept it. He was obliged, therefore, to be satisfied with the protectorate; he had a magnificent establishment, appeared in public in purple and ermined robes, received foreign ambassadors to kiss hands, and opened his parliaments with extempore prayers and sermons. But all the while he wore armour under his clothes, and lived in hourly

dread of assassination. Sleep fled from his pillow, and day and night he was haunted by a perpetual fear. A slow fever was dragging him to the grave; but death had now grown terrible to him, and when at last it came, he would not believe it, and declared that God had revealed to him that he should not die. Then came a passing fear more terrible still. "Tell me," he inquired of his chaplain Sterrey, as he lay on his deathbed, "is it possible for a man to fall from grace and perish?" The fanatical Calvinist assured him that it could not be. "Then am I safe," said Cromwell, "for once I know that I was in a state of grace." There was a terrible storm that night: trees were torn up by their roots, and houses unroofed by the hurricane; at last the morning dawned, the morning of the 3d of September 1658. On that day Cromwell had gained his victories of Worcester and Dunbar, and on that day also he expired. They buried him with royal honours in Westminster Abbey; his son Richard was proclaimed his successor; and England seemed only to be exchanging a dynasty of Stuarts for a dynasty of Cromwells. But Richard inherited nothing of his father's genius; he was a simple country gentleman, who would have been well content to have exchanged the dignity of Lord Protector for the quiet enjoyment of his estate in Hampshire. Before a year had passed he had resigned his office, and retired into obscurity; and the nation was left at the mercy of the army and its generals.

England was, however, growing heartily weary of new forms of government; and men of all parties longed for the restoration of the exiled king. All that they needed was a chief bold enough to propose it to the nation, and this they soon found. Monk, then in command of the army in Scotland, marched to London, and effected a peaceable revolution. We need not dwell on the measures he adopted; suffice it to say that in a few weeks the soldiers were drinking the king's health on their knees, and deputies from the parliament were despatched to Holland, to wait upon Charles and invite him back to his kingdom.

He landed at Dover on the 29th of May 1660; it was his birthday, and the nation, released from the heavy yoke of its Puritanic rulers, went mad with loyal enthusiasm. Gentle and simple, soldiers and citizens, all crowded out to greet him on his road to London. They hung their streets with tapestry, gathered round his horse, and kissed his feet with

tears of gladness, till Charles was forced to own it must have been his own fault that he had not come back before, since every man he met received him with a hearty welcome. So ended the Great Rebellion, and never had the country seen a day more joyous and full of promise than that which ushered in the Royal Restoration.

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*France:* Louis XIV. *Spain.* Philip IV. *Germany:* Ferdinand III. *Popes:* Innocent X.; Alexander VII., 1655. *Sweden:* Christina; Charles X., 1654.

Great Men.—A crowd of great writers flourished in England during the first half of the seventeenth century. Among them was John Milton, the author of *Paradise Lost*, and Latin secretary to Cromwell, an Arminian in religion and a republican in politics, but the greatest epic poet of his nation. The names of Ben Jonson, Massinger, Beaumont, and the three Fleichers—of Cowley, Herrick, and Sir William Davenant—of Francis Quarles, George Herbert, Crashaw, and Habington, are familiar to all lovers of old English poetry. Of these Habington and Beaumont were Catholics by birth and education; Crashaw, Shirley, Massinger, and Davenant, became so by choice and conviction. The number of conversions to the Catholic faith which took place in the hottest period of persecution is scarcely credible: they include illustrious names—Goodman, the Protestant Bishop of Gloucester; Sir Toby Matthews, the friend of Strafford, who afterwards joined the Society of Jesus; Hugh Cressy, a canon of Durham Cathedral, and chaplain to the great Lord Falkland, who became a Benedictine, and wrote the *Church History of Britain*; and a very large proportion of the missionary priests and martyrs.

Among the prose-writers of the same period, we may name Lord Bacon; Jeremy Taylor, the Protestant Bishop of Down, and the eloquent author of the *Holy Living and Dying*; Bishop Hall; Usher, Archbishop of Armagh; Isaac Walton, a loyal Cavalier gentleman, author of the *Complete Angler*; Fuller, the Protestant Church historian; the judicious Hooker, author of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*; and the antiquaries Stow and Camden.

Sir Edward Coke, attorney-general to James I., was the greatest of English lawyers, and one of the worst of men. His name is celebrated from his *Commentary on Littleton*, while the iniquities of his life are overlooked or forgotten.

The arts found a generous patron in the unfortunate Charles I. He had the finest collection of sculpture, pictures, and medals in Europe; Vandyke and Rubens were welcomed at his court, and filled his galleries with their pictures; whilst his Catholic architect, Inigo Jones, was building Whitehall, and making Grecian architecture popular in England.

Charles was himself a poet and an author. Some touching and beautiful verses are preserved, composed by him in prison; and the *Eikon Basilike*, or "portrait of a king," published after his death, and written at the same period, probably contributed in no small degree to revive the loyalty of the nation. By many the authorship has been disputed; but there appears no sufficient ground for attributing it to any other pen.

Among those who distinguished themselves on both sides during the civil wars, James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, holds a conspicuous rank. His chivalrous gallantry upheld the royal cause in Scotland for many years, till, in 1645, he was taken prisoner and hanged at Edinburgh. Of the parliamentary leaders, the worthiest and most honourable name is that of Lord Fairfax, who refused to consent to the death of the king, and after that event retired from the army.

Events of importance, Discoveries, Inventions, &c.—In 1634, the colony of Maryland was founded by Sir George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, who on embracing the Catholic faith was obliged to resign his office as secretary of state to James I. Maryland became the refuge of the persecuted Catholics in the

colony of New England was to the Puritans, who took refuge there to enjoy undisturbed liberty of conscience.

Tea was first brought into Europe by the Dutch in 1610, and its use was introduced into England about the time of the Restoration. At that time a pound of tea sold for sixty shillings. Coffee was introduced a little later, and small quantities of sugar began to be imported from the West Indies.

Newspapers were first generally circulated during the civil wars, though the first gazette appears to have been published at the time of the Spanish Armada. The General Post-Office was established by Cromwell, and regular banking-houses first set up. The East-India Company had already been established in the reign of Elizabeth. Jamaica, in the West Indies, became the possession of England in the time of Cromwell.

We have alluded elsewhere to the introduction of tobacco, and the opposition it encountered from King James I. The English Solomon, as he was called, had some reason on his side, if it be true, as he asserts in his book on the subject, that some of the gentry spent no less than 300*l.* or 400*l.* a year on "this pernicious weed." Our readers may like one specimen of James's authorship. "Have you no reason to be ashamed and to forbear," he says, addressing snuff-takers, "from a novelty so basely ground, so foolishly received, and so grossly mistaken in the right use thereof? Sinning against God, harming yourselves both in person and goods, and taking also thereby the notes and marks of vanity on you. A custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, and to the lungs dangerous."

King Charles I. left six children: Charles, who succeeded him; James duke of York, afterwards James II.; Henry duke of Gloucester; Mary, married to the Prince of Orange, and the mother of William III.; Henrietta Maria, married to the Duke of Orleans, whence descend the Princes of Modena and Sardinia; and Elizabeth, who died a prisoner at Carisbrooke. Of these, James and Henrietta embraced the Catholic faith.

Queen Henrietta Maria survived her murdered husband twenty years. She never put off her mourning robes, or spoke of herself otherwise than as *la reine malheureuse* ("the unhappy queen"). She died in France in 1669, and her heart was buried at the Convent of the Visitation at Chaillot, which she had herself founded; the great Bossuet preaching her funeral oration, in which he pays an eloquent tribute to the virtues and the memory of Charles.

In 1623, Pope Gregory XV. bestowed episcopal consecration on Dr. William Bishop, with the title of Bishop of Chalcedon, and sent him to England as first Vicar-Apostolic. He had become a convert to the faith in early life, and suffered imprisonment more than once for his religion. He was succeeded, in 1625, by Dr. Richard Smith, also a convert. At this period of bitter persecution and vigilant priest-hunting, the reader will possibly be astonished to learn that there were seldom fewer than a thousand priests in England, and that the Benedictines, Carmelites, Franciscans, Dominicans, Capuchins, and Jesuits, had all their regularly constituted provinces.

CHAP. XXVII. CHARLES II. AND THE RESTORATION.

1660-1685.

NEVER had fortune placed within the reach of any prince grander opportunities than those which presented themselves to Charles II. at the moment of his restoration. He wore his crown by the double title of free election and hereditary right. His people had not been conquered into sub-

mission ; their return to loyalty, therefore, was hearty and spontaneous. They had tried insurrection and grown weary of it, and now they were ready to believe every thing good of their new sovereign, and to look to him for the relief of all their sufferings. Charles, on his part, was not unfitted for the task before him. Though not possessing his father's beauty of person, he had a graceful figure, a captivating address, excellent abilities, and a good-nature that never wearied. There was nothing that he might not have done ; and all he did do was to throw away his talents and opportunities in the degrading pursuit of pleasure.

The first act of the new reign was to bring to trial some of those most deeply concerned in the late king's murder ; of these ten were executed, and the parliament, in their loyal zeal, would have proceeded to further severities had not Charles interfered and prevented them. "I am weary," he said, "of all this hanging and quartering." Then the Protestant bishops and clergy were restored, and the Act of Uniformity passed, to reëstablish the Protestant Prayer-book ; whilst the Corporation Act, as it was called, excluded all from holding any offices in towns and boroughs unless they had within the previous year received the sacrament of the Church of England. At the personal suggestion of the king, measures were at the same time proposed for the relief of the Catholics, and it is but fair to say that the more sanguinary of the laws against them would have been repealed but for the discord which prevailed among their own body. They felt that the king owed them much, and had reckoned on nothing less than the total abolition of all penal statutes. Hence the partial relief now proposed only disappointed them, and the measure was dropped at the request of the Catholic peers themselves.

Meanwhile the king was rapidly earning for himself a reputation as the wittiest and most profligate man in his own dominions, and daily losing something of the popularity which had greeted him on his accession. Old friends were forgotten, state business was neglected, while Charles set the fashion to his followers in every extravagance of courtly vice. There were plenty to imitate his example, men who seemed to think it the duty of loyal Cavaliers to plunge into excess and riot by way of showing their hatred of the Puritans. The nation, too, felt the reaction from puritanic rigour, and in a few years the court, the stage,

the literature, and the society of England became disgraced by the most frightful licentiousness.

In 1665 the country was roused from its dream of pleasure by a terrible visitation. The plague broke out in London, and within a few months 100,000 persons had died of this dreadful disease. Whole streets were left without inhabitants; the grass grew in the public thoroughfares, while the dead-cart went from door to door, and the doleful cry of "Bring out your dead" was heard hour after hour. At last, however, the pestilence seemed to have spent its fury, and people were beginning to return to their usual way of living, when, on the 2d of September of the following year, a fire broke out near London Bridge, which spread rapidly among the timber houses of which the narrow streets were chiefly formed. It raged with unremitting fury for four days and nights; in vain was every effort made to stop its progress; 400 streets, 13,000 houses, and 90 churches, including the venerable cathedral of St. Paul's, were utterly consumed, besides a vast number of other public buildings. The people, says Evelyn, an eye-witness of the event, ran about distracted, and scarcely tried to save their goods; the sky seemed like a fiery oven, and the light might have been seen at a distance of forty miles. At last the plan was adopted of blowing up the houses in the neighbourhood of the fire with gunpowder, and so creating gaps too wide for the flames to pass over. This was attended with success, and on the fifth day the flames were subdued.

The king never appeared to so much advantage as during this season of universal distress. His energy and presence of mind infused courage into all around him; wherever the danger was greatest, there might he and his brother James be seen encouraging the workmen, and assisting them with their own hands; providing for the sufferers, and taking every precaution which prudence or humanity could suggest.

Nevertheless, when parliament met, it was evident that Charles's popularity was on the wane; the nation had cooled down from its fever-fit of loyalty, the late disaster had spread a general gloom, and old bigotries began to revive. The Papists, it was said, had been the authors of the mischief; out of pure malice they had set fire to the city, and turned off all the water-cocks. A monument was even erected, the inscription on which for two hundred years

perpetuated this calumny ; and Popery once more became the national bugbear. Other more reasonable causes of discontent existed. Dunkirk had been sold to the French for a sum of ready money ; and the war with Holland, begun three years before, was not prospering. The great victory of the 3d of June had been gained by the Duke of York at a moment when the people were too dispirited to care for it, and had been followed by losses and defeats. In 1667 De Witt's fleet sailed up the Thames, burnt the English shipping at the mouth of the Medway, and returned unmolested and in triumph. Men contrasted the government of the Restoration with that of the Protectorate, and the contrast was any thing but satisfactory. At last the discontented party succeeded in driving Clarendon, the chancellor, whom they considered the author of these misfortunes, into disgrace and exile ; and after a brief interval he was succeeded by a ministry known in history by the name of "the Cabal," from the letters beginning the names of each of its members. These were Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale. Of these Buckingham was the witliest and most profligate of Charles's courtiers ; whilst of Ashley earl of Shaftesbury he was wont to say, that "he was the wickedest man of his age." As to their religion, it had at least the merit of variety. Clifford and Arlington were suspected of being Catholics ; Buckingham was a member of the Established Church ; Shaftesbury professed himself of no religion ; and Lauderdale was a Presbyterian. Every one of these men was in the pay of the King of France, with whom they formed a secret treaty ; whilst Charles himself became the pensioner of Louis ; and, in return for French gold, agreed to recommence the war with Holland.

Whilst Lauderdale was busy in Scotland inflicting horrible cruelties on the unhappy Covenanters, then in arms against the government, his colleagues were shutting up the Exchequer, and using other dishonest means of filling the coffers of the state. All this might possibly have been endured ; but to please the king they issued a proclamation by which all penal laws in matters of religion were declared to be suspended. This roused a storm ; and the parliament of 1673 not only succeeded in obtaining the withdrawal of the "Indulgence," as it was called, but passed an act, known as the "Test Act," by which all persons refusing to

take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, or to receive the sacrament of the Church of England, were declared incapable of filling any office, either military or civil; whilst a declaration was required from every public officer, denying the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and denouncing as idolatrous the worship of the Blessed Virgin and of the Saints. This blow struck, of course, the whole Catholic body; but it was chiefly aimed at the king's brother, James duke of York. Whispers had long been afloat that he had been privately reconciled to the Church; and men debated among themselves as to what part he would now take. He was at the head of the English navy, which he had skilfully organised, and led to repeated victories. Besides this, he held other important offices of state, all of which must now be relinquished if he were not prepared to make public profession of Protestantism. They were not long kept in suspense. James, whatever may have been the irregularities of his private life, was not a man to deny his principles, and he at once resigned all the offices he held under the crown, and refused to take the Test.

The open avowal of his religion, and his marriage with a Catholic princess, which took place about the same time, worked the Protestant party into a fury. Charles had no children by his queen, Catherine of Braganza; and the duke was therefore his presumptive heir. Every effort was now made to exclude him from the succession; and laws were passed the iniquity of which was equalled only by their absurdity. Papists were forbidden to enter any of the royal palaces, or even to walk in St. James's Park, under pain of imprisonment. One noble peer declared from his place in parliament that he would not have "a Popish dog about the palace; no, nor so much as a Popish cat to mew and purr about the king." Lord William Russell showed himself particularly busy in supporting these and similar measures, and in furnishing the House of Commons with a continual supply of marvellous stories. Popish priests, according to him, were in the habit of entering the houses of Protestants, and obtaining their conversion by holding poniards at their throats. At last Shaftesbury, who, on the breaking up of the Cabal ministry, had been driven from office, resolved to regain a little popularity by imitating the policy of the Cecils, and crushing the hated Catholics by accusing them of a plot. The instrument he

used for the purpose was Dr. Titus Oates, a man of infamous character and a clergyman of the Church of England, who now came forward to give information of certain horrible schemes which were afloat for the murder of the king, and the general massacre of Protestants. The Jesuits, of course, were at the bottom of it: indeed, it was affirmed that the great Rebellion had been mainly the work of that religious body, and that Judge Bradshawe, as well as the executioner who beheaded King Charles, had both been Jesuits in disguise. They had got 100,000*l.* in the Bank, chiefly for the purpose of bribing assassins. They, with the Duke of York at their head, had set fire to London in 1666, and had used 700 fire-balls in keeping up the flames. They were now concerting plans for burning Westminster, Wapping, and the shipping in the river. Oates was gravely examined before the House of Commons, whom he informed that the general of the Jesuits, by command of the Pope, had appointed Catholic noblemen to all the great offices of state; that *he had seen the patents*, and that the Lords Arundel, Powis, and Stafford were of the number named. These noblemen were immediately committed to the Tower; and Oates, who was declared the "saviour of his country," was rewarded with a pension of 1200*l.* a year. But Shaftesbury was not yet satisfied. "We shall do no good with the people," he said, "till we get them to believe greater nonsense than this;" so Bedloe, another informer, and a convicted felon, was now brought forward. Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, the magistrate before whom Oates's depositions had been sworn, had been found dead, having committed suicide in a fit of insanity. Instantly he was declared to have been murdered by the Jesuits. Bedloe swore to the particulars of the murder; whilst, at the same time, he asserted that an army of 30,000 friars and pilgrims was ready to sail from Spain for Milford Haven; and that 40,000 Papists were sworn on the Sacrament to assassinate the king and the ministers, and "utterly to extinguish" every one who would not conform to Popery. The panic of the "Popish Plot" now spread far and wide. What the plot was no one could precisely say; but the streets were patrolled, posts and chains put up for defence, batteries of guns erected, and sentries doubled at the gates; 2,000 suspected persons were arrested; and all Papists ordered to withdraw ten miles from Whitehall; whilst in the fury of the popular excite-

ment a bill was passed by which Catholics were declared for ever incapable of sitting in either House of Parliament.

One man alone preserved his tranquillity and common sense, and it was the king himself. He never hesitated to declare his disbelief in the plot, and his conviction that Oates and Bedloe were detestable impostors. He did his best to unmask them, and to expose the palpable contradictions of their evidence; but he could not stay the torrent of popular tumult, or save the lives of the unfortunate prisoners whose trials now commenced. How those trials were carried on may be imagined by the principle laid down by the attorney-general: "If the prisoner is a Papist," he would say, "he is guilty, because it is the interest of the Papists to murder us all." This was thought very good law; whilst Lord Chief-Justice Scroggs exhibited his notions of equity by browbeating the Catholic witnesses till they were forced to retire, and helping out the memory of the crown informers by suggestions of his own.

Eighteen Catholics were convicted and executed under these infamous charges; ten of these were priests: whilst the opportunity was taken of putting to death seven others, together with Oliver Plunket, the venerable Archbishop of Armagh, solely for the crime of their religion. The last victim of this atrocious conspiracy was the venerable Lord Stafford, a nobleman of tried loyalty and integrity, who was beheaded on Tower Hill on the 29th of December 1680. But by that time the public were recovering from their frenzy-fit; the gross perjuries of Oates and Bedloe had become apparent; and on the scaffold Stafford's dying protestation of his innocence was received by cries from the populace—so easily deluded, yet at heart so frank and generous—of "God bless you, my lord, we believe you!" After this the plot lost credit, and the remaining prisoners were triumphantly acquitted. The efforts of the Protestant party were now directed to obtain the exclusion of the Duke of York from the succession. Their plots and intrigues were encouraged by William Prince of Orange, the duke's own son-in-law, who, while he affected to be wholly in James's interest, was all the time in active correspondence with his enemies. At last the measures proposed by the commons were so outrageous, that, in 1681, Charles, determined to defend his brother's rights, dissolved his parliament, and never called another.

The Protestant leaders next engaged in plans of open reason. A conspiracy was set on foot having for its object to secure the succession either to the Prince of Orange or to the Duke of Monmouth, an illegitimate son of the king's. Lord William Russell and Algernon Sidney, the latter an avowed republican, were among the conspirators, the more violent of whom formed a plan for the assassination of the two royal brothers at a spot called the Rye House. Russell and Sidney discountenanced this part of the plot; nevertheless they kept up a communication with the authors of it, and were willing to employ their services; whilst their own designs extended no further than to raise the country, and compel the king by force of arms to alter the succession. The plot was discovered, and the accomplices brought to trial; their treasonable *intentions* were distinctly proved, though no open act of insurrection had yet been committed; and Russell and Sidney were both condemned and executed. By their own party they were looked on as martyrs in the cause of liberty, and historians have represented them to posterity as patriots rather than as traitors.*

We have little more to say of the reign of Charles II. : to those whose hearts are alive to the deep religious impressions which the study of history can scarce fail to convey, there is not a more melancholy period. We turn from tales of public iniquity to pictures of a court whose corruption has had no equal. We feel no inclination to paint it to our readers; the very names of those who were its members would be a pollution to our pages. "Never," says John Evelyn, "shall I forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening), which this

* The exertions of Lady Russell to obtain her husband's pardon, and her courageous appearance in court as his secretary, have obtained for her a well-merited fame. Much has also been said of the piety and virtues of Russell himself, and of the cruelty of his sentence; yet certainly he had no right to complain of severity who had been foremost in destroying the victims of the Popish plot. When, on the condemnation of Lord Stafford, the more disgraceful penalties of treason were, at Charles's desire, exchanged for simple beheading, Russell savagely interfered, and denied that the king had power to remit any portion of his punishment. On the occasion of his own sentence being passed Charles showed him a like favour; "Lord Russell," he said, "shall know now that I *have* that power which he denied me in the case of Stafford."

day se nnight I was witness of at Whitehall." This was just one week before the king's death.

Yet in the midst of all this, sauntering about with his dogs and courtiers, plunged in every excess of evil living, and, as it seemed, indifferent to every thing but love of ease, Charles was not happy. Men called him "the merry monarch;" but his countenance belied the name. His dark swarthy features were lined with care, and did we know him only by his portraits, we should say he was the most miserable of men. And so he was. His wit and gaiety sparkled on the surface,* but beneath it all was a load of anguish. Strong convictions of the truth of the Catholic religion were always struggling in his breast. He would not avow them; he would not listen to them; but there they were. A book read in the priests' hiding-place at Moseley, the arguments of M. Olier, and the burning eloquence of St. Vincent de Paul, had left on his soul impressions that were never to be effaced. Others might be deceived by the black calumnies raised against the Catholic faith, but him they could not deceive; he knew what Catholics really were. His mother, his sister, his brother, and his wife were Catholics. To Catholics he owed his life; and even while his scaffold streamed with their blood, he never forgot it. He would not, dared not obey his convictions; yet the spark of faith was there, and by one of those marvellous mercies which God exhibits sometimes to the most abandoned sinners, that spark was never suffered to be extinguished. On the 3d of February 1685, he was struck with apoplexy; Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, one of the most pious and upright of his prelates, came to his bedside, and warned him of his approaching end; he read the accustomed prayers, and offered to administer the Sacrament; but Charles declined to receive it: "He would think of it," he said; "there was yet time enough."

The Duke of York was present, and well he guessed the

* The witty epitaph in which Buckingham sketched the king's character is well known:

"Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

"It is true," was Charles's ready answer; "for my deeds are my ministers' and my sayings are my own."

meaning of his hesitation. Yet what was to be done? the room was crowded with bishops and lords of the bedchamber; and it must be remembered, that to suggest such a thing as the reconciliation of any individual to the Catholic Church was at that time *an act of high treason*. But James was ready to risk every thing at that moment; he motioned the attendants to a distance, and kneeling by his brother's pillow whispered in his ear. "Sir," he said, "you have refused the Protestant Sacrament, will you receive those of the Catholic Church?" A gleam of light shot over the features of the dying king. "Ah," he said, "for God's sake bring me a priest; but stay, will it not expose you to danger?" "If it cost me my life," was the answer, "I will bring you one." He then cleared the apartment, and went in search of a priest; he returned with Father Huddleston, the same who thirty years before had concealed the king in his own hiding-place at Moseley. "Sir," said James, "this good man once saved your life; he now comes to save your soul." "He is welcome," was the faint reply; and Huddleston applied himself to the task before him. Charles collected his failing strength to make his confession; he declared his hearty repentance of all his past sins, asked pardon of those whom he had scandalised, and called God to witness that, if he survived, he would amend his life in earnest. He was then absolved, and received Extreme Unction, and the Holy Viaticum. All this was done with the utmost secrecy; when it was over, it was found necessary to re-admit the bishops and attendants. A message was now brought him from the queen imploring his forgiveness, if ever she had offended him. "Ah, poor woman," he said, "does *she* beg *my* pardon? I beg hers with all my heart: tell her so." He then recommended some of his old companions to the Duke of York, and taking his brother by the hand, he kissed him, and called him his best of friends and brothers. He was tranquil and composed, and to Ken's renewed solicitations only replied that he had made his peace with God. Sometimes he prayed for mercy, and asked his people's pardon for all that he had done amiss. At last he bade them draw up the curtain, that he might look at the sun for the last time. He gazed at the morning light long and earnestly, and never spoke again. He breathed his last a few hours later, on the 6th of February 1685, being in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*France*: Louis XIV. *Spain*: Charles II., 1665. *Germany*: Leopold I., 1658. *Popes*: Alexander VII.; Clement IX., 1667; Clement X., 1670; Innocent XI., 1676. *Sweden*: Charles XI., 1660. *Poland*: John Sobieski, 1674. *Stadtholder of Holland*: William III., Prince of Orange, 1660.

CHAP. XXVIII. JAMES II. AND THE REVOLUTION.

1685-1689.

WHATEVER had been the errors of the late king, he had never forfeited the affections of his people. They hated his ministers, they were scandalised at his vices; but the good-natured monarch, gay and familiar with all who approached him, and kind-hearted to a fault, was always personally a favourite. His brother James, on the contrary, was regarded with hatred by a large and powerful faction. He loved his country, and had served her bravely; he was one of the most successful naval commanders she had ever produced, and had all but created the English navy, and perfected its discipline: for though he had not Charles's natural abilities, he made up for the deficiency by a steady application to business. Buckingham was accustomed to describe the two brothers by saying that "Charles could if he would, and James would if he could." His private life, indeed, had been far from blameless, yet he was not a mere selfish man of pleasure. He had shown himself a kind husband, an indulgent father, a faithful friend and brother, and, amid many trials and persecutions, a loyal subject. But he was a Catholic, this was the head and front of his offending; and when the crown was set on his head the party was already formed which had leagued to deprive him of it.

He met his council with promises to preserve unchanged the constitution in church and state. His promises were well received, but his first act was looked on as a violation of them. He not only attended Mass in the Queen's chapel, but did so openly, attended by his guards and chief officers of state; while the prisons were opened, and 1200 Quakers, together with many thousand Catholics, who had been confined for their religious opinions, were set free by order of the king.

England had not at that time learnt to associate the idea of religious with that of civil liberty; on the contrary, to tolerate nonconformists, whether Catholic or Dissenting.

was looked upon as an act of arbitrary power. Coke, the great English lawyer, had declared that even so much as to accuse any nobleman of having counselled the king to tolerate Catholics was felony, because such toleration would be treason to the state; and Usher, primate of Ireland, had denounced it from the pulpit as a *deadly sin*, amid murmurs of applause from his audience.

Liberty of conscience, on the other hand, was James's favourite doctrine. He was quite sincere in its profession, for he extended it to all classes of Dissenters, and he was resolved to use his power to enforce its acceptance by the nation. The result was, of course, an explosion of Protestant zeal. The pulpits rang with alarms of Popery; and Monmouth, who, on the failure of the Rye-House Plot, had fled to Holland, thought the moment a favourable one for advancing his own pretensions. Landing on the coast of Dorsetshire, he endeavoured to raise the country in "defence of the Protestant religion and the national rights." But his attempts proved an utter failure; few were found to join his standard, and his army was utterly defeated by the royal troops at Sedgemoor. He showed neither skill nor courage in the field, and fled at the first repulse. A few days later he was discovered concealed in a ditch, and was immediately seized, and carried prisoner to London. In vain did he beg his miserable life at the knees of James in a very paroxysm of abject fear; his repeated treasons and ingritudes were beyond the reach of pardon, and he was executed on the 15th of July 1685.

Then followed proceedings against all who had joined in his rebellion; and the infamous Judge Jeffreys was sent down to the West to preside over the trials of the prisoners. This man seems to have been actuated by a positive delight in bloodshed. The unfortunate peasantry of Dorsetshire were executed by hundreds, others were whipped and imprisoned, and above eight hundred banished to the West-Indian plantations. By some James is said to have countenanced these severities, whilst others tell us that Jeffreys acted contrary to his express orders, and that the king never forgave him. However that may have been, it is certain that he shared in the odium of "Jeffreys' Campaign," as it was termed: for a king is not unjustly held responsible for the deeds of those who act by his authority and appointment.

The suppression of this rebellion had largely increased the influence of the crown ; and James resolved to use the power he had obtained in order to carry out his favourite schemes. It is obvious that the real policy of a prince placed in his delicate position would have been to conciliate the good-will of his subjects by avoiding every thing which could needlessly have wounded their prejudices. James did exactly the contrary. The army raised against Monmouth was kept in pay, and Catholics admitted into its ranks. This was directly opposed to the provisions of the "Test Act;" and however unjust those provisions might be in themselves, they were the law of the land, and the king had no power to dispense with them. Then an ambassador was sent to Rome, Catholic chapels were publicly opened in London, and the king himself attended Mass in state. At the same time, as though to keep down all murmuring at the point of the sword, an army of 16,000 men was encamped on Hounslow Heath, a very large portion of which had been raised in Ireland. Nothing could be more ill-judged than these measures, and they were expressly contrary to the recommendations of the Holy See. But James proceeded to greater extremes than this. He had conceived the absurd idea of using his authority as head of the Church of England in order to advance the cause of the Church of Rome. When the Protestant clergy preached against him, he, in virtue of his royal supremacy, commanded their bishops to suspend them ; and when they refused, he suspended the bishops themselves : and he did this by the authority of a high court of commission, — one of the very worst institutions of Henry and Elizabeth, which he now revived, and which consisted of a council of seven persons, to whom was committed an almost absolute power in ecclesiastical affairs. Catholics were appointed to dignities in the Protestant Establishment, and dispensed from the duty of attending the established worship. Magdalen College, Oxford, was required to elect a Catholic president ; and, on their spirited resistance, five-and-twenty of the fellows were summarily ejected. Meanwhile all penal laws for religious offences were suspended, and all tests imposed as qualifications for holding offices forbidden, by royal proclamation.

In the May of 1688, this proclamation was enjoined to be read in all churches. Seven bishops refused to issue this order, and they were at once committed to the Tower

As they were conducted thither by water, the people cheered them from the banks, and the garrison received them on their bended knees. They were tried and acquitted,—for, to James's credit, it must be said, that he never interfered with the proceedings of the courts of justice,—and the news of the acquittal was received as a national triumph. That day the king had been reviewing his army; and in the tent of his general, Lord Feversham, he was startled by the sound of loud huzzas. "It is nothing, sire," said Feversham in reply to his inquiries; "only the soldiers are shouting at the release of the bishops." "Call you that nothing?" replied James; "but so much the worse for them."

We have no inclination to justify the arbitrary acts of this unfortunate prince; but having stated them without disguise or palliation, we may be suffered to use a similar candour in speaking of the treachery by which he was driven from his throne through the arts of an unworthy faction, headed and encouraged by his own children. For James II. is the Lear of modern history, betrayed, calumniated, and finally dethroned, by his two most guilty daughters. They were the children of his first wife, Anne Hyde. Mary, the eldest, had married her cousin the Prince of Orange, whilst the Princess Anne had become the wife of Prince George of Denmark. Both had been born before their father's change of faith, and brought up in the established religion. Mary had hitherto been looked on as heiress to the crown; but in the June of 1688 the queen, Mary Beatrice, gave birth to a son, and the hopes of both princesses were disappointed. The event caused the utmost alarm among the Protestant party: the little prince would, of course, be educated in his father's faith, and inherit his father's principles of government; Protestant ascendancy would then be at an end, and the labours of more than a century of statute-making against Popery would be rendered useless. The story was instantly circulated that the prince was not really the queen's son—the Jesuits, it was said, had got up a cunning scheme to impose upon the nation; and these calumnies were eagerly listened to and encouraged by the two princesses.

All this time the keen calculating eye of William of Orange was watching every act of the rash and misguided king, prepared to turn them to his own advantage. For years this prince had played a double game: outwardly he

had maintained a cordial and affectionate correspondence with his father-in-law; but there had not been a plot in agitation against him to which William had not been a party. With secret complacency he beheld the imprudence and obstinacy with which James was bringing ruin on his own cause, and was prepared at the right moment to present himself to the English nation in the character of a deliverer. True, there was something shocking and unnatural in the notion of a son-in-law supplanting his wife's father—there were old ties and domestic feelings to be rudely broken, and a very depth of treachery to be waded through ere his schemes could be accomplished. But to William of Orange all this was nothing; he had no heart to feel it; he was a being entirely made up of ambition and the cold hard resolve to gratify it. As to the two princesses, they seem to have regarded their father with nothing short of hatred; and the detestable correspondence is now before the public in which they communicate to each other their hopes that the infant prince may soon be “an angel in heaven,” repeat each foul calumny circulated against the king, and speak of the disaffection of his subjects as “*a comfortable thing to think of.*” Mary took upon her to allay her father's uneasiness at the warlike preparations going on in Holland by repeated assurances that the fleet then collecting was intended for the service of the emperor; and so thoroughly did her words satisfy the infatuated monarch, that we find him addressing letters of affectionate confidence to “his son the Prince of Orange” at the very time when that prince was preparing to invade his kingdom.

In fact, he was hemmed in with traitors on every side. Sunderland, his favourite minister, and Churchill, the creature of his bounty, whom he had loaded with marks of confidence and favour, were both in correspondence with the prince. One moment they assured the king that there was nothing to fear from Holland, and the next they sent letters to William pledging him their “utmost services.”

At last the mask was thrown off; a forged memorial was published, which purported to come from the Protestants of England, inviting William to their assistance, but which was in reality a forgery from the pen of Dr. Gilbert Burnet, a man who, in the character of historian and divine, has probably carried the art of falsehood to its highest possible perfection. It was followed by a declaration from William

of his intentions. He was about to land in England and to take on himself the defence of her injured liberties. But he proposed nothing further than to act as mediator between the king and his people, and his armed force of 14,000 men accompanied him only for his personal protection.

It was on the 4th of November 1688 that his fleet cast anchor in Torbay. William landed and began his march towards London; and gradually his partisans flocked to his standard. Churchill and the Duke of Grafton, after attending the council summoned by James at Whitehall, and solemnly pledging themselves to shed the last drop of their blood in his defence, left his presence to join the ranks of the invader. Prince George of Denmark supped with his father-in-law, and then mounted his horse and rode off to the Dutch camp, while the Princess Anne lost no time in following his example. When the news of this last desertion was brought to James, it fairly unmanned him: "God help me," he said; "my own children are deserting me!" The shock appears to have affected his reason, and from that hour he became quite incapable of arranging any plan for opposing the coming danger. His irresolution cost him his crown. He might have put himself at the head of his troops, and have made one appeal to the loyalty of the nation; but he knew not whom to trust, and his broken spirit failed him. He determined to fly from the kingdom, and provide for the safety of his queen and her infant son. Secretly, therefore, and by night, Mary Beatrice left the palace with a single attendant, and, crossing the river in an open boat in the midst of a violent snow-storm, made her way to Gravesend. From thence she escaped to France, and James prepared to follow her. But at Faversham he was recognised, and, returning to London, endeavoured to negotiate with his son-in-law. William, however, by that time had abandoned his character of mediator; a body of Dutch guards conducted the king as a prisoner to Rochester; but, as all the prince wanted was his absence from the scene, the soldiers received a hint not to watch him too closely; and in a few days James succeeded in effecting his escape, and joined his queen in Paris. They were received with open arms by Louis XIV., who immediately espoused their cause against a prince who had been his hated rival, and assigned the exiled king the royal palace of St. Germain for his future residence.

Meanwhile William had assumed the reins of government; and a convention parliament had been hastily summoned to decide what steps were next to be taken. After lengthened deliberations, the throne was declared to be vacant,—James, by a convenient fiction, was supposed to have abdicated it; and a very small majority at last determined that the crown should be offered to the Prince and Princess of Orange, who were to reign jointly; while the claim of the young Prince of Wales being entirely set aside, the succession (in the event of their dying without issue) was to be settled on the Princess Anne. A Declaration of Rights was prepared, to which the prince was first required to give his assent; and this being done, the proclamation of William and Mary as King and Queen of England took place on the 13th of February 1689.

Thus was accomplished this great Revolution, the result of which was to change the whole system of kingly government in England, and to establish on a firm basis the modern principles of the British constitution.

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*King of France*: Louis XIV. *King of Spain*: Charles II. *Emperor of Germany*: Leopold I. *Pope*: Innocent XI. *King of Prussia*: Frederick I., 1687. *King of Sweden*: Charles XI. *King of Poland*: John Sobieski, 1674.

CHAP. XXIX. WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

1689-1702.

WHEN the excitement of late events had a little subsided, the English people began to make closer acquaintance with their new sovereigns, and with many the result was not very satisfactory. Of all the great men whom the world ever produced, William of Orange was among the most unamiable. That he was a very great man no one can deny: in spite of his diminutive form, you could not look at his eagle countenance without acknowledging that its owner must be one fitted to command. But when we have said that alone, and at the head of the most contemptible state in Europe, he had defied all the power and all the armies of France; and that in defence of his country's independence he had sworn, if need be, to die in her last ditch,—there is little more to say. We shall look in vain for one trait of generosity or true magnanimity in the champion of the Protestant cause. His conduct towards his father-in-law had been a long course

of deep-laid duplicity. His religion was Calvinism; or rather, we should say, a fanatic belief in predestination was the single dogma of his creed; and it is said that he had never been baptised. His private life set at naught the precepts of all religion; and under a more decent exterior his court at the Hague rivalled that of Whitehall in licentiousness. Add to this that his address was cold and unpolished. "Neither in great things nor small," says the Duchess of Marlborough, "had he the manners of a gentleman." He was a hard drinker, a lover of deep gaming, and a total stranger to letters. Of the art of conversation he knew nothing, and in society he generally preserved an ungracious silence.

Of Queen Mary we have already said something. She was at that moment the object of considerable interest and curiosity, for her position seemed a difficult and embarrassing one; called as she was to fill a throne left vacant by her own father. But she herself was quite insensible to the difficulty: she had published a fast, and ordered prayers and sermons four times a day, for the success of her husband's arms; and on her arrival in London, she proceeded to take possession of the royal palace and its contents with a most unseemly exhibition of joy. Even Burnet was forced to allow, that "a little more seriousness would have been as well;" and perhaps our readers will be of his opinion when they learn that, besides running all over the house and examining its rooms and furniture, she took possession even of the private clothes and trinkets which the fugitives had left behind them; and an application from her unfortunate father that she would send him his wearing apparel was, we are told, "utterly neglected." In defence of her conduct, it has been said that she acted in obedience to her husband's orders, for Mary had at least the merit of being an affectionate and submissive wife. Her husband's will to her was law, and this conjugal devotion was the redeeming feature in her character.

Such were the two sovereigns who were now being proclaimed in England and Scotland,—for as to Ireland, there was no recognition there of the new Orange dynasty. Even in Scotland there was any thing but unanimous consent; and the brave Dundee soon raised the standard of King James amid the Highland clans, and defeated the army of William in the pass of Killiecrankie. But Dundee fell i

the moment of victory ; and the best hopes of the house of Stuart fell with him. Scotland submitted to her new ruler, whose triumph was stained by the bloody massacre of Glencoe;* and in the following year William crossed over to Ireland, where the presence of King James in person threatened no small danger to the Protestant cause. He had landed at Kinsale three months after his flight from England, and soon found himself at the head of a powerful army. But he lost his time and strength in useless sieges ; and on the 1st of July 1690 was completely defeated by his son-in-law on the banks of the river Boyne. Once more he was forced to return to France ; and Ireland submitted to Orange rule, as Scotland and England had done.

Meanwhile the new government was inaugurating new measures. The Bill of Rights had passed into law.† Toleration had been proclaimed for all forms of Protestant dissent ; but as to the Catholics, the ingenuity of English legislation

* In 1692 a general pardon was offered to all those clans who would take the oath to William before an appointed day, whilst those who refused were threatened with military execution. The Macdonalds of Glencoe were among those who resolved to submit ; and their chief set out for Fort William, where, however, in consequence of the severe weather (for it was the depth of winter), he arrived after the time appointed. The governor, understanding the reason of the delay, accepted his oaths ; and he returned to Glencoe assured of safety. Meanwhile a warrant had been issued, signed by William's own hand, for putting every inhabitant of the vale of Glencoe to the sword. A company of soldiers was accordingly sent, who, after being hospitably received and entertained by their unsuspecting victims for fifteen days, rose at night, and butchered them in cold blood. Even the children, who clung to their knees and begged for mercy, were pitilessly slain ; and the women left to die of cold and starvation. When a cry of indignation rose through the kingdom at the news of this deed, William threw the blame on his minister, Lord Stair, who was dismissed from office ; but not one of the real authors of the crime was ever brought to justice.

† The following are a few of its most important provisions : all Catholics, or persons married to Catholics, were declared incapable of wearing the crown of England ; parliaments were to be held frequently ; the freedom of juries was secured ; standing armies forbidden without consent of Parliament ; freedom of elections, and freedom of debate in Parliament, declared to be national rights ; all levying of money by the Crown without grant of Parliament was declared illegal ; the Crown was declared to have no power of suspending or dispensing laws ; the High Commission Court was abolished ; the right of petition asserted for all subjects ; excessive fines, imprisonments, and cruel punishments declared illegal (though, as we shall see, the government of the Revolution was far from abandoning the

was taxed to devise fresh statutes against them. The more bloody laws were indeed seldom enforced; but a far more extensive system of persecution was set on foot, whose object was silently and gradually to extinguish them.* The High-Church party also fared but badly. They had any thing but a cordial feeling towards a crowned Dissenter; and besides, whatever their horror of Popery, they remained unshaken in their fidelity to James. Seven bishops, with Sancroft the primate, and a large body of the clergy, refused to take the new oaths of allegiance; they were immediately deprived of their benefices, and their places filled with members of the ultra-Protestant faction, some of them Dissenters; and these deprived ministers are known in English history by the name of "the non-juring clergy."

They were not the only persons who retained their fidelity to the ancient line of princes. On the whole it may be said that the great body of English squires and English parsons were at this time *Jacobites*, as the partisans of the exiled king now began to be called. The "glorious revolution" had been the work of a political faction; it

use of the torture); accused persons could not be fined or otherwise punished until tried and convicted.

At the same time the ancient coronation oath was altered; and instead of swearing to maintain the Church as in the time of Edward the Confessor, the sovereign of England now swore to maintain the *Protestant religion*; and before receiving the Uncction, read the declaration by which he abjured the Mass and the Catholic doctrine of transubstantiation in terms which to Catholic ears are painfully blasphemous, and stigmatised the veneration of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints as wicked and idolatrous.

* Thus, all persons were required to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy whenever they might be tendered to them by a justice of the peace. Even the *private* exercise of the Catholic religion was forbidden under enormous penalties. One hundred pounds reward was offered for the apprehension of any Catholic priest or bishop. Catholics were rendered incapable of practising in any court of law, and prohibited from sending their children beyond seas to be educated; while for any Catholic to receive youth in England for the purposes of education, was a crime punishable by imprisonment for life. All Catholics who refused the oath of supremacy and the test oath were declared incapable of inheriting lands, and were required to hand them over to the *next Protestant heir*. They could not keep arms, or ride a horse above the value of five pounds; and any person might compel a Catholic to take that sum for the animal he rode, whatever its real value. Truly may Berington remark, that "no era of *British liberty* ever passed without leaving some mark of oppression on Catholics."

had been brought about by the Protestant Whig aristocracy ; a powerful body no doubt, but by no means the representatives of the English people. And there were many who failed to discern its "glorious" character, and who secretly kept their loyalty for the court of St. Germain's ; and looked on William and his Dutch guards with any thing but a friendly eye. Nor were his measures calculated to increase his popularity. The one object of his life was to humble the power of France ; and he had not worn the crown three months ere he declared war against her. It was not altogether a successful one : his combined Dutch and English fleets were beaten off Beachy Head ; he next crossed over into the Low Countries, to be twice beaten by land ; and then at last came a naval victory, gained by the squadrons of England and Holland off Cape La Hogue, in the May of 1692. The French fleet had prepared for a descent on England, and King James was watching the conflict from the shores. The triumph of William's flag was a death-blow to his own hopes ; yet when he beheld the gallantry with which the English sailors scrambled up the sides of the French vessels, his patriotic, as well as his old professional enthusiasm broke out in repeated cries of " My brave English ! my brave English ! "

The victory was a splendid one ; but the war had been expensive, and to meet the expense there came fresh taxes, a large extension of the excise, and—a national debt. By the ingenious device of Dr. Gilbert Burnet, a number of persons subscribed the sum of 1,200,000*l.*, which they lent to the government, and on which they received interest. The principal of the money was never paid back ; and from the sum of 1,200,000*l.* it has been gradually increased to an almost fabulous amount. This is one of the national changes for which we stand indebted to the Prince of Orange. Another was the first introduction of gin-drinking, which he encouraged at once by his excise-laws and by his example. He repeatedly appeared in person to recommend to his Parliament acts "for the better encouragement of distilling spirits from malt ;" and these acts, by promoting an enormous increase in the consumption of spirituous liquors, soon brought England to her lowest depth of demoralisation.

The great change introduced into the system of government by means of the Revolution consisted in taking almost all active power out of the hands of the king, and placing it in that of his ministers, who, though chosen by him, be-

same in reality dependent for their tenure of office upon the support of Parliament. Hence the history of England, subsequent to the Revolution, becomes in one sense a history of the changes of ministries. Under an Orange dynasty, as a matter of course, the ministry was exclusively Whig. Devotion to the "Protestant cause" was the first claim to favour; and so whilst men like Ken were disgraced and beggared, Titus Oates was brought out of his gaol, and given back his pension with two rich livings, and Burnet became a bishop. Churchill's treachery was rewarded by the earldom of Marlborough. The standing army of King James was replaced by a larger standing army of King William, half of whose regiments were Dutch guards, to be paid out of English taxes. Bribery and corruption pervaded every department of the government; in short, the people began to feel that all grievances had not been redressed by the glorious Revolution, and soon the country swarmed with plots for a second Restoration.

Several noblemen and gentlemen were brought to the scaffold for their share in these plots; and Queen Mary showed herself particularly active in obtaining their conviction.* She died in 1694. When there appeared a momentary chance of James recovering his crown through the fidelity of his Irish subjects, she had given utterance to the horrible remark that, "if her father regained his authority, William would only have to thank himself for letting him go as he did when he had him in his power." A little later she condescended, at a court levee, to receive from the hands of the infamous Oates a gross libel, written by himself, on the character of her father. She never sought his forgiveness, or expressed the smallest remorse for her unnatural conduct towards him. Her death left William in undivided

* She appears to have been chiefly instrumental in causing the apprehension of Neville Payne, a loyal adherent of her exiled father. He was arrested and put to the torture. The following is the official account of the proceedings: "Yesterday," writes Lord Craufurd, "Neville Payne was questioned on things *not of great concern*; and had but *gentle* torture given him; but being resolved to repeat it this day, at six this evening we inflicted it on *both his thumbs*, and one of his legs, with all the severity that was *consistent with humanity*; even to that pitch that we *could not preserve life, and have gone further*. He was manly and resolute, and some were staggered and began to give him *charity* that he might be innocent." He died from the effects of these "humane" proceedings a few days afterwards.

possession of the crown of England; but it did not increase his popularity. At length a scheme was set on foot for his assassination: it failed, and its authors were executed as they deserved. William went on with his wars and sieges till 1697, when the Peace of Ryswick put an end to hostilities. His last years, however, were spent in the formation of a fresh league against France. In the year 1700 Charles, king of Spain, died without an heir, and by his will all his vast dominions were left to the Duke of Anjou, grandson to Louis XIV. William, who had used every effort to prevent this vast increase to the power of the Bourbons, found that he had been out-generalled by French diplomacy, and his rage was increased by the formal recognition by France of the claims of the young Prince of Wales, on the occasion of his father's death, which took place in the year following. A great league was formed between England, Germany, Prussia, and Holland, who supported the claims of the Archduke Charles of Austria; and William was actively engaged in preparing for a fresh campaign, when a fall from his horse broke his collar-bone, and put an end to all his schemes of ambition. He died at Kensington on the 8th of March 1702, leaving a bloody and ruinous war as his last bequest to the people of England. Previous to his death, another act of settlement was passed, by which, in the case of Anne's dying without children, the crown was to pass to the Electress Sophia of Hanover, or her heirs; she being the granddaughter of James I. by his daughter Elizabeth, princess palatine, and the nearest Protestant descendant of that monarch.

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*King of France:* Louis XIV. *Emperor of Germany:* Leopold I. *Kings of Spain:* Charles II.; Philip V. (Bourbon), 1700. *Popes:* Alexander VIII., 1689; Innocent XII., 1691; Clement XI., 1700. *Kings of Poland:* John Sobleski; Fred. Augustus, 1697. *King of Prussia:* Frederick I. *King of Sweden:* Charles XII., 1697.

CHAP. XXX. QUEEN ANNE.

1702-1714.

THE accession of Anne was welcome to both of the political parties who were now striving in England for the upper hand. The Whigs* saw in it the continuance of the

* The terms *Whig* and *Tory* came first into use in the reign of Charles II., when those who believed, or professed to believe, the

Protestant succession: while the Tories trusted that she might use her power to restore her brother to his rights. She had been the mother of several children, but none had survived to manhood. Her last son, the Duke of Gloucester, died in 1700; and, in the agony of her loss, she addressed a letter to her father, in which she acknowledged the just judgment of God, who thus punished her for her filial disobedience; and solemnly promised that if she ever succeeded to the throne, she would hold it only in trust for her exiled brother.

Anne was the weakest and least talented of her family. Always in the hands of favourites, she had up to this time been entirely governed by Sarah, Countess of Marlborough, a woman of violent temper and masculine determination. The queen and her favourite attendant kept up a familiar correspondence together under the assumed names of "Morley" and "Freeman;" and, spite of Anne's Tory and High-Church principles, it was soon seen that the Marlboroughs ruled at court. The earl was appointed commander-in-chief of the allied armies, and despatched to Holland; where now began the long war which was carried on in Flanders and Germany throughout the remainder of the reign. It gained for England the victories of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet; and for Marlborough a dukedom, and the highest military renown that had yet been attained by any British subject.

It would occupy much space, and afford but little interest, to enter into the disputes between Whigs and Tories, which fill up this reign; the trial of Dr. Sacheverel, who preached up passive obedience; or the quarrels between the termagant duchess and her "poor unfortunate, faithful Morley;" and as to the war, our readers would be as much puzzled as were the English people at the time to understand what the nation was fighting for. Yet at first it was a popular war; for the simple reason, that every year saw medals struck in honour of some fresh victory, and French banners carried in triumph to Guildhall. Blenheim

charges of the infamous Titus Oates, were called Whigs; while those who disbelieved were called Tories. Subsequently, however, they came to have a more general signification,—those who supported high kingly and aristocratic pretensions being known as Tories, and the advocates of popular rights as Whigs. The origin of these terms is uncertain.

was the first great battle which had been gained against a foreign army since Agincourt ; for during three hundred years, England had for the most part been torn by civil wars ; and it had become a proverb abroad, that "the island dogs could only tear one another." But after a time people grew tired even of medals and trophies procured at so enormous a cost ; and the queen wearied of her Whig ministry and her mistress of the robes, and dismissed them both from office. Harley earl of Oxford and St. John Lord Bolingbroke took the place in her councils of the Earls of Godolphin and Halifax ; while the great duchess was supplanted in her favour by a certain Mrs. Masham, who had risen from the humble station of bedchamber-woman to the post of confidante. But Sarah of Marlborough was not an easy person to displace from power ; she quietly set the queen at defiance, and kept her gold key of office in very spite of her. Marlborough himself at last commanded her to surrender it, which she did by summarily throwing it at his head. She is preëminently the virago of English history, but her fall had its effect on European politics. The war had hitherto been kept up mainly through the influence of Marlborough. As commander-in-chief he enjoyed a position of the highest consequence, with unlimited opportunities of amassing wealth. Money was his idol ; and to gain it, he cheated the state, defrauded his very soldiers of their pay,* and drove hard bargains with Jewish army-contractors. The war was with him a profitable speculation, and so he encouraged it ; but with the change of ministry came also a change of policy. Charges of monstrous corruption were made and proved against the great duke : he had sold commissions, accepted bribes, and dishonoured his splendid reputation as a general by all that was most mean and paltry. He was accordingly dismissed and disgraced, and negotiations were set on foot for a general peace. The treaty of Utrecht was signed on the 11th of April 1713 :

* In all the wars which raged during the reigns of William and Anne, the English soldiers were paid, not in money, but with promissory tickets, which they sold to Jewish usurers. These latter at length became creditors to the government for the enormous sum of nine millions and a half. Harley at last offered the holders of these tickets six per cent a year, and allowed them to form themselves into a company for trading in the South Seas. Hence the famous South-Sea Company, whose speculations afterwards brought ruin on thousands of families.

Philip of Bourbon was left in undisturbed possession of the crown of Spain; and all that England gained by her ten years of bloody warfare was the stronghold of Gibraltar, which had been captured by Admiral Rook in 1704, and which, by the terms of the treaty, she was permitted to retain.

One of the most important events in this reign was the union between England and Scotland, which was effected in 1705, not without great opposition on the part of the Scotch, who regarded it as a sacrifice of their national independence. From that time the title of the English sovereigns has changed from Kings of England to Kings of Great Britain and Ireland.

Of the queen herself we need say very little: she played a busy rather than an important part in the politics of the day, and was a staunch supporter of the High-Church party; but her own character was utterly insignificant. Yet it is remarkable that under the most illiterate sovereign who had ever worn the English crown, was ushered in the Augustan era of English literature. The reign of Anne was the age of Pope and Swift, of Addison and Steele; it was the age of the wits and the coffee-houses, of the *Essay on Man* and the *Spectator*. Newton, the greatest man of science whom the world ever saw, received knighthood from the hands of Anne; whilst the arts could still boast of Sir Godfrey Kneller, Sir John Vanbrugh, and Sir Christopher Wren.

The religious characteristics of this age were marked and peculiar. It was, in one sense, the golden age of the Church of England; the one period in the existence of that institution when it enjoyed a large degree of popular favour. In Anne's time High-Church divines were favourites with the populace: Laud's airy dreams seemed to have been realised at last; the Catholics had been fairly hunted into holes and corners; Puritanism had grown out of date; and the Established Church of England ruled with undivided sway. And what was meanwhile the state of society during this period of orthodox Anglicanism? The answer must be sought for in the pages of those great writers we have named above. They have left us such a life-like portrait of the manners of their age, that we have no difficulty at all in conjuring up a picture of England in the days of Queen Anne. We seem to see the gentlemen with their full-bottomed wigs, flap-waistcoats, snuff-boxes, and clouded

canes; the ladies with their fans and patches;—one and all actors in a busy round of heartless profligacy. It is simply impossible to exaggerate the follies or the vices described by these writers as forming the common everyday life of English men and women in the beginning of the eighteenth century. The fashionable vices of swearing and drinking were not confined to men; cards were the business of life; and as to its diversions, the less said about them the better. In spite of its wits and poets, the age was moreover one of extraordinary ignorance. Satire, keen and biting, was the only literature that was read. The days had long since passed when English ladies studied Plato, or translated St. Thomas, for their morning's pastime. It was thought much now if they could write their own tongue correctly; and the learned pursuits of Margaret Roper or Lady Jane Gray were exchanged for tea-drinking, gossiping, and the rage for china monsters. This, however, is nothing to the sadder picture which might be drawn from the pages of Pope or the *Spectator*. It is as though the very idea of virtue had been by this time lost, and moralists had to address their readers as if they were inhabitants of some heathen land where the ordinary precepts of Christianity were unknown.

And all this time infidelity was rapidly on the increase. A school of English free-thinkers had arisen, which could already boast of the illustrious names of Hobbes, Bayle, Locke, and Bolingbroke. Even atheism itself was becoming common. Little more than a century had passed since men had flung away the authority of the Catholic Church, and they were already beginning to deny the Blessed Trinity, and to doubt of the very existence of God.

The last years of Queen Anne's life were embittered by the quarrels of factions and the question (which agitated her own mind quite as much as it did her ministers), who was to be her successor. James II. was dead; but his rights had descended to his son James Francis, who was commonly known in England by the title of the Pretender. As Anne had no children, the crown, according to the act of settlement, would pass on her death to the representative of the House of Hanover; a family descended indeed from a daughter of James I., but utterly unknown to the English people. There was, therefore, a very growing feeling in favour of the restoration of the elder line; and it cannot be doubted that, had the government of France supported the

claims of the legitimate prince in good earnest, his chances of success would have been almost certain. But France in reality cared nothing whatever about the Stuarts, and used them only as instruments for her own political purposes. On the other hand, had the son of James II. been willing to renounce his faith, it is as little to be doubted that all parties would have agreed in offering him the crown. Many a Whig noble would have turned Jacobite without hesitation; if the one obstacle of religion could have been overcome. Such changes had been known. Henry of Navarre, on renouncing his Huguenot heresies to become king of France, is said to have remarked, that "the crown was worth a Mass;" but of the exiled Stuarts, one and all, might have been rather used the words, intended as a sneer by Louis XIV. in speaking of James II.: "Here is a man who, for a Mass, has flung away three kingdoms!" It was in vain to press them by arguments or promises. "I will never dissemble my religion," writes James Francis; "I would abandon all rather than act against honour and conscience. Had I any other sentiments, where is the man of honour who would trust me? or how could my subjects themselves depend on me? would they be happy under me, if I were to use such notorious hypocrisy in order to place myself among them?"

Yet in spite even of this difficulty, when Anne was struck with apoplexy in the July of 1714, it needed but a bold stroke to have proclaimed her brother as her successor. The queen herself desired it. She who in past time had been the foremost in slandering his birth, would now have given all she possessed for the power to name him as her successor. Her last hours were racked with the thought, that now it was all too late. Her deathbed was sad and comfortless; she retained consciousness enough to know that the Duke of Shrewsbury, to whom her council persuaded her to give the staff of lord high treasurer with her dying hands, would use his power to secure the succession of the Hanoverian princes; and in the intervals between her fits of stupor, she repeated incessantly the words, "O my brother, my poor brother!" She expired on the 1st of August 1714; and the prompt measures taken by Shrewsbury and his colleagues secured the peaceable proclamation of her Protestant successor.

Anne had many faults; yet as a sovereign she evinced a

solicitude for the happiness of her people, and a kindness of heart in their regard, which made her popular. To her credit it must be said, that not a single execution for treason took place during her reign; a circumstance without example in those of her predecessors.

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*King of France:* Louis XIV. *Emperors of Germany:* Joseph I., 1705; Charles VI., 1711. *King of Spain:* Philip V. *King of Sweden:* Charles XII. *Pope:* Clement XI. *Emperor of Russia:* Peter the Great, 1689.

Important Events under the three last Stuarts.—Habeas-Corpus Act, to prevent persons being arrested and imprisoned without trial, passed 1683. Royal Society established, 1662. St. Paul's Cathedral begun to be rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, 1697; finished, 1710. Chelsea Hospital founded for infirm soldiers by Charles II., 1690. The Colony of Carolina founded in the reign of Charles II. Pennsylvania founded, 1683. The trade of the East-India Company was considerably extended during the reign of William and Mary; it had already begun to establish factories in different parts of India in the reign of James I. By the marriage of Charles II. with Catherine of Portugal, England became possessed of the island of Bombay, which formed part of that queen's marriage-portion. Commerce with India and the newly-settled states of America greatly increased the mercantile wealth of England, and branches of manufacture now rapidly sprang up, such as improvements in cutlery and hardware, and the art of dyeing wool, hat-making, silk-weaving, and glass-blowing. Stage-coaches began to run in the reign of James II., and performed the journey between York and London in six days. A penny post was established in London so early as the reign of William and Mary. Greenwich Hospital was founded by William and Mary, and opened by Anne in 1705.

Great Men.—Among the most distinguished poets of this period were Dryden and Pope. Dryden became a Catholic toward the latter part of his life; and his conversion was followed by a total change in the character of his writings, which had previously been defaced with the grossness of that corrupt age. Some have attributed his conversion to interested motives; but he persevered in his profession of Catholicism after the Revolution, and brought up his children in the same faith. Two of his sons assumed the habit of St. Dominic. Pope was a Catholic by education; and he never abandoned his faith, though his life was far from being in accordance with it, and his writings exhibit no trace of its influence over his mind. Besides these two great poets, we may mention Butler, the author of *Huàibras*, who died in 1680. Locke, one of the most celebrated of modern philosophers, died 1704; his *Essay on the Human Understanding* having been written in the reign of James II. Newton, the profoundest of mathematicians, published his *Principia* about the same time. After a lifetime of labour in the cause of science, he died in 1727; and such was the veneration in which he was held, that his body lay in state in the Jerusalem chamber, and his coffin was borne to its grave in Westminster Abbey by the Lord Chancellor of England, with two dukes and earls. In spite of the depression under which the Catholics suffered after the Revolution, we still find among them men who distinguished themselves by their learning and genius. Of these we may name one, Nathaniel Hooke, author of the best Roman history in the English language. He was not only a Catholic, but a good and zealous one, and incurred no little danger and obloquy by bringing a priest to assist Pope on his deathbed. To this period belong also two of our greatest musical composers, Purcell and Arne, the latter of whom was a Catholic. Of other distinguished men of letters, we will only name the good John Evelyn, Sir William Temple, and the great Lord Somers, as he was called, both of them eminent statesmen. The poets

Otway, Gay, and Prior, the last of whom was the son of a tavern-keeper, and rose by his own talents to the post of under-secretary of state; and Edmund Halley, a distinguished astronomer and man of science.

Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller were the portrait-painters of these reigns: Sir Christopher Wren and Sir John Vanbrugh their architects. Gothic architecture had become altogether obsolete; and after the Fire of London, the old cathedral and churches of the city were replaced by buildings of an entirely different style. Grinling Gibbons, a famous sculptor and wood-carver, died 1721.

Among the naval and military commanders of note, besides the great Duke of Marlborough, were Benbow, a brave old admiral, who rose from the rank of a common seaman, Sir Cloudesly Shovel, and Sir George Rooke.

William Penn, a distinguished supporter of the Quakers, obtained from Charles II. a grant of territory in North America, where he founded the Quaker colony which has since borne his name. Another very celebrated Nonconformist was John Bunyan, the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*; he was the son of a travelling tinker; and wrote his book during the twelve years he was confined in prison for his religious opinions.

In the foregoing pages we have more than once mentioned the name of Ken, Protestant Bishop of Bath and Wells. No difference of faith should prevent our doing justice to the character of this excellent man; who, in a corrupt age, boldly and courageously reprov'd vice in the very courts of princes. Charles II., James II., and William of Orange, all heard the truth from his lips. At the time when Jeffreys and his notorious associate in cruelty, Colonel Kirke, were committing their judicial murders in the west of England, Ken bravely dared their rage, and succeeded in saving many of their victims; for which he received the thanks of James II. He was among the seven bishops who were committed to the Tower by that monarch; and one of the five who remained faithful in their allegiance to him at the time of the Revolution, and who were consequently deprived of their sees. He died at Frome in Gloucestershire, in 1711, after a life of piety and good works. It may be reckoned among the instances of better feeling sometimes displayed by Charles II., that the stern reproof he received from this good man so won his respect that he made him his chaplain, and soon afterwards bestowed on him his bishopric.

During the reign of Charles II., Pere Claude de la Colombière filled the post of confessor to Mary of Modena, Duchess of York, afterwards Queen Mary Beatrice. This celebrated man was director to the Ven. M. Margaret Alacoque, and one of the first propagators of the devotion to the Sacred Heart; and in after years, the exiled Queen of England was the first crowned head who petitioned the Holy See to grant a Mass in its honour.

During the reign of James II., the post of royal almoner was filled by Father Thomas Howard, of the Order of St. Dominic, who was afterwards raised to the dignity of Cardinal; and died 1694. He was nominated the Cardinal Protector of England; founded the College of Louvain, and two monasteries for members of his own order and nation; and may be considered as the restorer of the English Dominican Province.

After their flight from England, the exiled royal family continued to reside at the court of St. Germain until the Peace of Utrecht, when the surviving princes were obliged to withdraw from the French territory. King James II. spent his last years in the practices of piety and devotion. In 1696, the crown of Poland was offered to him; but he refused it, saying he would never accept the allegiance of any nation but his own. He died on the 16th of September 1701. His body was preserved unburied in the church of Benedictines for more than a century, awaiting the time when his followers fondly hoped to bring it back to England, and inter it among his ancestors in Westminster Abbey. But that day never came; and it was a prince of the House of Hanover who finally caused it to be buried at St. Germain with the honour due to his rank.

His son James Francis, better known as the "Chevalier de St. George," assumed the title of James III.; and, marrying the Princess Maria Clementina

granddaughter to King John Sobieski, became the father of two sons, Prince Charles Edward, commonly called the Young Pretender, and Henry Benedict, the Cardinal Duke of York. The latter was the last of his family, and died in the year 1807. James Francis and his two sons all died at Rome, and were buried in the basilica of St Peter's; where a monument may be seen bearing the names of "James III., Charles III., and Henry IX., kings of England by the grace of God, but not by the will of man."

Queen Mary Beatrice survived her husband sixteen years, which she spent, says one who knew her well, "in the practice of every virtue which constitutes true holiness." Her death was as holy as her life, and took place at St. Germain in the May of 1718. She was buried at Chaillot, where the remains of Henrietta Maria had already been laid.

The Princess Clementina Maria, whom we have named above, was on terms of holy friendship with the Blessed Leonard of Port Maurice; and it is to her that he alludes, under the title of "the Queen of England," in his well-known book on the Mass, where he bears witness to the purity and devotion of her life, and assures us that her death was partly caused by the pain she felt in being denied a more frequent reception of the Holy Eucharist.

During the reign of William III., England was visited by Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, who, desiring to form a navy, travelled first to Holland, and then to this country, to learn the art of ship-building. He worked in Deptford Dockyard as a carpenter and shipwright; and going back to his own country exerted himself to advance every branch of commerce and science among his people. He was the founder of the city of St. Petersburg.

CHAP. XXXI. THE HOUSE OF HANOVER.

George I. 1714-1727. George II. 1727-1760.

GEORGE, elector of Hanover, who in virtue of the act of succession now became King of Great Britain, landed for the first time on the shores of England in the September of 1714. He was just fifty-five years of age, short in stature, dull in countenance, and awkward in his manners and address. He was utterly ignorant of the English language, and showed no desire to win the affections of his new subjects. Jealousy of the Stuarts and their adherents was the one idea which possessed him. Their followers were Tories, therefore he would be a Whig, and the head of the Whig faction. The Tory ministers of Anne were impeached as traitors. Harley was committed to the Tower, and Bolingbroke sought safety in flight. The Duke of Marlborough was restored to favour, and Townshend and Walpole became chief ministers of state.

The severity shown towards the late ministers was resented by the people, who evinced their discontent by mobs and riots. The Habeas-Corpus Act was immediately suspended, and the military called out. This increased the general dissatisfaction; and in the year following, the

standard of the Stuarts was raised in Scotland by the Earl of Mar; while in England the insurrection was joined by the Earls of Derwentwater, Nithisdale, and Winton, with others of the northern nobility. The attempt proved a failure, however: the insurgents were defeated at the battles of Sheriff-muir and Preston; and the Jacobite leaders were taken and condemned to death. In vain did the noble Countesses of Derwentwater and Nithisdale throw themselves at George's feet to implore their husbands' pardon. The king was vindictive; and rejected them with the most unfeeling harshness, turning rudely away from them, and even dragging them along the floor as they clung to his garments. The Countess of Nithisdale effected her husband's escape from prison; but the Lords Derwentwater, Kenmuir, and Winton were beheaded.

The rebellion had been successfully put down; but the cruelty with which the royal power had been vindicated did not increase the popularity of the king. Indeed, so little security was felt as to the results of a fresh election, that the Parliament now passed an act *giving itself the power* of continuing to sit for seven years instead of three, the term assigned by previous laws. This act was as manifestly unconstitutional as it was unpopular, and was intended solely to maintain the power of the Whigs. Then came the Quadruple Alliance, as it was called, between England, France, Holland, and Austria; and a declaration of war with Spain. In this war Admiral Byng gained several brilliant victories over the Spanish navy; and peace was not concluded until the year 1719. The following year was marked by the disastrous failure of the South-Sea Company, a commercial speculation which had been sanctioned by the government under the specious pretence of discharging the national debt; but it proved to be a gigantic scheme of villany and fraud, in which many members of parliament, and some even of the ministry itself, were deeply implicated. The explosion of this *bubble* (for so it was appropriately called) reduced thousands to beggary, and nearly brought on a national bankruptcy. At this crisis Sir Robert Walpole's talents were exerted to relieve the general distress: he became prime minister, and continued to hold that post in the government of England for the long period of two-and-twenty years.

George I. had no domestic virtues to redeem his utter

want of ability. He confined his wife, Sophia Dorothea of Zell, in prison for thirty-two years, on charges which have been long since proved to be unfounded. She was never suffered to bear the title of queen, and died in the castle of Alden one year before her husband. With his son, the Prince of Wales, the king lived on terms of open disagreement; they never concealed their mutual hatred; and the courtiers who visited at Leicester House were not received at the court of St. James's. That court had all the immorality of Whitehall in the seventeenth century, with nothing of its wit or brilliancy. For George I. was pre-eminently a dull man, like the period in which he lived: his wars were dull wars; and dullness runs through the whole history of his reign. He was governed by a junto of rapacious German favourites, persons of infamous character, who became the only channels to the royal ear, and divided among themselves the profits of most offices of state. The tastes of the king were, if possible, lower than his morals; he disliked the arts, and knew nothing of letters; there was one thing, and one thing only, that he really seemed to like, and that was money. His example, therefore, did not do much to raise the tone of English society and literature; and, after all, the *example* of a constitutional sovereign is probably his most powerful instrument of government. His reign lasted no more than thirteen years: he was seized with apoplexy whilst travelling to Osnaburg, in his Hanoverian dominions, where he expired on the 11th of June 1727.

He was succeeded by his son George, Prince of Wales; and whatever had been the moral degradation of England previous to his accession, it soon grew deeper. Walpole, the great minister of the day, was as unscrupulous as he was eminently successful. He used to boast that he knew the price of every man among his political opponents; and the nation now began to hear of "secret-service money," enormous sums of which were expended in buying the votes of all who were willing to sell them. The public men of the day had become notoriously corrupt;* nor did they

* Thus, during the late reign, besides the disgraceful frauds of the South-Sea Company, in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had been convicted of taking a part, Macclesfield, the lord high chancellor of England, was found guilty of embezzling the money of orphans and lunatics, of whom the law constituted him the guardian, and of

blush to avow their corruption ; and there seems to have been a universal disbelief in honour or principle of any kind. At the same time a general laxity of morals spread through every class ; and as to English literature, bad as it had already become, it now grew daily worse. A better school of poets was indeed springing up ; but the drama was still unreformed, and the satires and periodicals of Anne's time were exchanged for the modern novel. The change was not for the better. The satirists had at least, in their degree, been moralists ; but the writers of fiction who flourished during the reign of George II. made vice more fashionable than they found it. Those who read their works tell us that their merit consists in their admirable portraiture of the manners of their times ; if so, what are we to think of the state of manners in England one hundred years ago ? In short, it was the age which has been depicted on canvas in all its hideous deformity in the deep and terrible satires of Hogarth.

Meanwhile this flood of iniquity was met in the pulpit by sermons on the heathen virtues, or feeble "apologies for Christianity ;" and among the most eminent "divines" of the Church of England were Dr. Samuel Clarke, who distinguished himself by attacking the doctrine of the Holy Trinity ; and Hoadley, Bishop of Bangor, who dared to stigmatised the worship paid by Christians to the Person of our Divine Lord, as "idolatrous and superstitious." At last a reaction took place within the Establishment itself, and modern Methodism arose under its founders Whitfield and Wesley.

George II. never missed an opportunity of evincing his marked preference for Hanover over England. It was his maxim, that nothing that was English was tolerable : the English cooks could not dress a dinner, the English coachmen could not drive, and the English horses were not fit to be driven. The ten years' war, which raged from 1738 to

selling the offices of his court to the highest bidder. In the year 1730 another disgraceful exposure took place : a company called the Charitable Corporation was formed, professedly to lend money to the poor on small pledges, with a capital of 600,000*l.* ; but after a few years the chief managers absconded with 500,000*l.* of the money, and then came startling discoveries. Six members of parliament had to be expelled from the House for fraudulent transactions, and most of those implicated in the business were men of rank and influence.

1748, was mainly undertaken to protect the interests of Hanover. The king had at least the merit of being a brave soldier, and at the head of his own army he beat the French at the battle of Dettingen, in 1743. But this was almost the only military success which attended the British arms; and in the following year the Duke of Cumberland was defeated at Fontenoy by the celebrated Marshal Saxe.

In this reign the last effort was made by the exiled house of Stuart for the recovery of their royal rights. Prince Charles Edward Stuart, eldest son of the Chevalier de St. George (as the son of James II. was styled), landed in the north of Scotland, in the summer of 1745, accompanied by no more than seven followers. But no sooner was the royal standard of the Stuarts displayed than the Highland clans, among whom the old feudal feeling still survived, gathered round it in thousands. The winning address of the young prince increased the enthusiasm in his favour; and at the head of a gallant army he marched to Edinburgh, and took up his residence in the ancient palace of Holyrood, where he held his court with royal splendour. Sir John Cope marched against him, and was defeated at the battle of Preston-Pans; and then commenced a march of the victorious Highlanders into the very heart of England. They proceeded as far as Derby, hoping to be joined by the northern Jacobites; but the severities which had followed the rebellion of 1715 were fresh in the memories of the people, and few were willing to risk their lives in so hazardous an enterprise. It was therefore determined to retreat once more into Scotland. At Falkirk their arms were again successful; but then the tide of fortune turned against them. The veteran troops had been hastily brought over from Flanders; and under the command of the king's second son, William Duke of Cumberland, attacked the Highlanders on Culloden heath, and, in spite of their gallant resistance, utterly defeated them. The prince was forced to fly from the field of battle, and for five months concealed himself among the Highlands, where his adventures and hairbreadth escapes surpassed in romance those of Charles II. under very similar circumstances. Nor was the resemblance less striking between the fidelity displayed by the loyalists of the west, and the devoted Jacobites of the Highlands. More than fifty persons were trusted with the secret of the prince's concealment; but though a reward of 30,000*l.* was set upon

his head, not one was found willing to betray him. He at last succeeded in effecting his escape to France; but many of his followers were seized and executed. Among them were the Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock, and Lovat; and Charles Radcliffe, titular Earl of Derwentwater, who had been condemned to death in 1715, together with his elder brother, but having escaped from prison was now again taken and executed on his former sentence, together with thirty-seven other officers of rank, who were hanged, drawn, and quartered. The severity shown towards these unfortunate gentlemen was by no means the worst cruelty which disgraced the triumph of the conquerors. Not only was quarter refused at Culloden, but for three days after the battle the field was guarded by sentries; none were allowed to approach the wounded Jacobites; any who crawled from the bloody ground were mercilessly shot. At last files of soldiers were marched into the field, and all who still survived were butchered in cold blood, many being put to death who had taken no part in the contest. Military law was then proclaimed throughout the district, and for weeks the royal soldiers had to act the part of executioners. These horrible proceedings were directed by the savage Duke of Cumberland, who earned by his victory the title of "the Butcher." Measures were then taken for breaking up the clannish system existing among the Highland population, by which the chieftains were able to bring an army into the field whenever they raised their standard; the Highland dress even was forbidden to be worn, and English law was substituted for the ancient Gaelic privileges.

The continental wars of this period are not very easy to render at all intelligible. From 1738 to 1748 England was fighting against Spain alone. Whilst that war was still going on, Charles VI., Emperor of Germany, died, leaving all his hereditary dominions to his daughter Maria Theresa. But Charles of Bavaria, who succeeded him in the empire, sought to deprive her of Bohemia; whilst Frederick the Great of Prussia claimed her Silesian territories. In short, the German princes one and all leagued to strip her of all her possessions, and France, as a matter of course, joined their ranks against the hated house of Austria. A general European war followed, in which England supported the claims of the empress; it lasted until 1748, when the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle restored peace to Europe. By

that time Charles of Bavaria was dead, and the imperial crown had fallen to Francis of Lorraine, husband to Maria Theresa. France had gained innumerable battles under her great generals Marshal Saxe and the Duke of Berwick. The latter was a member of our own unfortunate house of Stuart; a man whose chivalrous character gained for him in his adopted country the title of "the English Dunois;" and of whom Montesquieu remarked, that "in the works of Plutarch he had read of great men, but in the Duke of Berwick he beheld one." He was killed at the siege of Philipsburg in 1734. As to England, she had increased her national debt to the sum of 80,000,000*l.*, and this was pretty nearly the only result of her share in the military operations of the time.

One would have thought that Europe had had enough of fighting; but in 1755 broke out what is called the Seven Years' War between Austria and Prussia. Jealousy of the latter state induced France to bury her old animosities, and to league with Austria against Frederick the Great. The Hanoverian States were attacked; and thus England was again drawn into the contest, and compelled to ally herself with the Prussian king. The Duke of Cumberland was defeated at Hastenbech, and signed a disgraceful treaty which made over his father's German dominions into the hands of Austria; but in North America the arms of England were more successful, and the victory of Quebec, gained by General Wolfe in 1759 on the heights of Abraham, left the English masters of the whole of Canada.

It seemed as though no quarter of the globe was to be left free from sharing in the bloody strife, which now extended even to India, where the French then held large possessions, of which, however, they were almost entirely stripped by the conquests of the great Lord Clive. The navies of England also, under her great admirals Anson, Hawke, Keppel, and Boscawen, gained repeated brilliant victories, and maintained for their country her undoubted sovereignty of the sea. The peace of Versailles at length put an end to these bloody wars in 1760, and left England in possession of a vast colonial empire, which she had won at the point of the sword.

Meanwhile the old scenes of ministerial corruption had been going on at home. Walpole was at last driven from office; and among those who led the opposition against him was a young orator of the name of William Pitt. He held

a commission in the army; and Walpole, who felt all the power of his bold attacks, was wont to speak of him as "that terrible cornet of horse." He came forward as the dauntless enemy of fraud and corruption, and the champion of true reform. His genius, his eloquence, and his lofty daring patriotism infused a new spirit into English statesmanship, and he was soon looked upon as the man raised up by Heaven to restore the honour of his country. To the effect of his councils must be attributed those great naval successes which, towards the close of the war, retrieved the glory of the British arms; and when, in 1758, the need was felt of some master hand to guide the affairs of state, "the great commoner," as he was called, became prime minister of England. The vigour of his government has never been surpassed, and under his direction the British armies could proudly boast that France had been beaten in the four quarters of the globe. At the same time the commerce of England received a powerful impulse from the increased trade with India and America, and was yet further developed by the labours of Watt, Arkwright, and Brindley.

Whilst Watt was busy over his improvements in the steam-engine, Arkwright was building his first cotton-mill at Birmingham (which was set in motion by two asses); and Brindley, the father of English civil engineers, was constructing the Bridgewater canal. These three men probably did more to advance the prosperity of their country than all her statesmen put together. They were men of genius in their own way, and of enthusiastic genius too; the world ridiculed them and sneered at their inventions, but they persevered in spite of the world, and in time they conquered it. "Pray, Mr. Brindley," inquired a young member contemptuously, when the great engineer was being examined before the House of Commons, "if you think so much of the importance of navigable canals, will you tell us what rivers were made for?" "To feed navigable canals," was the reply.

George II. expired at Kensington in the October of 1760. His eldest son, Frederick Prince of Wales, with whom he had lived on very bad terms, died before him, and he was therefore succeeded on the throne by his grandson. His queen, Caroline of Anspach, was a woman of considerable ability, and governed the kingdom with firmness and spirit during her husband's absence in Hanover.

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*King of France:* Louis XV., 1715. *Kings of Spain:* Philip V.; Ferdinand VI., 1746; Charles III., 1759. *Emperors of Germany:* Charles VI.; Charles VII., 1742; Francis I., 1745. *Kings of Prussia:* Frederick William I., 1713; Frederick II., the Great, 1740. *Popes:* Innocent XIII., 1721; Benedict XIII., 1724; Clement XII., 1730; Benedict XIV., 1740; Clement XIII., 1758.

Remarkable Events, Inventions, Discoveries, &c.—The Porteous riots in Edinburgh, 1736; the Foundling Hospital founded, 1739; Westminster Bridge completed, 1750; the reformation of the calendar, as introduced in other nations by Pope Gregory XIII. in 1582, adopted by England in 1752; Nova Scotia made a British colony, 1749; Eddystone Lighthouse built, 1759; the great earthquake at Lisbon, 1755.

We have alluded above very briefly to the extension of our Indian empire by the conquests of Lord Clive. It was in the year 1756 that the dreadful catastrophe took place by which a hundred and twenty-three English prisoners were stifled in the Black Hole of Calcutta, when that city was attacked and taken by the nabob of Bengal. Next year Clive gained his great victory of Plassey, and on his return to England was raised to the peerage. He then became governor-general of Bengal; and by a course of policy at once bold and statesmanlike, successfully established the power of the British throughout India. But his government was marked by acts of cruelty, injustice, and avarice; and such unhappily was the character of the whole policy by which our East Indian empire was founded. Clive amassed an immense fortune in the course of his most unscrupulous career; but being charged in Parliament with abusing his power, he committed suicide, in 1774.

Celebrated Writers, &c.—Thomson, the author of *The Seasons*, 1748; Young, author of the *Night Thoughts*, 1765; Collins, author of some of the finest odes in the English language, died 1756; and Gray, best known by his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," died 1771. Fielding, Smollett, and Richardson, were popular novelists of the day. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and caricaturist, died 1764. Sir James Thornhill, architect of the dome of St. Paul's, died 1734. Handel, the great German composer, died in England, where many of his best musical works were produced, 1759. Though not an Englishman by birth, the patronage and encouragement he received in this country almost give us a right to claim his genius as belonging to ourselves. Among the Nonconformists the names of Wesley, Whitfield, Doddridge, and Watts belong to this period.

The Catholics were suffering from extreme depression, and every means of education was well nigh denied them. They were forbidden by law either to open seminaries of education at home, or to send their children to foreign schools. Under these cruel disadvantages, however, they were still able to produce men of learning, among whom we may name Dr. Hawarden, professor of theology at Douay College, and Bishop Walmesley, of the Order of St. Benedict. The first of these distinguished men wrote in defence of the Christian doctrine of the Trinity, then attacked by Dr. Samuel Clarke; and when Queen Caroline expressed a wish to hear the controversy to which that writer's opinions had given rise disputed in her presence, Hawarden was chosen as the champion on the orthodox side. He silenced his opponent by a single question, and Clarke was compelled to acknowledge himself vanquished.

The genius of Bishop Walmesley was of a different kind. He was one of the profoundest mathematicians of his time; and at the age of twenty-five his scientific writings had already won for him the honours of several foreign academies. He was consulted by the English government on the alteration of the calendar; and in 1756 became coadjutor of the Western District. But he was a man of piety even more than he was a man of genius, and is said to have abandoned his favourite pursuits from the circumstance of their having once caused him a distraction whilst saying Mass. D'Alembert expressed his regret at the loss thus sustained by science; but the Bishop never wavered in his generous resolution, though to the last his countenance would brighten if the subject of mathematics were mentioned in his presence.

Alban Butler, the author of the *Lives of the Saints*, and a man of extraordinary and varied learning, was president of St. Omer's College at the close of the reign of George II.; at which time also Dr. Richard Challoner was Vicar-Apostolic of the London District. Challoner was converted to the faith by the celebrated Gother; and as the author of the *Meditations*, the *Think well on't*, the *Lives of the Missionary Priests*, and the *Garden of the Soul*, his name is deservedly held in veneration by every English Catholic. Dodd's *Church History of England* was published in the year 1737.

Among the divines of the Church of England two are worthy of notice for their piety and learning; they are Butler, Bishop of Durham, the author of the *Analogy of Religion*, who died in 1752; and Thomas Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man, whose worth so won the admiration of Cardinal Fleury, then chief minister of France, that he issued an order forbidding the French privateers to commit any depredations on the coast of Man, out of respect to his character.

The rebellion of 1745 was in some respects most calamitous in its consequences to the faith. At the time it broke out, the majority of the Highland population of Scotland was Catholic, numbering, it is said, no fewer than 60,000 souls. A vast number had been converted by the missionaries of St. Vincent de Paul in the seventeenth century, and the system of clans served to preserve among the people the religion professed by the chiefs. But the measures taken after the battle of Culloden were destructive to this system, and hence the faith soon afterwards died out in the north of Scotland.

This period was notable in England for miserable social disorders. It was emphatically the age of highwaymen. The state of the prisons was such as scarcely seems credible in any civilised country. Even the poor debtors in the Fleet were plundered, manacled, *tortured*, and, it is even said, murdered, by the men who held the office of warden. Their iniquities were at length brought to light in 1727, and have been held up to execration by the pencil of Hogarth and the music of Thomson.

CHAP. XXXII. GEORGE III.

1760-1820.

"BORN and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Briton:" such were the words addressed by the young king to his first parliament; and they struck a chord in the hearts of the people, kindling within them something of that sentiment of loyalty the enthusiasm of which had died away under the rule of a foreign dynasty. But George III. was an Englishman by birth, and an Englishman in feeling. He had no shining talents, was full of prejudices, and possessed with the fixed idea of increasing the power of the crown, and governing according to his own views. But he was a man of principle, simple in his tastes, and irreproachable in his private life; and his example and that of his queen, Charlotte of Mecklenburg, gave society the first virtuous impulse which it had felt for two centuries.

Pitt was still at the head of the cabinet; but in 1761, finding himself superseded in the royal favour by the Earl

of Bute, he resigned office, and retired from the ministry with the title of Earl of Chatham. A fresh war, in which the strength of this country was matched against the united powers of France and Spain, broke out soon afterwards, which was terminated in 1763 by the treaty of Fontainebleau; and England had leisure to recruit her almost exhausted resources. Half a century of uninterrupted war had, of course, brought as its consequence a vast increase of debt; and in 1765, Lord Rockingham, then at the head of the cabinet, introduced a scheme for obliging the North-American colonies to take their share in the taxation of the empire. These colonies had been growing in extent and importance during two centuries, and they now included the whole of that vast territory which lies between the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. They had been for the most part founded by men who had fled across the Atlantic to secure to themselves the free enjoyment of religious liberty, and whose descendants had grown up in principles of independence which they were by no means disposed to relinquish. They viewed the proposals of the English government as an aggression on their rights. When the Stamp Act was passed, they seized the first bundle of stamps which arrived from England and tore them into shreds; and when the government proceeded to lay taxes on tea, glass, and paper, they boldly denied that a British parliament had the power to tax America; and the first cargo of taxed tea which entered the harbour of Boston was seized also, and unceremoniously thrown into the water. Nor was this all: they solemnly resolved that no American should use any articles manufactured in England till these laws were repealed; and they kept their resolution. In a spirit of sturdy patriotism they defied the whole strength of the mother country; and a great revolution began.

Open hostilities, however, did not commence until 1775, and in the following year appeared the celebrated "Declaration of American Independence," and Washington, the greatest of modern patriots, appeared at the head of the American troops. France espoused the cause of the colonists, and declared war against England; and in 1779 the confederacy was joined by Spain and Holland, Sweden, Denmark, and Russia. At war with the whole world, the navies of Great Britain triumphed over those of France and Spain, and her shores repelled every threat of invasion; but her

seven years' struggle with her own sturdy colonists brought her nothing but defeat. In 1777 General Burgoyne's army was forced to lay down its arms and surrender at discretion; and three years later, Lord Cornwallis saw himself compelled to capitulate at Charleston under equally humiliating circumstances. The English government began to despair of success, and a motion was made in the House of Lords that the royal troops should be withdrawn from North America. The proposal roused the expiring energies of the great Chatham, who caused himself to be carried from a sick bed to the House of Lords, that he might make a last indignant protest against what he deemed a measure so dishonourable. He had opposed the policy which had given rise to the revolution, but he scorned the idea of yielding to a fear of France. Once more his eloquence rang through the house, and stirred the hearts of all who listened. "Let us make one effort more," he cried; "and if we must fall, let us fall like men." They were his last words; as he spoke he sank exhausted in the arms of those who stood around him, and being carried from the house, he expired a few days later.

In 1783 peace was concluded with France, Spain, and America; and Great Britain acknowledged the independence of her American colonies. Canada, and the other provinces north of the St. Lawrence, had not joined in the insurrection, and these still remained attached to the British crown; but the whole southern territory as far as Florida was now erected into a free republic, under the title of "the United States;" and in the year following, their first ambassador appeared at the court of St. James's. The king received him with a noble frankness: "I was the last man in my kingdom," he said, "who acknowledged the treaty of your independence, and I will be the last to violate it."

During these long wars various ministries had risen and fallen, with whose changes and rivalries we shall not trouble our readers. Two great men led the parties who opposed one another with almost equal power and eloquence in the House of Commons; they were the younger Pitt and Fox. It is not often that statesmen find the inheritors at once of their genius and their rivalries in their own sons; yet this had been the case in the English cabinet. Fox, Lord Holland, had been the chief political opponent of the great Earl of Chatham, and his son now led the opposition against the

government of which William Pitt, Chatham's second son, was the leader. Fox was the organ of the popular party, the champion of democracy, and the apologist for revolution; whilst Pitt, then only in his twenty-fifth year, was prepared to oppose revolution in every form, whether at home or abroad, at the point of the bayonet. The aspect of Europe at the close of the American war was, indeed, of a character to justify the alarm with which Pitt and his colleagues were disposed to regard every thing of a popular movement. In 1774, Louis XVI. had succeeded to the throne of France, where a long course of oppression and corrupt government was working out its inevitable results, and rousing in the masses of the people the evil spirit of insurrection. In fact, the grievances which cried for redress in France can hardly be exaggerated: the worst abuses of the feudal system had been retained, long after all that was good in feudality had ceased to exist; the government was a court despotism; and the lower classes were held in cruel and degrading bondage. When, therefore, they at last broke out into revolution, it was in that most terrible of forms—a revolution of armed slaves. But besides this, seeds of infidelity had been sown far and wide during the early part of the eighteenth century, which now sprang up and bore their deadly fruit. Voltaire, the most impious of modern infidels, had organised a conspiracy for the abolition of the Christian faith; democracy and atheism went hand in hand, and the men who now rose to destroy monarchy, proclaimed war at the same time against God Himself. The terrific storm broke out at last in 1789. This is not the place to describe the atrocities which followed one another in quick succession. France fell into the hands of a maddened mob, whose wild vengeance against the noble and privileged classes could only be satisfied with blood. The most horrible scenes were enacted in the streets of Paris; the palace was stormed, its defenders massacred, and the royal family seized and cast into prison. Then followed frightful butcheries; the guillotine was set up as the people's instrument of slaughter, and day after day was poured forth the blood of priest and noble. At last the king himself was led forth to die. Holy in life, and gentle-hearted to a very fault, he had yielded every liberty his subjects demanded of him; but his concessions had only served to increase the storm which he was powerless to quell. All they now demanded was *blood*; and

the torrents which they shed like water failed to quench the tiger-thirst of the populace. The execution of the queen, Marie Antoinette, took place in the following year; and in the midst of these scenes of crime and bloodshed the French republic was solemnly inaugurated; the worship of God was abolished by an act of the National Convention, and the goddess of Reason was enthroned in the cathedral of Notre Dame. France became a nation of atheists; and, declaring war against the whole world, offered the assistance of her armies to all people who desired liberty, their march being heralded by the brief and significant proclamation, "We come to expel your tyrants!" In England there were not wanting many who sympathised with the French republicans, and justified their worst excesses, and Fox was of the number. Yet, spite of Jacobin clubs and corresponding societies, the great mass of the people regarded the revolution with nothing but horror; and Pitt prepared to throw the whole strength of the country into that vast league of nations which was forming in defence of monarchy, order, and religion.

Hostilities commenced in 1793: the operations of the British army in the Low Countries were not successful; but at sea the flag of England was every where triumphant. In 1794, Lord Howe gained his great victory of the 1st of June; three years later Spain and Holland joined the French alliance; but the Spanish fleet was defeated by Sir John Jervis off Cape St. Vincent, and that of Holland at Camperdown by Admiral Duncan. The other states of Europe were gradually forced to give way before the arms of France; England alone scorned to sue for peace, and alone and unsupported she maintained the bloody contest.

Meanwhile, strange as it may appear, the American and French revolutions had not been without their beneficial effects on a class the very last who could reasonably have expected any good to flow to them from such a source. It is long since we have spoken of the English Catholics; and indeed a century of proscription had made them but an insignificant body; men knew there were such persons existing in the land, and that was all. Little flocks timidly gathered together in lofts and back rooms of obscure taverns, where, at the peril of their lives, the priests of God's Church offered the Christian Sacrifice. Every external mark of the faith was concealed and put away: a Catholic prayer-book

was a precious rarity ; a crucifix rarer and more precious still ; and a rosary almost an unknown thing. People seemed to have left off hating a body they now so thoroughly despised ; and the greater number scarcely thought, or spoke, or wrote of the Catholic faith as at all belonging to the present day. It was something which had existed in the dark ages, but was now abolished. Yet their obscurity did not protect them from persecution. The law which deprived them of their landed property was, we read, "daily put into execution," and miserable informers won their rewards of 100*l.* for each priest whose conviction they procured,—numbers so late as 1778 being seized and committed to prison. But if Catholics were contemptible in England, in Ireland they were somewhat more formidable ; and the American revolution excited very reasonable fears in the minds of the government as to the possibility of the Irish also finding that they had grievances to avenge. With the fleets of every maritime nation in Europe threatening her coasts, England began to feel a certain desire to conciliate the good will of all classes among her subjects. A modicum of relief was, therefore, granted to them ; and in 1780 a bill was passed enabling the English and Irish Catholics to inherit lands, and repealing some of the clauses under which bishops and priests were apprehended for the exercise of their spiritual functions. Instantly a storm arose : the old calumnies were revived ; the Church, the state, and the society of England were all in danger ; Popery would very soon deluge the fields of England with blood, for there was no safety for English Protestants so long as Catholics were free. At the head of all this agitation was Lord George Gordon, who at last succeeded in inflaming the passions of the London populace to such a degree, that, on the rejection of a petition presented by them to Parliament for the repeal of the bill, they broke out into a bloody riot. For a week London was in the hands of a wild intoxicated mob : the Catholic chapels were burnt and rifled ; and the flames, extending to the neighbouring buildings, lit up the metropolis from six-and-thirty different localities. The cabinet assembled to deliberate on what was to be done : it was proposed to issue an order to the military to fire on the rioters ; but the ministers hesitated to sign it. "Is such an order legal ?" asked the king of his attorney-general. He was assured that it was so. "Then give me the paper," he

replied, "and I will sign it myself." He did so,—and in six hours the riots were at an end. Six hundred miserable men had fallen beneath shot or bayonet; but the firmness of the sovereign had saved his capital. When the danger was over, Wesley and the Protestant Association revived the old policy of their party, and assured the public that the mob was a *Popish* mob, who had burnt their own chapels in order to throw odium on the unoffending Protestants!

But the first step had now been taken towards the restoration of Catholics to their civil rights; and both in England and in Ireland measures were organised by the leading Catholics of both countries, which, after fifty years of steady and unwearied labours, were, as we shall see, crowned with complete success. Besides the gradual introduction of more liberal measures in their regard, there were other ways in which the revolution proved beneficial to the Catholics of England. It was to this country that the emigrant French clergy fled in crowds; and, we say it with an honest pride, they were received with a noble and most generous hospitality. England did much more than merely lavish on them her alms, she buried her old bigotries in their favour, and welcomed them as Christian priests and bishops who were suffering for their faith. Religious communities too, both of men and women, which had been founded in France and Belgium for English subjects, and even the College of Douay, the nursery of English martyrs, now driven from the Continent by this revolution, found shelter and protection in their native land. England received those with open arms whom once she had so bitterly persecuted; and for her generous reparation of past injustice she has surely had her reward. She won her day of grace; and the restoration of religion among us which our own eyes have witnessed, and the yet larger results of which are reserved for another generation, is probably owing as much to the changes which were thus effected as to the Catholic Emancipation Bill itself.

Whilst England had been gaining those naval triumphs alluded to in a former page, the armies of France had driven the Austrians from northern Italy, taken possession of Rome, and dragged the venerable Pontiff, Pius VI., across the Alps to his prison at Valence. At Lodi, Arcola, and Rivoli, they were led to victory by Napoleon Buonaparte, a young Corsican general, who from a simple lieutenant of artillery was

fast rising to the supreme military command. In 1798 he undertook his expedition into Egypt; but in the Bay of Aboukir his fleet was overtaken by Nelson, and the great battle of the Nile was fought, in which only four French ships escaped capture or destruction. After laying siege to Acre, from whose walls he was repelled by Sir Sidney Smith, Buonaparte returned to Paris; where, in the following year, he became the head of the French republic, under the title of First Consul. He offered peace to England; and in 1802 a brief cessation of hostilities was secured by the treaty of Amiens. England needed a breathing space to recruit her exhausted strength; her efforts had been truly gigantic. A rebellion in Ireland, on whose coasts a French army had landed under General Hoche, and a mutiny in her own fleet, had threatened her with domestic danger; yet during nine years of incessant warfare, she may literally be said to have held possession of the seas, and to have kept every port of Europe in blockade.

The only result of the rebellion in Ireland had been to hasten the union of that country with Great Britain; and the first Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland was held in the January of 1801.

In 1803 Pitt was again at the head of affairs, and the war recommenced. France, under the powerful grasp of Napoleon, had been rescued from anarchy, and the Catholic worship had been restored. Order and religion had been brought back by the wonderful man who ruled the destinies of the nation, and who, in the December of 1804, was solemnly crowned Emperor of the French by the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff. It would have been happy for Europe had his career terminated at that moment; happy, too, for his own fame, which had reached its highest point of glory. But with the imperial crown came vast schemes of universal conquest. He would be the master not of France only, but of the world. The power of Austria was crushed at Austerlitz, and that of Prussia at Jena. He became the new king-maker of Europe; and the crowns of Holland, Westphalia, and Naples, were distributed among his brothers. He contemplated the invasion of England, which he contemptuously termed a nation of shopkeepers; and in 1807 marched into Spain, compelled the king to abdicate, and raised his brother Joseph to the vacant throne. Nay, in the intoxication of success, he attacked the Holy See her-

self; declared the temporal power of the Sovereign Pontiff to be abolished, and annexed his dominions to the new kingdom of Italy, whose iron crown he had set on his own head. Pius VII. repelled this indignity as it deserved; and in 1809 pronounced sentence of excommunication against the daring usurper of his rights. Napoleon received the news with scorn. "Does he think," he exclaimed, "that his thunders will make the muskets fall from my soldiers' grasp?" A week later Pius was seized in his own palace, and carried prisoner into France; where he remained until the fall of his oppressor restored him to his own dominions. During this marvellous career the arms of Napoleon had sustained but one defeat, and that was from the hands of England. In 1805 Nelson attacked the united fleets of Spain and France off Cape Trafalgar. The celebrated signal was hoisted at the mast-head of the English flag-ship,— "England expects that every man shall do his duty." Then the great admiral bore down upon the enemy, and in a few hours twenty out of their thirty-two sail of the line had struck to the British flag. But in the hour of victory a musket-ball struck Nelson to the deck: he died that night, and the victory of Trafalgar scarcely compensated to England for the loss of her heroic chief. Three months later Pitt followed him to the tomb, worn out with labours at the early age of forty-seven; and his last words were a prayer for the safety of his country, whose position was at that moment one of the utmost peril; for Great Britain now stood once more single-handed against the armies of the world, and at the head of those armies was the Emperor Napoleon. But if the crowned heads of Europe had submitted to the conqueror, the mountaineers of Spain and Portugal at least resolved to struggle for their independence. They rose and attacked his veteran troops, and beat them, too, in more than one engagement. Then they implored the assistance of England: it was readily granted; and in 1808 the Peninsular war began. A march into the heart of Spain was followed by a disastrous retreat. But ere the English troops under Sir John Moore reëmbarked at Corunna, they turned against their pursuers and gained a victory which cost them the life of their own brave commander. Next year, however, Sir Arthur Wellesley took the command; and then began a new era in the military annals of Great Britain. His successes soon gained for him

the rank of Earl of Wellington. Soult was defeated on the banks of the Douro, and Victor on the plains of Talavera. In 1810 the French were fairly driven out of Portugal, and the tide of war rolled on into Spain. Battle followed after battle, siege after siege: the English army was badly supplied, and badly supported; but the genius of its great commander made up for the blunders of the ministry, and his successes inspired the European states with courage to rise once more against the tyranny of France. Russia declared war in 1812; and Napoleon, marching across Europe, led 500,000 men to the very walls of Moscow. Lord Wellington seized the moment to advance into France; the victories of Salamanca and Vittoria were gained in quick succession; then the Pyrenees were crossed amid a series of bloody conflicts, and at last Soult received his last overthrow before the gates of Toulouse. But before that battle had been fought Napoleon's career of glory had ended. The snows of Russia had destroyed his splendid army, and the muskets had indeed fallen from the frozen grasp of his soldiers. He retreated through Russia, only to find all Germany risen against him. English gold was poured forth in millions to arm and pay the troops of Russia, Sweden, and Prussia. Then came the defeat of Leipsic, and the march of the allies on Paris; and the early spring of 1814 saw that city occupied by the armies of Austria, Russia, Prussia, and England; while Napoleon, stripped of his conquests and his crown, retired in exile to the little isle of Elba.

Whilst these events had been going on in Europe, King George III. had been attacked by insanity. The alarming symptoms had first shown themselves in 1789, but had quickly passed away. Eleven years later, at the time of the union with Ireland, the ministers, willing to conciliate the people of that country at a moment when they were exasperated by what they looked on as the sacrifice of their nationality, proposed the repeal of some of the severer penal laws; but the king would not hear of such a measure; he sincerely believed that it would be a violation of his coronation oath, and the agitation which this fear occasioned in his mind threatened again to disorder his reason. The proposal was therefore abandoned, and the king recovered; but to the renewed solicitations of his ministers in 1807 in favour of Catholic Emancipation, he returned the well-known reply, that "if it were for the good of his

people he would retire from his throne to a cottage, or lay his head on a block, but he could not and would not break the oath he had sworn at his coronation." In 1810 the distress occasioned by the loss of his favourite daughter, the Princess Amelia, brought on a fresh attack of his dreadful malady, from which he never recovered; his sight too was already quite gone; and during the last ten years of his life he lived in complete retirement at Windsor, the Prince of Wales being invested with the office of regent of the kingdom.

Louis XVIII. was now restored to the throne of the Bourbons; and the same year which witnessed the fall of Napoleon was made memorable in England by a visit from all the allied sovereigns, the emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia, all of whom were entertained with great magnificence by the Prince Regent. A congress met at Vienna in the early part of the year 1815 to readjust the boundaries of the European kingdoms, but their proceedings were quickly brought to a close by the startling intelligence that Napoleon had landed once more on the shores of France. The regiments which were sent against him could not resist the magic influence of his presence and his name; one by one they joined the standard of their old commander, and bore him back to Paris in triumph. Again the Bourbons fled, and again all Europe armed against Napoleon. He advanced into Belgium, whither also the Duke of Wellington was hastily despatched with the flower of the British army to join the Prussian forces under Marshal Blücher. The 16th and 17th of June witnessed the battles of Ligny and Quatre Bras, and on the 18th the two greatest of modern commanders met for the first time face to face for a trial of strength on the plains of Waterloo. Then followed that memorable battle, Napoleon's last despairing effort for the empire of the world. Hour after hour his legions charged upon the squares of the British, who stood, as their Saxon fathers had stood before them at Hastings and Northallerton, and beat off their assailants as the foam is beaten from their own rocky coasts. The battle raged for eight hours, and then Blücher's troops came up, and the fortune of the day was decided. Napoleon fled to Paris, pursued by the allies. There was no more thought of resistance now; and within a few weeks after the battle of Waterloo he surrendered himself to a British man-of-war.

was carried to England, and thence conveyed a prisoner and an exile to the distant island of St. Helena on the African coast, where he remained until his death, which took place on the 5th of May 1821.

His fall was followed by a general peace, which remained unbroken for well-nigh forty years; and the history of England became once more a history, not of wars, but of politics.

The reign of George III. lasted no less than sixty years; a period, as we have seen, marked by many astonishing events, and rendered illustrious no less as an era of letters than of military triumphs. Whilst a great and happy change was observable in the manners of all ranks, a corresponding change was wrought in our literature. It became purified by the genius of a crowd of great writers, who sprang up about the same time. People gradually began to discover that the imagination can as easily be associated with what is moral, and even with what is religious, as with the reverse; and a tide of better feeling set in which soon reformed the public taste, and banished from our literature the grossness which had so long disgraced it.

In 1820 King George III. expired at Windsor, being then in his eighty-second year. In spite of his unrelenting opposition to Catholic claims, and in spite of many acts indicative of a narrow mind and an arbitrary will, Catholics and Protestants must alike agree in regarding his memory with respect. For he was a man whose life was marked by the fear of God; and under him, for the first time during a period of two centuries, England had been ruled by a king who in his private life set his subjects the example of piety and domestic virtue.

Distinguished Contemporary Sovereigns.—*Kings of France:* Louis XV., Louis XVI., 1774; Napoleon, 1804; Louis XVIII., 1814. *Kings of Spain:* Ferdinand VI.; Charles III.; Charles IV., 1788; Joseph Buonaparte, 1808; Ferdinand VII., 1814. *Emperors of Germany:* Joseph II., 1765; Leopold II., 1790; Francis II., 1792. *Emperors of Russia:* Catherine II., 1765; Paul, 1796; Alexander, 1801. *Kings of Prussia:* Frederic William II., 1775; Frederic William III., 1797. *Popes:* Clement XIV., 1769; Pius VI., 1774; Pius VII., 1800.

Remarkable Events.—In the midst of the Continental war, another war broke out with the United States, in 1812, which lasted until the January of 1815, the events of which were not very creditable to England.

In 1816 an expedition was sent to Algiers, under the command of Lord Exmouth, to obtain the release of the Christian slaves there detained in captivity. His demands not being complied with, he proceeded to bombard the city, which soon brought the Dey to terms. Twelve hundred Christian slaves of all nations were released, and an end put to the cru-

of the Barbary pirates. In 1811 the negro slave-trade was also abolished, mainly through the indefatigable exertions of Clarkson, Wilberforce, and other benevolent members of the House of Commons. Some idea may be formed of the extent to which this iniquitous trade was carried, by the fact that between the years 1680 and 1700 no fewer than 300,000 slaves were carried to the American colonies by British vessels.

Among the *discoveries and inventions* of this period, we may name balloons, invented in 1782; vaccination, discovered 1798; the use of gas, 1802; the first steamboat, worked on the Clyde in 1811; the safety-lamp, invented by Sir H. Davy in 1815.

It would be impossible even to name all the improvements in our manufactures which have been introduced during the last century. Among the most important, however, are the cotton manufactories of Lancashire and the china and pottery works of Staffordshire and Worcester. Some of our readers may not be fully aware how very modern a thing the use of earthenware is in England. At the beginning of the reign of George III. the best earthenware made in this country was the coarsest white ware, such as is used for kitchen utensils; and even this was a recent improvement. The ordinary plates and dishes then in use were made of pewter or wood, except in the houses of those rich enough to possess foreign porcelain. It was not until 1763 that Wedgwood began to manufacture the finer kind of ware which bears his name, and laid the foundation of the English pottery trade, which now employs its hundreds of thousands.

Celebrated Men.—Burke and Sheridan were two of the great orators of the House of Commons. Lord Chief-Justice Mansfield, an upright judge and elegant scholar, died 1783. Howard the philanthropist, who by his labours reformed the prison discipline of Europe, died 1790. Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of the greatest moral writers of England, and a man of upright character and vast learning, died 1784. Goldsmith, the author of the *Deserted Village* and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, died 1774. The two infidel historians of England, Hume and Gibbon, wrote during this reign. Captain Cook, who rose by his talents from the rank of a common sailor to that of a lieutenant in the Navy, who sailed three times round the world, and whose discoveries included Australia, New Zealand, and many of the isles of the Pacific, was murdered by the savages of the Sandwich Islands, 1779. The two celebrated travellers, Bruce and Mungo Park, also belong to this period.

The poet Cowper, to whom England is indebted for introducing a more natural imagery and a purer moral tone into her modern poetry, died 1806. Burns, the Scottish poet, preceded him to the grave in 1796. The next generation witnessed the rise of Scott, Crabbe, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Mrs. Hemans. Nor must the name of Maria Edgeworth be omitted in the list of those writers of fiction and imagination who have created a new era in English literature. We also have Herschel and Sir Humphry Davy among our men of science; and a crowd of illustrious artists who have founded a school of English painting, such as Wilson, Gainsborough, Morland, Opie, Fuseli, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Sir T. Lawrence.

Among Catholic men of eminence belonging to this period the first place will probably be given by universal consent to Bishop Milner, Vicar-Apostolic of the midland district, who died in 1826, after a life spent in labours for the faith. Mr. Joseph Berington, the author of the *Literary History of the Middle Ages*, died 1827. Dr. Lingard's *History of England* began to be published about the same time, and is now happily taking the place of that of the infidel Hume even among Protestant readers.

It is needless to say that in the very brief outline of the continental wars of this reign we have not even alluded to half the battles that were fought, or the great commanders who fought them. But besides the names of Wellington and Nelson, the reader of English history ought to remember those of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, who fell during the victory gained by his brave troops at Alexandria in 1801; of Lord Hill, whose achievements in the Peninsular War were inferior in renown only to those of

Wellington himself; and of the brave Lord Collingwood, second in command at the battle of Trafalgar, and a man of great honour and integrity.

Henry Benedict Stuart, Cardinal of York and Bishop of Frascati, died at Rome in 1807. He was the last of his royal house, and a man of amiable and unblemished character. He took holy orders soon after the defeat of Culloden, and was raised to the purple by Pope Benedict XIV. in 1747. The French, when they became masters of Rome, seized all his revenues; and during his remaining years he was supported by a pension from the English government. On his death-bed he is said to have sent to George III. the coronation ring of his grandfather, King James II.

CHAP. XXXIII.

George IV., 1820-1830; William IV., 1830-1837; Victoria, 1837.

It is not our intention to carry on this little sketch in much detail after the death of George III. The history of our own times can scarcely be regarded in an historical light; nor can men or measures be spoken of with that simplicity and impartiality which truth demands. But there are some events which require a brief notice; and among them is the act which restored to the Catholics of England and Ireland those civil rights of which they had now been deprived for two centuries. King George IV., who succeeded to the crown on his father's death, was quite as much opposed to this measure as that monarch had been; but the agitation on the subject, which had been kept up for more than thirty years, threatened at last to bring on a fresh rebellion in Ireland; and in 1829, mainly through the influence of the Duke of Wellington, the Test and Corporation Acts were repealed, and the Catholic Emancipation Bill was carried through Parliament and received the royal assent. By this bill Catholics became once more qualified to sit in Parliament, and to fill the other offices in the state from which they had been so long excluded.*

In the following year George IV. died. He had long been separated from his wife, Caroline of Brunswick, who had never been suffered to share his throne; and his only daughter, the Princess Charlotte, having died before him, he was succeeded on the throne by his brother, William Duke of Clarence, the next surviving son of George III. The chief event in the reign of this prince was the passing

* Most of the other penal laws which still remained on the statute-book were repealed in 1846; but in 1851 an addition was made to their number by the passing of the "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill."

of another act of parliament called the Reform Bill, by which several important changes were made in the elections of members of parliament. Some small and unimportant boroughs, which had hitherto returned several members, were deprived of their right to do so, and their franchise was given to those larger towns which had hitherto not been represented at all. The effect of this change was to take a great deal of power and influence out of the hands of the aristocracy, and to increase what is called the *popular* or *democratic* element in the constitution; and hence the bill received the warm support of the Whigs, and the equally warm opposition of the Tory party. It was passed in the year 1832.

William IV. reigned only seven years; and as he also died without children, the crown passed to the only daughter of Edward Duke of Kent, the next of the royal brothers. She was accordingly proclaimed in the June of 1837, under the title of Queen Victoria; and three years later her marriage was celebrated with her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg. He was a virtuous prince, and had abilities which had been developed by a practical and business-like German education. His principal usefulness was in the good example he gave in private life. But his principal public work was the institution of International Exhibitions, which, on the Continent and in America, have never died out. When the first of these was opened in Hyde Park, in 1851, it was believed that the friendly rivalry of nations in art, manufactures, and commerce would put an end to war. This by no means proved to be the case, but great encouragement was given to production and trade, and art gained a great deal after a time. There was much boasting and rejoicing over the building itself in which the exhibition was held, and which was hailed as the first specimen of a new order of architecture—the order of glass and iron. It was afterwards set up at Sydenham as the Crystal Palace, but no one now thinks it very beautiful. The next International Exhibition was held in 1862, but the Prince Consort died while it was preparing.

Among the first troubles of the new reign were the Chartist riots, which arose out of the distress of the country. The poor clamoured for a People's Charter of reform, which should give the vote to all men, should make parliaments annual, establish the ballot (or secret voting) and

the payment of members of parliament, abolish the property qualification of members, and divide the country into electoral districts ; that is, so many men were to have one member in parliament all the land over. At the time these demands seemed very alarming, as tending to give overwhelming power to mere numbers. More than half these reforms have been granted in a later day ; for we have all but manhood suffrage ; the property qualification has long ago been given up ; the vote by ballot was proved years ago to be a success ; and the whole tendency of late changes is in the direction of equal divisions of the population for representation. For ten years Chartism kept the country in commotion.

Next there was a rising in Canada. This was caused by the grievance of Lower Canada, principally French in population and Catholic in religion, at the favour shown by the home government, as well as by the parliament of the country, to Upper Canada, which was Protestant and colonised by Englishmen. Lord Durham, who was sent out, made peace by giving to Canada a greater freedom in self-government. But much of his action gave offence at home, and he was recalled in disgrace. The right principle of the government of colonies, however, had been established by him, so that his work for the great English Empire was most valuable and lasting.

At the time of the Queen's accession a quarrel was already going on between England and China on the subject of the opium trade ; and soon after the dispute developed into a war. Stated in a few words, England fought for the right of her merchants to force upon a foreign government and people a trade forbidden by the laws of the country as destructive to the national health and happiness. The Chinese habit of smoking opium was one which the government of China was trying to put down ; but the English traders made a huge profit out of the drug, which was grown in British India, and they persisted in smuggling it into China in spite of the law. It is painful to relate that England backed these law-breakers. In the war that ensued the Chinese were, of course, beaten, though they fought bravely. In addition to all, we made the Chinese pay an indemnity—four and a half millions—for the war, and a million and a quarter for a quantity of smuggled opium which they had quite righteously de-

stroyed. All honest Englishmen are now ashamed of this event; and perhaps when Christian principles rule our statesmen in their dealings with half-civilised people, we shall stop the evil trade, and repay a sum which is certainly not ours to keep.

Another war, one in the nearer East, took place in 1837, when England suffered a memorable disaster. Afghanistan, the great region which forms the transition between Eastern and Western Asia, has been fruitful in troubles to England as mistress of India. On this occasion there was a dispute for the throne of Afghanistan, and the English power backed an incapable representative of an old dispossessed dynasty. Dost Mohamed, whom we made our enemy, had the country on his side, and his son, Akbar Khan, found the population only too ready to aid him in a frightful revenge. He unfortunately won the English envoy, Sir W. Macnaghten, to listen to a treacherous proposal of a secret treaty against the friends of Dost Mohamed. But that proposal was only a feint. Akbar Khan, having the envoy in his power, murdered him with his own hand, and took his companions prisoners. The English force in the cantonments, surrounded by the enemy—enraged and fanatical tribes—entreated to be allowed to depart in safety. The Afghans stipulated that the English should leave Afghanistan altogether, and give up six officers as hostages, and all their guns, except six, which they were allowed to keep for defence on their retreat. Dost Mohamed was to be left by the English power ruler of Afghanistan. The withdrawal of the unhappy garrisons was made in the depth of a cruel winter. The route lay through the terrible gorges of Cabul, narrow defiles between mountains so high that the noonday sun hardly shone into them. The snow, which lay thick in the pass, was soon red with English blood, for the enemy hovered about the retreating army, shooting and stabbing all they could reach. A great number of helpless camp-followers were with the force. Terribly diminished, the band arrived at another pass, that of Jugdulluk. This the Afghans had barricaded, and in that trap the band was caught and massacred. Sixteen thousand had set out upon the march: one man alone, Dr. Brydon, rode staggering up to the walls of Jellalabad, where an English garrison, still holding out, were looking anxiously towards

the mountains for signs of their countrymen. After that terrible event the tide of fortune changed. We held Jelalabad against Akbar Khan, defeated him, and made our own terms. But wiser counsels having prevailed, we declared that to force a sovereign on a reluctant people was against our principles and policy, and placed Dost Mohamed on the throne again. Thus we gave up the point about which the useless and disastrous war had raged.

During Sir Robert Peel's administration, which soon followed, Daniel O'Connell became one of the most prominent men in the kingdom. Having taken a leading part in obtaining Catholic emancipation—that is, the repeal of the laws by which Catholics suffered many kinds of political and other privations—he used all his power in and out of Parliament to obtain Repeal. "Repeal" meant repeal of the legislative union of Great Britain and Ireland, whereby the laws were made for the whole kingdom in London. This legislative union had existed only thirty years when O'Connell entered Parliament, so that his attempt to rescind it was not so revolutionary as it seems to some politicians of our own day. But the famous Irish agitator failed. After a stormy career, in which he had done good service to religion and to his countrymen, his health broke down and his heart failed at the disappointment of its passionate hopes. His only wish was to hurry to Rome and die there. Profoundly penitent for the faults of his youth, and particularly for the sin of killing a man in a duel—a duel which was forced upon him—he gave way to profound melancholy. He only reached Genoa on his way to Rome, and died there in May 1847.

Under Peel's administration Lord Ashley, better known as Lord Shaftesbury, brought to light the fearful sufferings of women and children in English mines and collieries. Women and little creatures of five years old were employed like beasts of burden in a state of misery and degradation impossible to describe. Lord Ashley obtained a law forbidding their employment in such places. By energetic annual agitation he succeeded also in limiting the hours of labour for women and children in factories.

Sir Robert Peel himself carried the measure called the Maynooth Grant—that is, the increase of a grant made

before the Act of Union to the Maynooth Catholic College, where young men were educated principally for the priesthood. At about the same time Jews were relieved of certain disabilities.

An important event at the close of the first half of the century was the conversion to the Catholic Church of Dr. Newman, and of the other high-churchmen who were called Tractarians, from the "Tracts for the Times" which they wrote at Oxford. These eminent men were followed by many other English clergymen and laymen.

In 1845 Sir John Franklin sailed for the Arctic regions with his two vessels the *Erebus* and *Terror*. He and his heroic company never returned, perishing of cold and want, frost-bound in the terrible North. England waited long in suspense for news of them, and several expeditions went in search, but found only relics of their sufferings and solitary death.

In the same year began the potato-rot in Ireland. The people of the southern and western parts of that country lived entirely on the potato. It was at the time that the Anti-Corn-Law League was agitating to have the ports of the nation opened to foreign commerce, wheat from abroad being then taxed so heavily that its importation was practically forbidden. England was divided into fierce factions on this subject of the corn-laws, in which the large question of international free-trade was implied. Cobden and Bright led the free-trade party, and made a convert of Peel, who had opposed them. Their principles triumphed, but the famous Peel administration went out of office, being beaten in their proposal of a measure of coercion for Ireland.

But Ireland could not be saved from the awful visitation which fell upon her. Such manufactures as she might have had had been crushed by English law, and except in the northern provinces, where there was a manufacture of linen, the people lived by the land alone. They were incredibly poor, and their landlords—the richer being absentees, and the poorer generally in debt—screwed the last penny out of them. When the potatoes failed, such a population as this was helpless. Not a county escaped, and the poorer districts were soon plunged in famine. The people died in thousands, in their huts and hovels, or wandering over the desolate country, or on the pavements

of the villages and towns. Famine-fever and dysentery helped the work of their starvation. The gifts from England were generous, but the evil was too enormous to be resisted. When the famine was over, Ireland was found to have lost two million of her people, partly from hunger and disease, partly from emigration, which too often meant nothing but death from fever at sea or on the American shore. For a long time after this memorable event Ireland was the scene of increasing political troubles too long and too fruitless to be recounted here.

With the name of Peel must be recorded the names of the other leading statesmen of the time—Wellington, Brougham, Palmerston. Gladstone was gaining fame, and Disraeli was beginning the successes of his long and wonderful career.

The year 1850 witnessed the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy of England; and two years later the first provincial synod of the English Bishops was held at the College of Oscott. The steps which preceded this important act belong to ecclesiastical history; those which followed it are fresh in the minds of most of our readers. In parliament and elsewhere it was regarded as an act of "papal aggression," and a storm of popular clamour was raised throughout the country; but the storm has now passed away, and the hierarchy remains.

Four years after its restoration, it was called on to take its part in a great and memorable act. On the 8th of December 1854 a conclave of Christian Bishops met in the Basilica of St. Peter such as had not assembled since the days of the Council of Trent. They had come to receive from the lips of the successor of St. Peter the definition of an article of faith; not, indeed, of a *new* one, for the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Ever-Blessed Virgin was familiar to Catholic England in the days of St. Anselm. But Christendom had demanded that what hitherto had been rendered to the Mother of God by the devotion of her children should now be affirmed on the surer ground of faith. She had sent her Bishops from every quarter of the globe; from China, and India, and America. And there, too, within the walls of that basilica where sleeps in his unsullied robes of baptism the first Christian king of Wessex,* not far from the spot where his last Catholic descendants

* See page 2.

are laid to rest—there, among the princes and prelates of the Church, stood four of the restored hierarchy of England. Their voices joined in the sublime invocation which called down the aid of the Holy Spirit; and when the vicar of Christ had pronounced the glorious decree, their tones mingled also in that loud *Te Deum* which bore on its echoes the thankgivings of the Christian world for the new honour rendered to the name of Mary.

The Crimean War of 1854-55 was the first serious war in which England had engaged since the defeat of Napoleon in the Waterloo campaign; for our quarrels in distant colonies and dependencies are hardly to be considered as national wars. The Eastern Question was a standing international difficulty. Russia, who exercised a protectorate over the Christian populations of Turkey, was suspected of having a design upon Turkish territory. It was believed that she had in view the final possession of Constantinople and the Bosphorus, and that she would make Turkish misgovernment of Christian subjects the excuse for a quarrel which she would in the end turn to her own profit. To England the danger seemed of the greatest moment, because Constantinople was a kind of key to the Indies, and Russia was already our rival at the north of our Indian dominions. Long and complicated diplomatic negotiations failed to bring the Powers to an understanding. Russia pressed certain demands, which Turkey refused; and presently the Czar Nicholas sent a force across the Pruth to take possession of the Danubian Principalities. From that moment war became certain. In November 1853 the Russians met the Turkish fleet in the Black Sea and destroyed it. England and France warned every Russian ship to return to Sebastopol, and declared themselves protectors of the Turkish flag. It was resolved that the allied French and English forces (the latter under the command of Lord Raglan) should invade the Crimea. A terrible campaign followed. The battles of the Alma, of Balaklava, of Inkerman were glorious, but also disastrous, victories for the allies. Mismanagement, bad stores, wretched clothing, sickness, and frightful storms that lashed the Black Sea and its coasts harassed and destroyed our troops. The vessels taking out food and clothes were wrecked in numbers, and their crews and cargoes lost; and such stores as escaped the storms proved to be abominably

bad, owing to blunders and fraud at home. The cold was intense, and our unhappy soldiers suffered what no words can tell. The hospitals at Scutari were in dire confusion, until a lady, Miss Florence Nightingale, accepted the office of nurse and directress. On the same noble mission went a band of Catholic Sisters of Mercy, who also did excellent service. Meanwhile the weary siege of Sebastopol went on. A new ally, Sardinia, joined the English and French. The Emperor Nicholas died; so did Lord Raglan. At last, after almost a year, the Russians withdrew from Sebastopol, and the war came practically to an end. The treaty that followed is hardly worth mentioning, inasmuch as its provisions have been quietly disregarded in later years. England lost twenty-four thousand men, of whom hardly a sixth part died in battle or from wounds; and forty-one millions were added to the National Debt.

The year 1847 was marked by Lord Dalhousie's able administration in India. He annexed the Punjaub, after a short struggle provoked by the murder of some of our officers by native authorities. But he did better in the reforms he introduced under our rule. He put down the system of killing children and burning widows, and gave the native population a system of education.

But the next serious trouble for England was the Mutiny in India. This frightful event, in 1857, gave the English Empire in India a shock which made it totter, and seemed, for a fearful interval, to threaten its existence. The feeling among the native populations which caused the rebellion was a combination of military grievance, national hatred, and religious fanaticism. Mohamedan and Hindoo, prince and private soldier, forgot their own differences to join against the English rule. What first stirred up revolt was the suspicion that certain new Enfield cartridges given to the native troops in 1856 were greased with cow's fat and hog's lard. The men had to bite the cartridges, and all their religious feelings were outraged. The cow is sacred to the Hindoo, and the hog is an abomination to the Mohamedan. To touch the fat of these animals would be in their eyes crime and degradation unspeakable. Efforts were made to quiet the horror of the army. The use of the cartridges was discontinued in January 1857; but the idea gained ground that the English rulers of India had a design against the Oriental

religions. Little mutinies broke out here and there, and the mutineers were executed. At last the movement became more serious. The troops in Meerut fired upon their officers, and killed a colonel and others, and massacred some Europeans. Thence they fled to Delhi, proclaimed the feeble old king of Delhi Emperor of India, and gained the sepoys in the neighbourhood. The mutiny became a revolution. English society in India was overwhelmed with terror, and writers and speakers in England used language so animated by revenge and hatred that Disraeli declared, "If such a temper were encouraged, we ought to take from our altars the image of Christ, and set up the statue of Moloch." Lord Canning, who had supreme authority in India, met the rebellion with the aid of Sir James Outram, Sir Colin Campbell, Colonel Jacob, the good and great General Havelock, Sir John—afterwards Lord—Lawrence, Sir Henry Lawrence, and other gallant leaders. Siege was laid to Delhi, two of our generals dying during its progress; but the English themselves were besieged at the Residency at Lucknow, where the mutiny suddenly broke out. There Sir Henry Lawrence was killed; and fifty miles away, at Cawnpore, the English under a very old officer, Sir Hugh Wheeler, saw themselves threatened with a similar rising, and appealed to a native prince, Nana Sahib. The man had, it is painful to confess it, been treated with injustice, and with a disregard for some of his fantastic religious feelings, by the English government. Only too gladly did he hear the appeal for help, and quickly did he betray those who trusted him. The English garrison—some 400 fighting men, with some 550 women and children—had taken refuge within some miserable entrenchments, and there they defended themselves heroically when the assault came. The women and children cowered in the fierce sun, with no water except what was drawn from a well commanded by the bullets of the besiegers. Day by day they died. It seemed at one time as though the little force by constancy and bravery might keep off the attack until reinforcements could reach them. But treachery overcame them. Nana Sahib promised them a safe conduct to Allahabad by the river Ganges; and carrying their sick and wounded, the English quitted their poor little stronghold. There they were massacred—shot and drowned

—all except 125 women and children, who were brought back to Cawnpore, bleeding, fainting, expecting death. To some it came soon by cholera in the prison in which they were cooped up. The others were all sabred by the orders of Nana Sahib. Never perhaps have Englishmen felt such a passion of pity and rage. Revenge was swift. At the time of the massacre, Havelock had almost reached Cawnpore. Nana Sahib fled, and was heard of no more. But many paid dearly for the crime. Delhi was taken, and a young English officer hunted out the three sons of the king, and shot them dead. Havelock then went to the relief of Lucknow. The fighting everywhere was decisive; and on December 20, 1858, the Mutiny in India was officially declared to be at an end.

Soon after the pacification, the East India Company, which had so long governed, and so often misgoverned, India, ceased to exist, and our great Eastern Empire was placed more directly under the Crown of England.

Home affairs consisted principally of various reforms. The transportation of English criminals to Australia was given up, and public executions in England, which were the occasion of scenes of drunkenness and wickedness, were abolished.

Political reform—a granting of the vote to larger classes in the nation—took place in 1867, the Conservative party, under Lord Beaconsfield, then still Mr. Disraeli, taking such reform boldly in hand. A later year saw the establishment of the ballot, or secret voting, so long desired by Chartists and Radicals. Some very important legislation at about this time had reference to the state of trades-unions. These societies were found to be dealing in a most tyrannous manner with any workman who had not joined them. Injury to his person, the destruction of his property, and even his murder, were decreed by those who considered him a traitor to the cause of his fellow labourers, banded together to defend the rights of the whole class against the employers. The whole country was horrified at the revelation of these outrages. But when the matter was more calmly understood, it became evident that the laws of the nation dealt unequally with masters and men, and that the cruel trades-unionists had a very real grievance. They had combined, in an evil way, against legal injustice. Here, too, reform gradually took

place, and workmen received certain rights of contract with the owners of capital, rights which their class had long enjoyed in foreign countries.

In 1866 the continuous discontent in Ireland took the shape of a serious Fenian rising. As usual, English law repressed rebellion with a strong hand. A memorable rescue of Fenian prisoners by their friends at Manchester, and an attempt at rescue, gave a great shock to public feeling. In the second instance, the Fenians blew up the walls of Clerkenwell prison, and many persons were killed. It was soon after this that more serious reforms began for Ireland. Mr. Gladstone disestablished the Protestant Church in Ireland, and something was done for the Irish tenant by an amendment of the land laws.

A minor war took place in 1866 between England and the king of Abyssinia, a turbulent and savage potentate who had pounced upon some missionaries and put them into prison.

In 1870 the Education Act was passed, compelling the attendance of children at government board schools.

The same year saw an event which, though not a part of the national history, belongs to the history of that greater nation, the Church. The Vatican Council had just been held in Rome, when the Italian State invaded the City of the Popes.

Principal Contemporary Sovereigns.—*France*: Louis XVIII., 1814; Charles X., 1820; Louis Philippe, 1830; Louis Napoleon, Emperor, 1852. *Spain*: Ferdinand VII., 1814; Isabella, 1833; Amadeus, 1870; Alphonsus XII., 1874; Alphonsus XIII., 1886. *Germany*: William I., King of Prussia, 1861, Emperor of Germany, 1871. *Austria*: Francis II., 1792; Ferdinand, 1835; Francis Joseph, 1848. *Italy*: Victor Emmanuel, 1860; Humbert, 1878. *Russia*: Nicholas, 1825; Alexander II., 1855; Alexander III., 1881. *Popes*: Leo XII., 1823; Pius VIII., 1829; Gregory XVI., 1830; Pius IX., 1846; Leo XIII., 1878.

Inventions, &c.—The first steamboat launched on the Thames in 1822. The first voyage performed by steam to the East Indies in 1822. The first railway opened, between Manchester and Liverpool, in 1840; being executed under the direction of the great engineer, George Stephenson. The electric telegraph worked for the first time in England in 1842. The penny post established throughout Great Britain in 1840. Lord Rosse's prodigious telescope completed and erected at Parsonstown, in Ireland, in 1843. The submarine telegraph laid down between Great Britain and America in 1866.

QUESTIONS
ON
ENGLISH HISTORY.

QUESTIONS ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

N.B. The questions marked * refer to the small-type additions.

CHAP. I.

The Britons and Romans.

1. When did the Romans first land in Britain, and under what chief?
2. What appearance did the island then present?
3. What Roman emperor completed the conquest of Britain?
4. Who was the British king who resisted the arms of the Romans?
5. What became of him after he was taken prisoner?
6. Is there any Christian tradition connected with the visit of Caractacus to Rome?
7. When was Christianity first introduced into Britain?
8. Who was the first British martyr, and where did he suffer death?
9. What great Roman emperor was born in Britain?
10. How long did the Romans hold possession of this island?
11. What changes did they effect in the condition of Britain?
12. Why were the Romans obliged to abandon Britain?
13. To what danger were the Britons then exposed?
14. To whom did they apply for help?
15. What sort of people were the English, and whence did they come?
16. In what year and on what spot did the English land in Britain?
17. Name the two English chiefs

CHAP. II.

The Old English.

1. In what part of Britain did the English settle?
2. What followed on their arrival?
3. Who were the Angles?
4. Where did the Britons take refuge from their enemies?
5. What people are descended from the ancient Britons?
6. From what source are the English and Welsh languages chiefly derived?
7. What change took place in Britain after its conquest by the English?
8. How did this affect the state of religion?
9. How many kingdoms did the English establish, and what were their names?
10. What Pope undertook the conversion of the Old English, and how did he first hear of them?
11. Whom did he send to England, and in what year did they land?
12. Who was then king of Kent, and to what city did he invite the Christian missionaries?
13. How did they enter Canterbury?
14. What change did Christianity effect among the Old English?
15. How many canonised saints are there of the Old English race?
16. Which of the kingdoms of

the Heptarchy gained the greatest degree of power?

17. Where, and from whose hands, did King Ceadwalla receive baptism?

18. Who were Ina and Ethelburga, and where did they die?

19. Who reigned over Wessex in the year 800?

20. Why is his reign so important?

21. What was the state of England in these early times?

22. In what spots were the monasteries generally placed?

23. What kind of arts did the monks teach the people?

24. What were the chief articles of food and dress among the Old English?

25. Who were the protectors of the English slaves?

26. Were the Old English lovers of learning?

27. Relate what you know of St. Benedict Biscop and St. Aldhelm.

CHAP. III.

The Old English and the Danes.

1. When do we first hear of the Danes, and who were they?

2. What other countries had they already attacked?

3. What English king was martyred by them?

4. In what year did Alfred become king?

5. How did he prepare to meet the Danes?

6. Where did he hide himself when driven from his throne?

7. What stories are told of him during this time?

8. How did he treat the Danes after he had defeated them?

9. What did he do for the good of his people when he had regained his crown?

10. What laws and customs

have come down to us from the time of Alfred?

11. What did he do to restore learning?

12. To what country did he send an embassy, and why?

13. What promise did he make to God, and how did he divide his time?

14. Who was the greatest of his successors, and against what people was he victorious?

15. What laws did King Athelstan make?

16. What evils did the Danish wars bring on the land?

17. What great Englishman lived at this time?

18. What good works did he encourage?

19. How did Ethelred the Unready obtain the throne?

20. What massacre took place in his reign?

21. Who was Canute?

22. What was his character, and what story is told about him?

23. What laws did he make?

24. Who succeeded him?

25. How was the English line restored?

26. What was the character of Edward the Confessor?

27. What great noble placed him on the throne?

28. In what state was England at that time?

29. What story is told about him?

30. Did he make any laws?

31. What complaint did his subjects make of him?

32. Name a great English Bishop who lived at this time?

33. What wicked trade did he abolish?

34. How did Earl Godwin die, and who was his son?

35. Who claimed to be St. Edward's successor?

36. What oath did Harold take?

37. When did St. Edward die, and who succeeded him?

38. What do we know of the religious history of this period?

CHAP. IV.

The Norman Conquest.

1. How did Duke William of Normandy receive the news of Harold's accession?

2. When did he land in England, and on what spot?

3. Describe the battle of Hastings.

4. What was the feudal system?

5. In what way did William the Conqueror suppress the northern insurrection?

6. What laws did he make after this?

7. Which were the laws which the English people felt most oppressive?

8. How did William provide himself with hunting-grounds?

9. What was Doomsday Book?

10. How did William treat the English Bishops?

11. Relate the story of St. Wulstan.

12. What great abbey did the Conqueror found?

13. What events embittered his last days?

14. What was the history of his death?

15. What happened at his burial?

CHAP. V.

The Conqueror's Sons.

1. Who were the sons of William the Conqueror, and what did their father leave them?

2. What was the character of each?

3. What great wars broke out

in the reign of William Rufus, and how did they first begin?

4. Which of the three brothers joined the Crusade?

5. Describe the character of William Rufus.

6. How did St. Anselm become Archbishop of Canterbury?

7. What was the quarrel between him and the king?

8. Relate the story of the death of Rufus.

9. How did Henry I. begin his reign?

10. Who was his queen, and what was her character?

11. What good works did she perform?

12. What was the end of Duke Robert of Normandy?

13. Explain what is meant by investitures.

14. What struggle took place between King Henry and St. Anselm?

15. Relate the story of Prince William's death.

16. What steps did King Henry take to secure the crown to his daughter?

CHAP. VI.

King Stephen and the Empress Matilda.

1. Who was Stephen?

2. Relate some incidents of the war between him and Matilda.

3. What terms did they agree to at last?

4. Describe the state of England during the reign of Stephen.

5. What battle was fought in England at this time, and why do we give it that name?

6. What in some degree checked the disorders of these times?

7. Explain what is meant by "the Truce of God."

8. What monks were intro-

duced into England in this reign, and where did they chiefly settle?

9. Was learning quite extinguished in England?

10. What important manufacture began in the reign of Henry I.?

11. How did the Crusades affect the state of trade?

*12. Who were the Knights Hospitallers and the Knights Templars?

13. What were the feudal castle like?

CHAP. VII.

The First Plantagenet.

1. Over what countries did Henry Plantagenet rule?

2. Describe his character and appearance.

3. Who was Thomas à Becket, and to what office was he raised?

4. With what view did King Henry wish to make him Archbishop of Canterbury?

5. What change took place in his conduct after his consecration?

6. What were the Constitutions of Clarendon?

7. What scene took place in the king's council-chamber?

8. Where did St. Thomas reside when in exile?

9. What moved the king to seek a reconciliation?

10. What followed on Becket's return to England?

11. Relate the story of his martyrdom.

12. In what manner did the king do penance?

13. What victory was granted to his arms at the same time?

14. What other important event took place in this reign?

15. What was the conduct of the king's children?

16. How did Henry II. die, and what was the character of his reign?

17. What were tournaments?

18. What custom began in this reign?

CHAP. VIII.

Richard Cœur de Lion.

1. What was the character of Richard I.?

2. What great event happened at the time of his accession?

3. Where did King Richard celebrate his marriage, and with whom?

4. In what manner did the soldiers of the cross conduct their march?

5. Relate some incidents of the battle of Jaffa.

6. How did King Richard travel homewards?

7. By whom was he cast into prison, and how was his place of imprisonment discovered?

8. Who meanwhile attempted to seize his English throne?

9. How did he obtain his freedom?

10. What was the state of England during his reign?

11. What were the circumstances of King Richard's death?

12. By whom was he succeeded?

CHAP. IX.

King John and Magna Charta.

1. Was there any other claimant to the English throne?

2. What was the fate of Prince Arthur?

3. What was the origin of the quarrel between John and the Holy See?

4. What sentence did Pope Innocent pronounce against the king?

5. What is an interdict?

6. How did John behave?
7. What further sentence did the Pope pronounce on him?
8. What was the effect of a sentence of excommunication?
9. In what manner did John at last submit?
10. Where and by whom was he absolved?
11. What oath did he take?
12. What great meeting was held at the Abbey of St. Edmundsbury?
13. Where did John meet the barons, and what was he forced to do?
14. What were the principal articles of Magna Charta?
15. How did John behave after signing the Charter?
16. What was the last resource of the English barons?
17. When did John die, and what were the circumstances of his death?

CHAP. X.

Henry III. and the Barons' Wars.

1. Under what circumstances did Henry III. succeed to the crown?
2. Who supported his cause against the French?
3. What was the young king's character?
4. Who was Archbishop of Canterbury in this reign, and what course did he take?
5. Who was Simon de Montfort?
6. What was the result of the struggle between the barons and the king?
7. What was the origin of the House of Commons?
8. Who now became the leader of the royalists, and how did he escape from imprisonment?
- a. Relate some circumstances of the battle of Evesham.

10. How did Prince Edward use his victory?

11. What wars did he join after peace was restored in England?

12. What incident occurred during his campaign in Palestine?

*13. Who was Nicholas Breakspear?

*14. What religious orders were introduced into England in this reign?

CHAP. XI.

Edward I.

1. What were the character and personal appearance of Edward I.?

2. What was "the statute of Westminster"?

3. What were the great wars in which Edward engaged?

4. Whence does the king's eldest son derive his title of "Prince of Wales"?

5. How did the war with Scotland originate, and what was its result?

6. Who was the great Scottish patriot, and what was his end?

7. How did King Edward show his grief for the death of his queen?

8. Under what difficulties did the king suffer?

9. Who was Archbishop of Canterbury, and what was his conduct at this time?

10. Did any other great Englishman resist the king's exactions?

11. Under what chief did the Scots rise against the English?

12. Where did King Edward die?

13. Name two of the great English Bishops of the period.

14. What great man of science lived at this time, and what were some of his discoveries?

CHAP. XII.

Edward II.

1. What was the character of Edward II., and who was his queen?
2. Who was his favourite courtier, and what became of him?
3. Relate some circumstances of the battle of Bannockburn.
4. What new favourite did the king choose?
5. What course did Queen Isabella take?
6. What followed on her return to England?
7. What took place at Kenilworth Castle?
8. Where was Edward conducted after his deposition?
9. What horrible crime was committed at Berkeley Castle?

CHAP. XIII.

Edward III. and the Black Prince.

1. Who now ruled the kingdom, and what was the character of their government?
2. How did the young king succeed in freeing himself?
3. What was his character and appearance?
4. In what wars did he engage?
5. What claims had he to the throne of France?
6. What naval victory did he gain?
7. What was his first victory by land?
8. What was the origin of the "Prince of Wales's feathers"?
9. What contest was meanwhile going on in England?
10. How did Queen Philippa behave, and where did the English give battle to the Scots?
11. What holy banner was first borne at this battle?
12. How was the siege of Calais brought to a close?

13. How did Edward treat the citizens of Calais, and who obtained their pardon?

14. Under whom did the English gain the battle of Poitiers?

15. What were the results of this victory?

16. How did the Black Prince enter London with his prisoners?

17. Who endeavoured to restore peace between France and England?

18. What at last induced Edward to accept terms of peace?

19. What was the honourable conduct of King John of France?

20. What statutes were passed in this reign, and how did they affect the freedom of the Church?

21. Who was one of the great English prelates of this reign?

22. What was the state of religion in England at this time?

23. What heretic arose in this reign, and what was the nature of his doctrine?

24. On what side did the people declare themselves?

25. Were any advances made during this reign in the condition of the people?

26. What trades did Queen Philippa encourage?

27. In what fresh wars did the Black Prince engage?

28. How did Edward III.'s reign close?

29. What were the circumstances of his death?

CHAP. XIV.

Richard of Bourdeaux.

1. What was the first important event of the new reign?

2. What mischief followed the preaching of the Lollards?

3. How did the young king quell the insurrection?

4. Whom did Richard marry, and by what name was she known?

5. What sort of household did he keep up?

6. Why was he unpopular with his nobles?

7. Which of his uncles was put to death?

8. Who was Henry Bolingbroke, and what circumstances led to his exile?

9. In what manner did he return to England?

10. How was Richard betrayed?

11. What scene took place in Westminster Hall?

12. What was the death of Richard II.?

13. What was the fate of Wickliffe?

*14. What great colleges were built by William of Wykeham?

*15. What advances were made in commerce during this period?

*16. What was the favourite costume of the day?

*17. Were there any great ports in England during the reign of Richard II.?

CHAP. XV.

Henry IV.

1. In what war did Henry IV. engage?

2. Between whom was the battle of Shrewsbury fought?

3. Relate the circumstances of Archbishop Scroop's execution.

4. Who was Owen Glendower, and what was his success?

5. What other danger threatened the country at this time?

6. What famous statute was passed against the heretics?

7. By whom was this statute enacted?

8. What embittered the last days of King Henry?

9. How did the Prince behave before Judge Gascoigne?

What were the circum-

stances of Henry's last illness and death?

CHAP. XVI.

Henry V.

1. How did Henry V. behave on his father's death?

2. What were his first acts?

3. What insurrection broke out in the beginning of his reign?

4. What great design was Henry cherishing?

5. What was the first incident in the war with France?

6. Where did the French and English armies meet, and how did they prepare for battle?

7. Relate some incidents of the battle of Agincourt.

8. How did the English receive their victorious king?

9. What memorial of the great victory yet remains?

10. What further successes did King Henry gain, and how was he acknowledged by the French parliament?

11. What was the end of Old-castle?

12. What dates its existence from this reign?

13. What were the effects of the Statutes of Provisors?

14. What were the circumstances of the king's death and burial?

15. Whom did his widow marry?

CHAP. XVII.

Henry VI. and the Wars of the Roses.

1. How old was the new king, and who was named regent?

2. What was the progress of the war in France, and to what circumstance did the French owe their successes?

3. What was the fate of Joan of Arc?

4. What was the character of the king; and whom did he marry?

6. Name his two great foundations.

6. Between which great nobles did a contest now arise?

7. Was the Duke of York the real heir to the crown, and why?

8. Why were these quarrels called the "Wars of the Roses"?

9. What followed the battle of St. Alban's?

10. Who was the greatest of the feudal barons?

11. What terms were agreed to between York and Henry?

12. What was the result of the battle of Wakefield?

13. Who was now proclaimed king in London?

14. How did Margaret of Anjou behave at this crisis?

15. How and by whom was King Henry brought prisoner to London?

16. What was the character of King Edward, and with whom did he quarrel?

17. What events followed on Warwick's return to England?

18. What great battle was fought between Warwick and Edward?

19. Between whom was the battle of Tewkesbury fought, and what was its result?

20. What were the fates of Prince Edward, the king, and Margaret of Anjou?

CHAP. XVIII.

The White Rose triumphant.

1. What effects had been produced by the Wars of the Roses?

2. Who were the three royal brothers, and whom did they marry?

3. What was the fate of Clarence, and why was he called "perjured"?

4. What was the character of Edward IV.?

5. Who became lord protector on the king's death?

6. What steps did he take to possess himself of the crown?

7. How did he treat his nephews?

8. How was he at last proclaimed king?

9. What became of Edward V. and his brothers?

10. Who now represented the house of Lancaster?

11. What was the character of King Richard's reign?

12. Where did Richmond land, and what events followed?

13. Relate some particulars of the battle of Bosworth.

*14. Who was the monk of Bury, and for what was he celebrated?

*15. What great art was discovered in the year 1468, and who were its earliest patrons?

*16. Who was Cardinal Beaufort?

*17. What was the state of the English peasantry at this period?

*18. Name some improvements and inventions of the time.

CHAP. XIX.

York and Lancaster united.

1. How were the interests of the two houses now united?

2. In what manner did Henry VII. enter London?

3. What was his character?

4. What insurrections took place in his reign?

5. What was the great aim of Henry VII.?

6. How did he put down feudalism?

7. What was the great grievance of his reign?

8. Whom did Prince Arthur and the Princess Margaret marry?

9. What great discoveries took place in this reign?

10. What great evil ceased in this reign, and by whom was it chiefly abolished?

11. What was the state of religion among the English people?

12. Was any progress made in learning?

13. Were any learned foundations made in this reign?

14. Who was the Countess of Richmond, and what was her character?

15. Where was Henry VII. buried?

CHAP. XX.

Henry VIII. and the Royal Supremacy.

1. Whom did the young king marry?

2. What was broke out shortly after his accession?

3. What great sovereigns were reigning at the same time?

4. What do you mean by the "Field of the Cloth of Gold"?

5. Who was Martin Luther, and what was he doing at this time?

6. What part did Henry take in opposing him?

7. Who was his chief minister, and what was his character?

8. What events brought about his ruin?

9. Where did he expire, and what were his last words?

10. Who was now Henry's chief counsellor, and what did he advise?

11. What title did Henry now assume?

12. Who was the new Archbishop of Canterbury, and with what act of perfidy did he receive consecration?

13. How did he proceed with regard to the king's divorce?

14. Under what circumstances did Henry celebrate his marriage with Anne Boleyn?

15. What was the final sentence of the Holy See?

16. How was the power of the Holy See destroyed in England?

17. What great men resisted these acts of royal tyranny?

18. What was their fate?

19. What religious orders were conspicuous in their resistance?

20. What was the fate of Anne Boleyn, and who was the new queen?

21. What act of spoliation did Cromwell now propose?

22. What was the Pilgrimage of Grace?

23. How were the abbeyes suppressed?

24. What scenes of profanation accompanied the desolation of the monasteries?

25. How were the relics of St. Thomas treated?

26. What evil now fell on the English people?

27. How did King Henry exercise his spiritual function?

28. What was the statute of Six Articles?

29. What occasioned the fall of Cromwell?

30. What was the character of Henry's state-religion?

31. What was the condition of the nation?

32. How did Henry's reign draw to a close?

33. Who was his last victim?

34. How did he die?

35. What horrible circumstance attended his funeral?

CHAP. XXI.

Edward VI. and the Reformation.

1. Who was now chosen Protector?

2. On what did Somerset and Cranmer resolve, and who opposed them?

3. What was the great blow

they aimed at the Catholic religion?

4. What desolation followed on the abolition of the Mass?

5. How did the people receive the change of religion?

6. Did any other causes of discontent exist among the lower orders?

7. How did they show their resistance?

8. How were the insurrections suppressed?

9. What scenes of plunder followed?

10. What became of the Protector Somerset?

11. How did the Princess Mary behave at this crisis?

12. What was the character of the young king?

13. What sort of toleration did Cranmer show?

14. Whom did Edward declare heir to the throne?

CHAP. XXII.

Queen Mary, and the Faith restored.

1. Did the people support Lady Jane Grey?

2. How did Queen Mary begin her reign?

3. What important acts were passed?

4. Why did the nobles oppose a reconciliation with Rome?

5. Whom did the queen marry?

6. What insurrection now broke out, and what was the conduct of the queen?

7. Who suffered death after the suppression of the insurrection?

8. How did Cardinal Pole return to England, and what was the result of his mission?

9. Did the queen take the same part as the nobles had done with regard to the Church property?

10. What was the state of

England at this time, and what effects had been produced by the Reformation?

11. What did Gardiner and his colleagues do to suppress heresy?

12. Did the better portion of the Catholics support the persecution?

13. What were the circumstances of Cranmer's death?

14. What great loss did the English suffer in the war with France?

15. What profession did the Princess Elizabeth make?

16. Who died on the same day with the queen?

17. What was the character of Queen Mary?

CHAP. XXIII.

Elizabeth.

1. Who was Elizabeth's chief minister?

2. What was her first act?

3. What oath did she take at her coronation?

4. How did she keep it?

5. How did she provide herself with Protestant Bishops?

6. What act of parliament was she obliged to pass, and what was the character of the new clergy?

7. Sketch the character of the queen.

8. Who was Mary Queen of Scots?

9. How did Elizabeth receive her when she took refuge in England?

10. How did Elizabeth and her ministers try to effect her ruin?

11. What was the character of Elizabeth's court?

12. Name some of its most distinguished men.

13. Who was her chief favourite?

14. What insurrection now broke out, and by what measures was it suppressed?

15. What course was taken by the Holy See?

16. What cruel laws were now passed in England?

17. How were they executed, and how many persons were put to death for their faith?

18. By whose labours was the faith still kept alive in England?

19. What was the fate of Mary Queen of Scots?

20. How did Elizabeth behave when she signed her death-warrant?

21. In what manner did Mary conduct herself on the scaffold?

22. By whom was England invaded?

23. How was the Spanish Armada defeated?

24. How were the Catholics treated after this national triumph?

25. What was the character of Elizabeth's government?

26. What were the circumstances attending her death?

*27. Mention some eminent men who lived during Elizabeth's reign.

*28. What discoveries and inventions belong to this period?

*29. What was the state of the lower orders at this time?

*30. Mention some distinguished English Catholics.

CHAP. XXIV.

James I.

1. Who was James I.?

2. What were his appearance and character?

3. What religious party did he join?

4. How did he treat the Catholics?

5. What plot did Catesby devise?

6. How was it discovered?

7. How was Father Garnet implicated in the Gunpowder Plot?

8. What was the result of this plot on the minds of the public?

9. How many persons suffered death during this reign for their faith alone?

10. What celebrated man was executed in this reign?

11. Who were King James's chief favourites?

12. What was the character of his court?

13. How did the Commons reassert their privileges, and what great officer of state did they impeach?

14. For what crime were many persons burnt during this reign?

CHAP. XXV.

Charles I. and the Great Rebellion.

1. Did Charles I. resemble his father in character?

2. Why was he unpopular?

3. Who now formed the most powerful party in the Commons, and what celebrated petition did they present to the king?

4. Describe the two opposite parties who now divided the state.

5. Who was Charles's chief supporter, and what measures did he try to enforce?

6. What attempt was made in Scotland?

7. Who was the new councillor chosen by Charles?

8. Who was John Hampden, and how did he become famous?

9. What measures did the parliament take against Laud and Strafford?

10. How did civil war at last break out?

11. Who were the Cavaliers and Roundheads?

12. Which side did the Catholics take?

13. What was the progress of the war, and what great men were killed on either side?

14. Who rose to the command of the parliamentary army?

15. Where were the royal armies defeated?

16. By whom was the king betrayed to his enemies, and what was his conduct under his afflictions?

17. On what step had Cromwell resolved?

18. What scene took place at the king's trial?

19. What were the circumstances of his execution?

20. How did his followers show their regret?

CHAP. XXVI.

Oliver Cromwell and the Commonwealth.

1. What form of government was now established in England, and by whom?

2. Where did Cromwell carry the war, and in what spirit did he conduct it?

3. Where had Charles II. been proclaimed king, and what was the issue of the war in Scotland?

4. On what expedition did the young king resolve, and what battle followed?

5. How did Charles II. escape after the battle of Worcester?

6. How did Cromwell dissolve the Long Parliament?

7. How was the new parliament convoked?

8. What dignity did Cromwell now assume?

9. How did he rule England?

10. How were the English Catholics treated?

11. What signs of uneasiness did Cromwell exhibit during his last years?

12. Who succeeded him as protector?

13. Who succeeded in effecting the restoration of the king?

14. How was Charles II. received on his return to England?

*15. Name some distinguished men who lived during this period.

*16. Name some distinguished Catholics.

*17. What colonies were established by religious refugees?

*18. Name some inventions and improvements.

CHAP. XXVII.

Charles II. and the Restoration.

1. Under what circumstances had Charles regained his crown?

2. What acts were passed at the beginning of his reign?

3. What was the character of the court, and the general state of society?

4. By what terrible plagues was England visited?

5. How did the king behave?

6. What was the cabal?

7. What new laws were passed against the Catholics?

8. Against whom were these acts chiefly aimed?

9. What was the general state of feeling at this time with regard to the Catholics?

10. What infamous plot was devised by Shaftesbury?

11. Who were some of the most distinguished victims of this plot, and how many altogether suffered death?

12. What new plots did the Protestant leaders engage in?

13. What was the fate of Russell and Sidney?

14. What secret feelings did King Charles entertain?

15. How did he behave on his deathbed?

CHAP. XXVIII.

James II. and the Revolution.

1. Why was James unpopular, and what were his first measures?
2. Who raised an insurrection, and what was its success?
3. What proceedings followed the insurrection, and who was the infamous judge by whom they were conducted?
4. How did James use his increased power?
5. What court did he re-establish, and what proclamation did he make?
6. How did the Protestant Bishops receive the proclamation, and what was the result?
7. Who were King James's daughters, and what course did they take?
8. What was the conduct of William of Orange at this time?
9. When and where did he land in England?
10. How did the king's followers behave towards him?
11. Where did he fly, and by whom was he generously received?
12. What followed the flight of the king, and what was the effect of the revolution?

CHAP. XXIX.

William of Orange.

1. What was the character of William of Orange?
2. And of his queen?
3. Where and by whom was King James's cause still upheld?
4. What cruel massacre took place at this time?
5. Name some of the most important provisions of the Bill of Rights

6. How was the coronation-oath changed?

7. Did all the Protestant Bishops and clergy acknowledge William?

8. What name was given to the party of the exiled king?

9. Were any new laws made against the Catholics?

10. What was the result of the war with France?

11. What naval victory did the English gain?

12. What is meant by the national debt, and how did it begin?

13. What was the real change effected by the revolution?

14. What grievances were still felt by the people?

15. How had Queen Mary behaved?

16. In what wars did William engage after her death?

17. What great league was formed against France?

18. How did King William meet with his death, and how was the succession to the crown settled by parliament?

CHAP. XXX.

Queen Anne.

1. What promise did Anne make to her father?

2. Who was her favourite?

3. What victories were gained against the French by Marlborough?

4. What was the character of this great commander?

5. When and where was peace at last restored, and what had England gained by the war?

6. Name an important event in the reign of Anne.

7. What great writers flourished in this reign?

8. What was the state of society at this time?

9. What school had arisen in England, and who were some of its chief supporters?

10. By what question was the close of this reign agitated?

11. What stood most in the way of the restoration of the Stuarts?

12. How did Anne expire?

13. What circumstance attaches to her reign which is creditable to her humanity?

*14. Name some colonies established during this period.

*15. Name some distinguished writers and statesmen.

*16. Were any of these Catholics?

*17. Who was Bishop Ken?

*18. What was the fate of the exiled Stuarts?

*19. What foreign sovereign of celebrity visited England during the reign of William III.?

10. Name two battles fought at this time, and their respective results.

11. Did the exiled Stuarts make any further efforts to recover their rights?

12. What success at first attended the Scottish arms?

13. Give some account of the battle of Culloden.

14. How did Prince Charles escape?

15. In what wars was England now engaged?

16. What treaty restored peace to Europe?

17. Between what countries did the Seven Years' War break out, and which side did England take?

18. What great victory was gained in America, and what was its result to England?

19. Where did Lord Clive achieve his conquests, and what great admiral gained repeated victories at sea?

20. What peace put an end to these bloody wars, and what had England gained by them?

21. Who was the new minister who succeeded Walpole?

22. What great commercial improvements took place in this reign?

23. By whom was George II. succeeded?

*24. Who was Lord Clive?

*25. Mention some great writers of this period.

*26. Name some distinguished Catholics.

CHAP. XXXI.

The House of Hanover.

1. What changes of ministry took place on the accession of George I.?

2. What insurrection soon broke out, and by whom was it headed?

3. What was the fate of its leaders?

4. Against whom was war declared, and between what nations was the quadruple alliance formed?

5. What was the great commercial failure of this reign?

6. What was the character of George I.?

7. By whom was he succeeded, and who was the minister of the day?

8. What disgraceful frauds were discovered?

9. Had English society and literature improved during these two reigns?

CHAP. XXXII.

George III.

1. What was the character of the young king?

2. What scheme was introduced by Lord Rockingham?

3. How did the North-American colonies receive this measure?

4. What great confederacy was formed against Great Britain?

5. Were her arms victorious in America?

6. How did Chatham behave at this juncture?

7. What great event followed in 1783?

8. Who were the rival leaders in the House of Commons?

9. What terrible events took place in France?

10. What part did Pitt prepare to take?

11. What were the chief incidents of the war?

12. Had these revolutions any beneficial effect on the English Catholics?

13. How did the Protestant public treat the proposal to grant them some relief?

14. In what manner did the king behave during the riots?

15. How were the French emigrants received in England?

16. Who led on the French armies in Italy, and how had the Pope been treated?

17. To what dignity was Bonaparte raised, and what treaty of peace followed?

18. What was the result of the Irish rebellion?

19. What were the newschemes in which the Emperor Napoleon engaged?

20. What course did he adopt against the Holy See, and how did the Pope repel this indignity?

21. What great victory crowned the British arms?

22. Where was the war now carried on?

23. What great commander led the British armies in Spain?

24. Where did Napoleon meet with his greatest reverses?

25. What happened in 1814?

26. What had meanwhile been the condition of George III.?

27. By what sovereign was England visited?

28. Did Napoleon remain in Elba?

29. In what great battle did he meet his final defeat, and where was he exiled?

30. What was the general character of George III.?

31. And of his reign?

*32. Why was the expedition against Algiers undertaken, and with what success?

*33. Name some inventions and discoveries of this period.

*34. Name some writers and celebrated men.

*35. Name some eminent Catholics.

CHAP. XXXIII.

George IV., William IV., Victoria.

1. By whom was George III. succeeded?

2. What great act restored the Catholics to their civil rights?

3. By whom was George IV. succeeded?

4. Name the chief event of the reign of William IV.

5. Who succeeded to the crown on the death of William IV.?

6. Who devised exhibitions?

7. What was Chartism?

8. What occurred in Canada?—in China?

9. In Afghanistan in 1837?

10. What was O'Connell's work?

11. What blow struck Ireland?

12. When was the Catholic Hierarchy restored?

13. Sketch the Crimean War.

14. Sketch the Indian Mutiny.

15. Name some changes of law

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